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V2

AUCTOR PRETIOSA FACIT

James Lenox

THE

MISCELLANEOUS

PROSE WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

This tribute of affection to one of our most distinguished Novelists, is not from the pen of the Author of the Biographical Sketches in the preceding volume. It was communicated to him in the most obliging manner by Mrs Dorset, sister of the subject of the Memoir, and not more nearly allied to her in blood than in genius. The publication which it was intended to accompany, being discontinued, as mentioned in the preliminary advertisement, vol. III., the following paper was never before in print. But on collecting the Biographical Sketches in the present form, the author could not abandon the claim, so kindly permitted him, to add this to the number. He is himself responsible for the critical remarks which conclude the article.

MRS CHARLOTTE SMITH was the eldest daughter of Nicholas Turner, Esq. of Stoke House, in Surrey, and of Bignor Park, in Sussex, by Anna Towers, his first wife. She was born in King Street, St James's Square, on the 4th of May 1749. Before she had accomplished her fourth year, she was deprived of a mother as distinguished by her superior understanding as for her uncommon beauty. The charge of her education devolved on her aunt, who with unwearied zeal devoted the best years of her life to the duty she had undertaken. Accomplishments seemed to have been the objects of her ambition, and no time was lost in their attainment; for her little charge was attended by an eminent dancing-master, when such a mere infant, that she was taught her first steps on a dining-table. She never recollected the time when she could not read, and was in the habit of reading every book that fell in her way, even before she went to school, which was at six years old, when she was placed in a respectable establishment at Chichester.

Her father, desirous of cultivating her talent for drawing, engaged George Smith, a celebrated artist, and a native and inhabitant of that city, to instruct her in the rudiments of his art, and she was taken two or three times in a week to his house to receive lessons.

From Chichester she was removed in her eighth year to a school at Kensington, at that time in high repute, and where the daughters of the most distinguished families received their education. Of her progress at this time I am tempted to give the following account from the pen of a lady who was her schoolfellow :—

" In answer to your inquiry, whether Mrs Smith was during our intimacy at school superior to other young persons of her age, my recollection enables me to tell you, that she excelled most of us in writing and drawing. She was reckoned by far the finest dancer, and was always brought forward for exhibition whenever company was assembled to see our performances ; and she would have excelled all her competitors, had her application borne any proportion to her talents ; but she was always thought *too great a genius to study.* She had a great taste for music, and a correct ear, but never applied to it with sufficient steadiness to insure success. But however she might be inferior to others in some points, she was far above them in intellect, and the general improvement of the mind. She had read more than any one in the school, and was continually composing verses ; she was considered romantic; and though I was not of that turn myself, I neither loved nor admired her the less for it. In my opinion, her ideas were always original, full of wit and imagination, and her conversation singularly pleasing; and so I have continued to think, since a greater intercourse with society, and a more perfect knowledge of the world, has better qualified me to estimate her character."

In this seminary it was the custom for the pupils to perform both French and English plays, and on these occasions the talents of Miss Turner were always put in requisition, as she was considered by far the best actress of the little troop; and her theatrical talents were much applauded both at school and at home, where she was frequently called on to exhibit her powers to whatever company happened to be assembled at her father's. I do not think this early, and certainly injudicious display, produced the unfavourable effect on her manners which might have been expected. It induced no boldness or undue confidence, for she was rather of a retiring than of an assuming disposition; yet it probably had an unfavourable influence on her character, and contributed to foster that romantic turn of mind which distinguished her even in childhood. It was at this school she first began to compose verses;—they were shown and praised among the friends of the family as proofs of early genius; but none of them have been preserved. I have an imperfect recollection that the subject of one of these early effusions was the death of General Wolfe, when she must have been in her tenth year—though she speaks in one of her works of earlier compositions.

At twelve years of age she quitted school, and her father, then residing part of the year in London, engaged masters to attend her at home; but very little advantage could have been derived from their instructions, for she was at that early age introduced into society, frequented all public places with her family, and her appearance and manners were so much beyond her years, that at fourteen her father received proposals for her from a gentleman of suitable station and fortune, which were rejected on account of her extreme youth. Happy would it have been if reasons of such weight had continued in force a few years longer!

With so many objects to engage her attention, and the late hours incident to a life of dissipation, her studies (if they could be so called) were not prosecuted with any degree of diligence or success. As if foreseeing how short would be the period of her youthful pleasures, she pursued them with the avidity natural to her lively character; and though her father was sometimes disposed to check her love of dissipation, he always suffered himself to be disarmed by a few sighs or tears. Her passion for books continued unabated, though her reading was indiscriminate, and chiefly confined to poetry and works of fiction. At this time she sent several of her compositions to the editors of the Lady's Magazine, unknown to her aunt.

It is evident that Mrs Smith's education, though very expensive, was superficial, and not calculated to give her any peculiar advantages. Her father's unbounded indulgence, and that of an aunt who almost idolized her, was ill calculated to prepare her mind to contend with the calamities of her future life; she often regretted that her attention had not been directed to more useful reading, and the study of languages. If she had any advantage over other young persons, it must have been in the society of her father, who was himself not only an elegant poet and a scholar, but a man of infinite wit and imagination, and it was scarce possible to live with him without catching some sparks of that brilliant fire which enlivened his conversation, and rendered him one of the most delightful companions of his time; yet when the short period is considered between the time of her leaving school and her marriage, and that his convivial talents made his company so generally courted, that he had little leisure to bestow on his family, she must rather have inherited than acquired the playful wit and peculiar vein of humour which distinguished her conversation.

In 1764, Mr Turner decided on a second marriage, and his sister-in-law contemplated this event with the most painful apprehensions for the happiness of that being who was the object of her dearest affections, and who, having hitherto been indulged in every wish, and even every caprice, was ill prepared to submit to the control of a mother-in-law. Without reflecting that the evil she anticipated with such feelings of dread would probably exist only for a short period, (for it was unlikely a young lady who was so generally admired would remain long single,) she endeavoured, with a precipitation she had afterwards great reason to deplore, to establish her by an advantageous marriage, and her wishes were seconded by some officious and short-sighted relations, by whose means her introduction to Mr Smith was contrived, after having properly prepared him, by their representations and excessive praises, to fall in love at first sight. The event justified their expectations—he did fall in love; care was taken to keep alive the flame by frequent parties of pleasure, and meetings at public places. He was just twenty-one, and she was not quite fifteen, when the acquaintance first took place, and it was no difficult task to talk her into an acquiescence with her aunt's views. Proposals were made, and accepted without much inquiry into the young man's disposition or character. He was the second son of Richard Smith, Esq. a West India merchant, and Director of the East India Company, who had realized a large fortune, and his younger son had been admitted a partner in his lucrative business. The choice of his son did not at first meet with his approbation—he would have been better pleased had he selected the daughter of some thrifty citizen, than that of a gay man of the world, whom he concluded (and justly enough) had not been brought up in those economical habits which he considered the most desirable qualifications in a wife; but the first interview with his future daughter-in-law overcame all his objections, and he ever after distinguished her with peculiar affection and partiality. This ill-assorted marriage took place on the 23d of February 1765; and after a residence of some months with Mr Smith's sister, the widow of William Berney, Esq. Mrs Smith found herself established in the house which had been prepared for her in one of the narrowest and most dirty lanes in the city. It was a large dull habitation, into which the cheering beams of the sun had never penetrated. It was impossible to enter it without experiencing a chilling sensation and depression of spirits, which induced a longing desire to escape from its gloom, which not all the taste and expense with which it had been fitted up could dispel.

The habits to which its young mistress was expected to conform, were little congenial to her feelings. The lower part of the house was appropriated to the business, and hither the elder Mr Smith came every morning to superintend his commercial concerns, and usually took his chocolate in his daughter-in-law's dressing-room. He was a worthy, and even a good-natured man, but he had mixed very little in general society—his ideas were confined, and his manners and habits were not calculated to inspire affection, however he might be entitled to respect and gratitude. He had no taste for literature, and the elegant amusements of his daughter-in-law appeared to him as so many sources of expense, and as encroachments on time, which he thought should be exclusively dedicated to domestic occupations; he had a quiet petulant way of speaking, and a pair of keen black eyes, which, darting from under his bushy black eye-brows the most inquisitive glances, always appeared to be in search of something to find fault with; so that whenever the creaking of his "youthful shoes well saved" gave notice that one of his domiciliary visits was about to take place, it was the signal for hurrying away whatever was likely to be the subject of his displeasure, or the object of his curiosity. If any of her friends or acquaintance happened to call on her, he would examine them with a suspicious curiosity, which usually compelled them to shorten their visits, and took from them the desire of repeating them. His lady, who was at that time in very ill health, exacted the constant attendance of the family, and a more irksome task could hardly have been imposed on a young person. "I pass almost every day," says Mrs Smith, in a letter to one of her early friends, "with the poor sick old lady, with whom, however, I am no great favourite; somebody has told her I have not been notably brought up, (which I am afraid is true enough,) and she asks me questions which, to say the truth, I am not very well able to answer. There are no women, she says, so well qualified for mistresses of families as the ladies of Barbadoes, whose knowledge of housewifery she is perpetually contrasting with my ignorance, and, very unfortunately, those subjects on which I am informed, give me little credit with her; on the contrary, are rather a disadvantage to me; yet I have not seen any of their paragons whom I am at all disposed to envy."

The stately formality of this lady, her tall meagre figure, languid air, and sallow complexion, with the monotonous drawl and pronunciation peculiar to the natives of the West Indies, rendered her one of the most wearisome persons that can be imagined, and I fear her economical lectures had very little attraction for a girl who had never been required to pay much attention to household cares, and were listened to with apathy and disgust. This lady did not live long enough to effect the reformation she was so anxious for; her death, however, produced no great relief from this bondage. Mrs Smith's attendance on her father-in-law was more than ever required, and a heavier duty never fell to the lot of youth and beauty. The poor old man was afflicted with a complication of disorders. From long residence in the West Indies he was so sensible of cold that he shrunk from the slightest breeze—no air was permitted to refresh his apartment, in which he sat in the hottest days of summer wrapped in his red roquelaure, surrounded with all the apparatus of sickness; she was expected to accompany him in his airings, on the dusty turnpike roads, with just enough of the carriage windows let down to admit the smell of brick kilns, or the stagnant green ditches in the environs of Islington.

In the intervals of this recreation she had to assist at the lectures of an old governante, part of whose business it was to lull her master to sleep, by reading devotional books of the most gloomy tendency, with a broad Cumberland accent. Never did religion wear a garb so unalluring as in this house.

The comfort of her own family was not improved by the accession of four or five wild, ungovernable, West Indian boys, (sons of the correspondents of the house,) who, during the Eton and Harrow vacations, were its inmates.

Though she could occasionally give way to the sportiveness of her fancy, and describe these scenes of ennui and discomfort in the most humorous manner, yet the aversion she entertained for everything connected with this period of her life, and its contrast with her previous gay and cheerful habits, seems to have made the deepest impression, and to have reverted to her mind latterly in the most forcible manner; and her feelings are beautifully depicted in her unfinished Poem of Beechy Head. The lines are quoted by the elegant author of the Literaria Censura.

The following little Poem, in which melancholy and humour are not unpleasingly blended, appears, from the feebleness of the hand-writing, to have been composed a very short time before her death.

TO MY LYRE.

Such as thou art, my faithful Lyre,
For all the great and wise admire,
  Believe me, I would not exchange thee,
Since e'en adversity could never
Thee from my anguish'd bosom sever,
  Or time or sorrow e'er estrange thee.

Far from my native fields removed,
From all I valued, all I loved;
  By early sorrows soon beset,
Annoy'd and wearied past endurance,
With drawbacks, bottomry, insurance,
  With samples drawn, and tear and tret;

With Scrip, and Omnium, and Consols,
With City Feasts and Lord Mayors' Balls,
  Scenes that to me no joy afforded;
For all the anxious Sons of Care,
From Bishopsgate to Temple Bar,
  To my young eyes seem'd gross and sordid.

Proud city dames, with loud shrill clacks,
("The wealth of nations on their backs,")
  Their clumsy daughters and their nieces,
Good sort of people! and well meaners,
But they could not be my congeners,
  For I was of a different species.

Long were thy gentle accents drown'd,
Till from Bow-bells detested sound
  I bore thee far, my darling treasure;
And unrepining left for thee
Both Calepash and Callipee,
  And sought green fields, pure air, and leisure.

Who that has heard thy silver tones—
Who that the Muse's influence owns,
  Can at my fond attachment wonder,
That still my heart should own thy pow'r?
Thou! who hast soothed each adverse hour,
  So thou and I will never sunder.

In cheerless solitude, bereft
Of youth and health, thou still art left,
  When hope and fortune have deceived me;
Thou, far unlike the summer friend,
Didst still my falt'ring steps attend,
  And with thy plaintive voice relieved me.

And as the time ere long must come
When I lie silent in the tomb,
  Thou wilt preserve these mournful pages;
For gentle minds will love my verse,
And Pity shall my strains rehearse,
  And tell my name to distant ages.

The death of her first child, which took place when she was confined with her second, had nearly proved fatal to her, from the excess of her affliction. Change of air and scene were recommended, and a small house in the pleasant village of Southgate was engaged for her, and in a few months she regained her health. Hither she retired as much as was in her power, and here she enjoyed more liberty and tranquillity than had hitherto fallen to her lot. Her aunt had for some time ceased to reside with her, and was afterwards induced to become the wife of the elder Mr Smith, which, of course, rendered her personal attendance on him unnecessary; and as her husband usually went to London every day, she became mistress of her own time, and was enabled to employ it in the cultivation of her mind. She possessed a considerable collection of books, and read indiscriminately, without having any friend to direct her studies or form her judgment.

The result of her mental improvement was not favourable to her happiness. She began to trace that indefinable restlessness and impatience, of which she had long been conscious without comprehending, to its source, to discriminate characters, to detect ignorance, to compare her own mind with those of the persons by whom she was surrounded.

The consciousness of her own superiority, the mortifying conviction that she was subjected to one so infinitely her inferior, presented itself every day more forcibly to her mind, and she justly considered herself "as a pearl that had been basely thrown away."

"No disadvantage," she observes in one of her letters, "could equal those I sustained; the more my mind expanded, the more I became sensible of personal slavery; the more I improved and cultivated my understanding, the farther I was removed from those with whom I was condemned to pass my life; and the more clearly I saw by these newly-acquired lights the horror of the abyss into which I had unconsciously plunged."

Impressed with this fatal truth, nothing could be more meritorious than the line of conduct she pursued. Whatever were her opinions or her feelings, she confined them to her own bosom, and never to her most confidential friends suffered a complaint or a severe remark to escape her lips.

During her residence at Southgate, her family had been considerably increased, and a larger house was become necessary; and it was hoped that by removing nearer to London, Mr Smith would be induced to pay a stricter attendance on his business than he had hitherto done; and with this view his father purchased for him a handsome residence at Tottenham, where it was hoped he would retrieve his lost time. But his habits were fixed, he had no turn for business, and never could be prevailed on to bestow more than a small portion of that time on it, which nevertheless hung so heavy on his hands, that he was obliged to have recourse to a variety of expedients to get rid of it. Hence fancies became occupations, and were followed up with boundless expense, till they were relinquished for some newer fancy equally frivolous and equally costly.

Mrs Smith unfortunately disliked her situation at Tottenham, and the more so, from its having failed in the object proposed. She had little or no society, and her mind languished for want of congenial conversation, and her natural vivacity seemed extinguished by the monotony of her life.

Her father-in-law was in the habit of confiding to her all his anxieties, and frequently employed her pen in matters of business. On one occasion, she was called on to vindicate his character from some illiberal attack, and she acquitted herself of the task in a very able manner. This little tract was published, but not being of any general interest, has not been preserved. The elder Mr Smith has frequently declared, that such was the readiness of her pen, that she could expedite more business in an hour from his dictation, than any one of his clerks could perform in a day; and he even offered her a considerable annual allowance, if she would reside in London and assist him in his business, which he foresaw would be lost to his family after his death. Obvious reasons prevented her acceptance of this proposal, which, singular as it was, affords a strong instance of the compass of her mind, which could adapt itself with equal facility to the charms of literature, and the dry details of commerce.

Mrs Smith had been long endeavouring to obtain her father-in-law's consent to the removal of her family entirely into the country; and such was her influence over him, that she prevailed, in opposition to his better judgment, and in 1774 an estate in Hants, called Lys Farm, was purchased, and in a new and untried situation, she fondly imagined she should escape from existing evils; but she was soon awakened from her dream of happiness.

In removing her husband from his father's eye, she had taken off the only check which could restrain his conduct, and accordingly he plunged into expenses much more serious than any he had hitherto ventured upon. In other respects her situation was improved; and if she had not more actual happiness, she had occasional enjoyment; she had better and more frequent society; she was better appreciated, both on account of her talents and her personal attractions. Though she was at that time the mother of seven children, and had lost much of the lightness of her figure, she was in the meridian of her beauty—

> "In the sober charms and dignity
> Of womanhood, mature, not verging yet
> Upon decay, in gesture like a queen:
> Such inborn and habitual majesty
> Ennobled all her steps."

It was natural that she should take pleasure in society, where she was sure to be well received, and that she should seek, in such dissipation as the neighbourhood afforded, a temporary relief from the unremitting vexations which embittered her domestic hours. In 1776 she lost her best friend in her husband's father, who, if not an agreeable person to live with, had many estimable qualities, and had the discernment to appreciate hers. From his death may be dated the long course of calamities which marked her subsequent life. Mr Smith, whether from a conceit of his own knowledge of law, or from the mistaken economy of a narrow mind, that would risk thousands to save a few pounds, thought proper to make his own will. A most voluminous document! which, from its utter want of perspicuity, from its numerous incomprehensible and contradictory clauses, no two lawyers ever understood in the same sense. It was a tangled skein, which neither patience nor skill could unravel He had appointed his widow, his son, and his son's wife, joint executors, intending to restrain his son's power, without excluding him ; but the measure defeated itself. The widow, weak and infirm, was easily overruled by cajolery, or less gentle means ; and the appointment of the wife was (as to immediate power) completely nugatory ; so that the entire power over the property fell into the hands least fit to be intrusted with it. Endless disputes arose among the parties interested, or rather their agents, for many of Mr Smith's grandchildren were orphans and minors ; and I believe, though Mrs C. Smith considered herself and her children as the victims of these unhappy dissensions, the other branches of the family were more or less sufferers. Besides what was expended in law, and what was wasted by improvidence, the sum of L.20,000 was lost to the family, by the old gentleman having suffered himself, with all his caution, to be overreached by his solicitor, who persuaded him to lend that sum to a distressed baronet on mortgage. But the security was bad ; and I believe the family never received any compensation. Mrs Smith had long foreseen the storm that was gathering round her, but had no power to avert it. A lucrative contract, which the interest of Mr Robinson (then Secretary to the Treasury, and who had married a sister of Mr B. Smith's) procured for him, warded off the blow for a time, and he went on with his accustomed thoughtlessness. About this time he took an active part in a contested election for the county of Southampton, between Sir Richard Worsley and —— ———.* As the brother-in-law of Mr Robinson, his exertions were, of course, in favour of the Ministerial candidate. Mrs Smith had not at that time caught the contagion which spread so widely a few years afterwards, and very willingly lent her pen in support of the cause; and among the many efforts which were made on both sides to unite wit with politics, hers were reckoned the most successful; but as she was not known to have been the author of them, her vanity could not have been much gratified.

In the spring of 1777 she lost her eldest son in his eleventh year. His delicate health from his birth had particularly endeared him to his mother, and she felt this affliction in proportion to her extreme affection for him. She had looked to him as a future friend and companion, and it was observed by some of her intimates, that a visible change in her character took place after this event. To divert her mind from this irremediable calamity, and from the contemplation of the many anxieties which oppressed her, she amused herself by composing her first Sonnets, which were never intended for publication. I believe it was the late Bryan Edwards, Esq. author of the History of the West Indies, and some Poems of great elegance, who, by his warm and gratifying praises, first gave her an opinion of their merit, to which she had not before considered them entitled, and she was encouraged to add to her little collection.

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* Name not recollected.

The peace of 1782 deprived Mr Smith of his contract. The legatees became importunate for the settlement of their respective claims, and, wearied by incessant delay, at length took those strong measures which are detailed in the third volume of Public Characters. The estate in Hampshire was sold. Mrs Smith never deserted her husband for a moment during the melancholy period of his misfortunes, and perhaps her conduct never was so deserving of admiration as at this time. When suffering from the calamities he had brought on himself, and in which he had inextricably involved her and her children, she exerted herself with as much zeal and energy as if his conduct had been unexceptionable —made herself mistress of his affairs—submitted to many humiliating applications, and encountered the most unfeeling repulses. Perhaps the severest of her tasks, as well as the most difficult, was that of employing her superior abilities in defending a conduct she could not have approved. To a mind so ingenuous as hers, there could not have been a more painful sacrifice of talents at the shrine of duty. The estates were at length placed in the hands of trustees, and Mr and Mrs Smith were at liberty to return to their house in Sussex, which they had taken when Lys Farm was sold.

The first edition of the Sonnets was published this year; the circumstances relating to them have already been amply detailed in the volume of the Public Characters already referred to: they were dedicated to Mr Hayley, but I believe her personal introduction to him did not take place till some time afterwards. Mr Smith found it expedient to retire to the Continent, and, as he was entirely ignorant of the French language, his wife accompanied him to Dieppe, and having made such arrangements for his comfort as the time admitted of, she returned in the same packet which had taken her over, with the hope of surmounting the fresh difficulties that had arisen; but this not being practicable, she soon rejoined him with all her family. Mr Smith in the meantime had been induced, with his usual indiscretion, to engage a large chateau twelve Norman miles from Dieppe. The inconvenience of the situation, so far from a market—the dreariness of the house, extremely out of repair—the excessive scarcity of fuel, and the almost brutal manners of the peasantry in that insulated part of the country, rendered her situation most melancholy. Yet here she was condemned to pass the peculiarly severe winter of 1783; and here, without proper assistance or accommodation, she was confined with her youngest son; and, in spite of her forebodings that she should not survive the birth of her child, she recovered her health more speedily than on former occasions, when surrounded with every sort of indulgence and comfort.*

A few days afterwards, she was astonished by the entrance of a procession of priests into her bedroom, who, in defiance of her entreaties and tears, forcibly carried off the infant to be baptized in the parish church, though the snow was deep on the ground and the cold intense. As not one of her children had ever been exposed to the external air at so early a period of their existence, she concluded her boy could never survive this cruel act of the authority of the Church: he was, however, soon restored to her, without having sustained the slightest ill consequence. It was during her seclusion in this forlorn residence, and when she had no power of selection, that, for the amusement of herself and some English friends, (exiles like herself,) she translated the novel called Manon L'Escaut, written about fifty years before by the Abbé Prevost; and soon after her return to England, which took place in the summer of 1785, (for she had been convinced of the fallacy of her plan of living cheaply in France,) this translation was published, and she was severely censured for her choice as immoral; but I believe it was the want of the power of selection which induced her to employ a mind qualified for worthier purposes on such a work. The author himself considers his work as strictly moral, and tells us in his preface, that "Les personnes de bon sens ne regarderont pas un ouvrage de cette nature comme un travail inutile. Outre le plaisir d'une lecture agréable on y trouvera peu d'evènemens qui ne puissent servir à l'instruction des moeurs; et c'est rendre, à mon avis, un service considerable au public que de l'instruire en l'amusant." The good Abbé, after much more in the same style, concludes his preface by assuring his readers, "Que l'ouvrage entier est un traité de morale reduit agréablement en exercice."

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* See Public Characters.

I have quoted thus far, in order to contrast the French with the English moralist, a friend having permitted me to avail myself of the following letter from the late celebrated Mr Steevens, to whom Mrs Smith had ordered a copy to be presented.

To Miss ———.

"Dear Madam,

"I had purchased Manon L'Escaut several days before Mrs Smith's obliging present arrived; I have therefore returned it to Cadell, and beg you will inform your friend of this circumstance, lest the book should be charged to her account. I am equally obliged by her intention, though the negligence of her bookseller has defeated it. Manon seems to be very ably translated; but of this I can be no adequate judge, having never seen the French original.

"When Mrs Smith can be prevailed on to employ her admirable talents on subjects more worthy of of them than Werters and Manons, I will always be happy to do everything in my power to promote the success of her pen; but I tell you fairly, that such heroes and such heroines shall never obtain the smallest recommendation from me.

> The wise and good I pity in misfortune:
> But when ingratitude and folly suffers,
> 'Tis weakness to be touch'd.

"Pray where lies the moral of pointing out, that the most exalted sentiments will not secure us from being guilty of the most profligate actions? Love is the only ingredient which keeps the character of the Chevalier sweet. He is a seducer, a hypocrite, an undutiful son, an ungrateful friend, a cheat, a gambler, a murderer, &c. &c.; and must all this be forgiven, because the source of it is a violent attachment to a beautiful wanton? She, too, only interests us, because at bottom she is supposed to have some real love for her paramour, though a casual indigence, a temporary deprivation of dissipation, seldom fails to cure her of too much amorous weakness for her pretended favourite.

"I am beyond measure provoked at books, which philtre the passions of young people till they admit the weakest apologies for licentiousness; and this story is so managed, that one cannot occasionally withhold one's pity from two characters, which, on serious reflection, ought every way to be condemned. But I would ask, How are the hero and heroine punished? She dies, not in consequence of her vices, but drops by a natural though sudden attack of illness, and at the age of twenty-two he is liberated from a female, from whom he has received as much delight as sorrow; and we are left to suppose his father's death, which his misconduct had hastened, has been the instrument of restoring him to affluence and happiness. He has been, in short, too much a dupe to preserve one's respect, and too much a profligate to claim one's pity; yet I must confess we are cheated now and then of the latter by partial situations, and yet the fraud is successful only for an instant. The tablet of Nature may exhibit such contradictory beings as our Chevalier, who admires the necessity of laws divine and human, and violates them all. Yet these are not the characters on which a conscientious moralist would expend his decorations. The shield may be lifted in defence of virtue, but this defensive armour, with such meretricious imagery, cannot fail to defeat every moral purpose.

" The most picturesque and interesting passage, in my opinion, is the first appearance of Manon in chains. Afterwards you grow tired of situations that bear a near resemblance to each other, and it was with difficulty I could get through the second volume.

"To dwell on the improbabilities of the story, would be a waste of criticism; and the hair-combing scene is so ridiculously French, that I wonder Mrs Smith did not omit it. So much love and improbability cannot, however, fail to give it many admirers. I am, dear madam, &c. &c.

GEORGE STEEVENS."

I have before observed, that it was accident, rather than choice, which directed Mrs Smith to this little work, which (exclusive of the severe though just criticism of Mr Steevens) was the cause of great vexation; however, had she had the power of selecting from among the most celebrated of the French Novelists, and even from those more recently published—however admired and extolled, it may be questioned if she had not incurred the same censure; and those who insist on strict morality must seek it from a purer source.

Soon after the publication of Manon L'Escaut, Mrs Smith received from her publisher at Chichester the following letter, which had appeared in the Public Advertiser.

"SIR,

"Literary frauds should be made known as soon as discovered; please to acquaint the public that the novel called Manon L'Escaut, just published in two volumes octavo, has been twice before printed in English, once annexed to the Marquis de Bretagne, and once by itself, under the title of the Chevalier de Grieux—it was written by the Abbé Prevost about 40 or 50 years ago. I am, sir, your old correspondent,

"SCOURGE."

The Publisher added, "I have seen Mr Cadell, who was apprehensive that the reviewers would lay hold of this letter, and that such an assertion would be of ill consequence, not only in regard to the sale of the book, but to himself, as the public would consider him as endeavouring to impose on it, and his reputation might be injured. I take the liberty of repeating this to you, because, as I assured Mr Cadell, the circumstance was as unknown to you as to himself. The sale is at present at a stand. I am, madam, &c."

Thus were Mrs Smith's laudable exertions embittered by the attacks, either of wanton and unprovoked malice, or the artifice of a concealed enemy; and, in aggravation of her private misfortunes, she was taught to feel all the penalties and discouragement attached to the profession of an author. She was not without her suspicions of the quarter from whence this blow was aimed, though it would be difficult to discover the motive; and the following letter will show which way her conjectures pointed.

TO MISS ———.

"When I found, from your first communication of Mr ——'s critique, that he greatly disapproved this humble story, which I hardly imagined he would think it worth his while to read, I hoped that what he could not praise, he would at least forbear to blame; but it seems even if I had been under the circumstances which he says could alone justify, or rather palliate, the dispensation of such literary poison, it is evident such a plea would not have softened the asperity of his criticism, or slacken his invincible zeal for public justice, in detecting what he terms a literary fraud: which seems to me a term rather harsh, for I really see no fraud in a person endeavouring to make a better translation of a work already translated. A fraud means a thing which the imposer hopes to make pass for what it is not. This, surely, could not be the case with the book in question. I never pretended it was otherwise than a translation; and whether it was the first or the second, I was as perfectly ignorant as I believe most of my readers were; and had I been as well-informed as Mons^{r} Scourge himself, I should have thought it very immaterial, for I am persuaded the former translations are very little known, and have probably been out of print for years. I will venture to say, they are not to be found in any catalogue of the circulating libraries; and perhaps are only known to those who would take the pains to seek after such trumpery; and I leave to your suggestion whether any one is so likely to take the trouble as your friend, or so likely to succeed if he did. Do not imagine, however, I mean to bounce and fly in the * * * style, about this said letter; I only wish it had not happened, and that he had given the book a more gentle damnation, and at least have suffered it to have lived its day, which is all I expected. As it is, I shall withdraw the book rather than let Cadell suffer.

" I have the pleasure to add, that the last edition of the Sonnets is, as Jacques informs me, so nearly all sold, that it is high time to consider of another edition, which, however, I shall not do hastily, as I intend they shall appear in a very different form as to size and correctness, and I think I shall be able to add considerably to the bulk of the volume."

In comparing this instance of wanton malignity with traits of the same description, related by Miss Hawkins, in her "Anecdotes," of which Garrick was the object, and one mentioned by Mr Hayley, in his Memoirs, there can be no doubt but this arrow came from the same quiver. Those gentlemen lived in habits of intimacy with the celebrated editor of Shakspeare; Mrs Smith had no personal acquaintance with him, and could never have excited his spleen or his envy!

Mrs Smith was at this time employed in translating some of the most remarkable trials, from Les Causes Célébres, which were published under the title of "The Romance of Real Life," which, from the great difficulty attending it, helped to complete her disgust, and determined her to rely in future on her own resources, and to employ herself in original composition.

In the spring of 1786, her eldest son was appointed to a writership in Bengal, and though he went out with more than usual advantages, it was a severe trial to a most tender and anxious mother; but an affliction yet more poignant awaited her in the same year, when her second son was carried off, after only thirty-six hours' illness, by a fever of the most malignant nature, which, spreading through the family, reduced several of the children and servants to the brink of the grave; but by her personal exertions they were restored, and she escaped the infection.

They were at this time residing at Woolbeding House, near Midhurst, which they had engaged after their return from France in 1785; but Mrs Smith was not destined to be stationary in any residence. An increasing incompatibility of temper, which had rendered her union a source of misery for twenty-three years, determined her on separating from her husband; and, after an ineffectual appeal to one of the members of the family to assist her in the adjustment of the terms, but with the entire approbation of her most dispassionate and judicious friends, she withdrew from Woolbeding House, accompanied by all her children, some of them of an age to judge for themselves, and who all decided on following the fortunes of their mother.

She settled in a small house in the environs of Chichester, and her husband, soon afterwards finding himself involved in fresh difficulties, again retired to the continent, after having made some ineffectual efforts to induce her to return to him. They sometimes met after this period, and constantly corresponded, Mrs Smith never relaxing in her endeavours to afford him every assistance, and bring the family affairs to a final arrangement; but they never afterwards resided together. Though the decisive step she had taken in quitting her husband's house, was perhaps, under the then existing circumstances, unavoidable, yet I have been told, the manner was injudicious, and that she should have insisted on previous legal arrangements, and secured to herself the enjoyment of her own fortune. That she was liable to much unmerited censure, was a matter of course; but those who knew the *dessous des cartes*, could only regret that the measure had not been adopted years before.

The summer of 1787 saw Mrs Smith established in her cottage at Wyhe, pursuing her literary occupations with much assiduity and delight, supplying to her children the duties of both parents. It was here that she began and completed, in the space of eight months, her first, and perhaps most pleasing, novel of Emmeline, and its success was very general. It was published in the spring of 1788, and the whole of the first edition, 1500, sold so rapidly, that a second was immediately called for; and the late Mr Cadell found his profits so considerable, that he had the liberality, voluntarily, to augment the price he had agreed to give for it. The success of her volume of Sonnets was equally gratifying, and, exclusive of profit and reputation, procured her many valuable friends and estimable acquaintances, and some in the most exalted ranks of life; and it was not the least pleasing circumstance to a mother's heart, that her son in Bengal owed his promotion in the civil service to her talents.

The novel of Ethelinde was published in 1789; Celestina in 1791.

She had quitted her cottage near Chichester, and lived sometimes in or near London, but chiefly at Brighthelmstone, where she formed acquaintances with some of the most violent advocates of the French Revolution, and unfortunately caught the contagion, though in direct opposition to the principles she had formerly professed, and to those of her family.

It was during this paroxysm of political fever that she wrote the novel of Desmond; a work which has been greatly condemned, not only on account of its politics, but its immoral tendency. I leave its defence to an abler pen, and content myself with regretting its consequences. It lost her some friends, and furnished others with an excuse for withholding their interest in favour of her family, and brought a host of *literary ladies* in array against her, armed with all the malignity which envy could inspire!

She had been in habits of intimacy for the two or three last years with Mr Hayley, (as well as with his lady,) then at the height of his poetical reputation, but this was a distinction not to be enjoyed with impunity. His praise was considered as an encroachment on the rights of other muses, (as he was accustomed to call his poetical female friends,) each of whom claimed the monopoly of his adulation. In the present day the prize would scarcely be thought worth contending for. In 1792, Mrs Smith made one of the party at Eastham, when Cowper visited that spot. In 1793, her third son, who was serving as an ensign in the 14th regiment of infantry, lost his leg at Dunkirk;* and her own health began to sink under the pressure of so many afflictions, and continual harassing circumstances in which the family property was involved, in the arrangement of which her exertions were incessant. She removed to Bath, but received no benefit from the use of the waters. An imperfect gout had fixed itself on her hands, probably increased by the constant use of the pen, which nevertheless she continued to employ, though some of her fingers were become contracted. Her second daughter had been married to a gentleman of Normandy, who had emigrated at the beginning of the Revolution. She fell into a decline after her first confinement, and died at Clifton in the spring of 1794. It would be impossible to describe the affliction Mrs Smith experienced on this occasion. Mothers only can comprehend it! From this time she became more than ever unsettled, moving from place to place in search of that tranquillity she was never destined to enjoy, yet continuing her literary occupation with astonishing application.

The dates of her different works are recorded in the Censura Literaria, with the omission of a History of England for the use of young persons, which, I believe, was incomplete, and finished by some other person; and a Natural History of Birds, which was published in 1807.

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* This estimable young man died a few years after, of the yellow fever, in Barbadoes.

The delays in the settlement of the property, which was equally embarrassing to all parties, at length induced one of them to propose a compromise; and, by the assistance of a noble friend, an adjustment of the respective claims was effected, but not without considerable loss on all sides. Still she derived great satisfaction that her family would be relieved from the difficulties she had so long contended with, although she was personally but little benefitted by it. So many years of mental anxiety and exertion had completely undermined a constitution, which nature seemed to have formed to endure unimpaired to old age; and, convinced that her exhausted frame was sinking under increasing infirmity, she determined on removing into Surrey, from a desire that her mortal remains might be laid with those of her mother, and many of her father's family, in Stoke Church, near Guildford. In 1803, she removed from Frans, near Tunbridge, to the village of Elsted, in the neighbourhood of Godalming. In the winter of 1804, I spent some time with her, when she was occupied in composing her charming little work for the use of young persons, entitled "Conversations," which she occasionally wrote in the common sitting-room of the family, with two or three lively grandchildren playing about her, and conversing with great cheerfulness and pleasantry, though nearly confined to her sofa, in great bodily pain, and in a mortifying state of dependence on the services of others, but in the full possession of all her faculties; a blessing of which she was most justly sensible, and for which she frequently expressed her gratitude to the Almighty.

In the following year she removed to Tilford, near Farnham, where her long sufferings were finally closed, on the 28th of October 1806, in her 58th year. Mr Smith's death took place the preceding March. She was buried at Stoke, in compliance with her wishes, where a neat monument, executed by Bacon, is erected to her memory, and that of two of her sons, Charles and George, both of whom perished in the West Indies, in the service of their country.

To this sketch of the Life of this admirable and much-injured woman, I am induced to attempt a delineation of her character, which, I think, has been as much misunderstood by her admirers, as it has been misrepresented by her enemies. Those who have formed their ideas of her from her works, and even from what she says, in her moments of despondency, of herself, have naturally concluded that she was of a melancholy disposition; but nothing could be more erroneous. Cheerfulness and gaiety were the natural characteristics of her mind; and though circumstances of the most depressing nature at times weighed down her spirit to the earth, yet such was its buoyancy that it quickly returned to its level. Even in the darkest periods of her life, she possessed the power of abstracting herself from her cares; and, giving play to the sportiveness of her imagination, could make even the difficulties she was labouring under subjects of merriment, placing both persons and things in such ridiculous points of view, and throwing out such sallies of pleasantry, that it was impossible not to be delighted with her wit, even while deploring the circumstances that excited it. It was said, by the confessor of the celebrated Madame de Coulanges, that her sins were all epigrams: the observation might have been applied with equal propriety to Mrs Smith, who frequently gave her troubles a truly epigrammatic turn ; she particularly exulted in little pieces of humorous poetry, in which she introduces so much fancy and elegance, that one cannot but regret, that, though some of them still exist, they are unintelligible except to the very few survivors who may yet recollect, with a melancholy pleasure, the circumstances that gave rise to them. She was very successful in parodies, and did not spare even her own poetry. In the society of persons she liked, and with whom she was under no restraint, with those who understood, and could enjoy her peculiar vein of humour, nothing could be more spirited, more racy, than her conversation ; every sentence had its point, the effect of which was increased by the uncommon rapidity with which she spoke, as if her ideas flowed too fast for utterance ; but among strangers, and with persons with whom she could not, or fancied she could not, assimilate, she was cold, silent, and abstracted, disappointing those who had sought her society in the expectation of entertainment.

Notwithstanding her constant literary occupations, she never adopted the affectations, the inflated language, and exaggerated expressions, which literary ladies are often distinguished by, but always expressed herself with the utmost simplicity. She composed with greater facility than others could transcribe, and never would avail herself of an amanuensis, always asserting that it was more trouble to find them in comprehension than to execute the business herself; in fact, the quickness of her conception was such, that she made no allowance for the slower faculties of others, and her impetuosity seldom allowed her time to explain herself with the precision required by less ardent minds. This hastiness of temper was one of the greatest shades in her character, and one of her greatest misfortunes. As her feelings were acute, she expressed her resentments with an asperity, the imprudence of which she was not aware of till it was too late, though perhaps she had forgotten the offence, and forgiven the offender, in ten minutes; but those who smarted under the severity of her lash were not so easily appeased, and she certainly created many enemies, from acting too frequently from the impulse of the moment.

She was always the friend of the unfortunate, and spared neither her time, her talents, nor even her purse, in the cause of those she endeavoured to serve; and with a heart so warm, it may easily be believed she was frequently the dupe of her be-about three years ago, with her name affixed to it, with an intention of imposing it on the public as her work, is a fraud which, it seems, the law affords no redress for. Those who have looked into it, assure me there is sufficient evidence in the work itself to defeat the intention, and that no person of common sense can be deceived by it; but a more public exposure of such an imposition is required, in justice to Mrs Smith's memory.

In closing this melancholy retrospection of a life so peculiarly and so invariably marked by adversity, it is impossible not to experience the keenest regret, that a being with a mind so highly gifted, a heart so alive to every warm and generous feeling; with beauty to delight, and virtues to attach all hearts; so formed herself for happiness, and so eminently qualified to dispense it to others, should have been, from her early youth, the devoted victim of folly, vice, and injustice! Who but must contrast her miserable destiny with the brilliant station she would have held in the world under happier circumstances? But her guardian angel slept!

We have already observed, that our path through "this most pleasant land of faery" had been brought to an abrupt conclusion before the works of Mrs Smith had been included in the collection to which these notices refer. This has deprived us of the opportunity of reconsidering, with some care, the productions of an authoress, from whom we ought to acknowledge having received more pleasure than from others whom we have had an opportunity of reviewing in greater detail. Something, however, is due to the public; and though we write without having Mrs Smith's works before us, and our recollections are of a distant date, yet they are too deeply impressed on our memory to be forgotten, and, though of a general character, we trust they will not be found vague or inaccurate.

We must, as a preliminary, take the liberty somewhat to differ from the obliging correspondent to whom we are so much indebted, where she considers Mrs Smith's prose as much inferior to her poetry. We allow the great beauty of the sonnets, nor are we at all moved by the pedantic objection, that their structure, in two elegiac quatrains, terminated by a couplet, differs from that of the legitimate sonnet invented by the Italians, and imitated by Milton, and other English authors, from their literature. The quality of the poetry appears to us of much more importance than the structure of the verse; and the more simple model of Mrs Smith's sonnets is equally or better fitted for the theme, generally melancholy and sentimental, which she loves to exercise her genius upon, than would have been the complicated and involved form of the regular Italian sonnet. But, while we allow high praise to the sweet and sad effusions of Mrs Smith's muse, we cannot admit that by these alone she could ever have risen to the height of eminence which we are disposed to claim for her as authoress of her prose narratives. The elegance, the polish, the taste, and the feeling of this highly-gifted lady, may no doubt be traced in Mrs Charlotte Smith's poetry. But for her invention, that highest property of genius, her knowledge of the human bosom, her power of natural description, her wit, and her satire, the reader must seek in her prose narratives.

We remember well the impression made on the public by the appearance of *Emmeline, or the Orphan of the Castle*, a tale of love and passion, happily conceived, and told in a most interesting manner. It contained a happy mixture of humour, and of bitter satire mingled with pathos, while the characters, both of sentiment and of manners, were sketched with a firmness of pencil, and liveliness of colouring, which belong to the highest branch of fictitious narrative. One fault, we well remember, struck us, and other young readers such as we then were. There is (or at least was, for it may have passed away since we experienced such sensations) a strain of chivalrous feeling in the mind of youth, which objects to all change and shadow of turning on the part of the hero and the heroine of the novel. As the favoured youth is expected to be

> A knight of love, who never broke a vow;

so the lady, on her side, must be not only true of promise, but, under every temptation, faithful to her first affection. So much is this the case, that we have not known any instance in which the heroine is made to pass through the purgatory of a previous marriage ere the end of the work assigned her to her first well-beloved, which has not, for that reason, given sore offence to the reader. Now Emmeline (completely justified, we acknowledge, in reason, and still more in prudence) breaks off her engagement with the fiery, high-spirited, but noble and generous Delamere, to attach herself to a certain Mr Godolphin, of whose merits we are indeed told much, but in whom we do not feel half so much interested as in poor Delamere; perhaps because we are acquainted with the faults as well as virtues of the last, and pity him for the misfortunes to which the authoress condemns him in partiality for her favourite.

It may be said by some, that this is a boarding-school objection. All we can answer is, that we felt it natural at the time when we read the book. It may be said, also, that passion, and sacrifices to passion, are a dangerous theme, when addressed to youth; yet we cannot help thinking that prudence, as it is in a distinguished manner the virtue, so it is in some sense the vice of the present time; and that there is little chance of Cupid, king of gods and men, recovering any very perilous share of his influence during an age in which selfishness is so predominant. It seems at least hard that the novelists of the present day should be amongst the first to uplift the heel against the poor little blind boy, who is naturally their tutelar deity; yet so generally has this been the case, as to recall the complaint of old D'Avenant;

> " The press is now Love's foe, Love's foe,
> They have seized on his arrows, his quiver, his bow;
> They have shorn off his pinions, and fetter'd his feet,
> Because he made way for lovers to meet."

The *Recluse of the Lake*, though the love tale be less interesting, owing to a sort of fantastic romance attached to the hero Montgomery, is in other respects altogether fit to stand beside the *Orphan of the Castle*. The cold-hearted, yet coquettish woman of fashion, Lady Newenden, who becomes vicious out of mere ennui, is very well drawn, and so are the female horse-jockey and the brutal buck.

Mrs Smith's powers of satire were great, but they seldom exhibit a playful or light character. Her experience had unfortunately led her to see life in its most melancholy features, so that follies, which form the jest of the fortunate, had to her been the source of disquiet and even distress. The characters we have just enumerated, with others to be found in her works, are so drawn as to be detested rather than laughed at; and at the sporting parson and some others less darkly shaded, we smile in scorn, but without sympathy. The perplexed circumstances in which her family affairs were placed, induced Mrs Smith to judge with severity the trustees who had the management of these matters; and the introduction of one or two legal characters (men of business, as they are called,) into her popular novels, left them little to congratulate themselves on having had to do with a lady whose pen wore so sharp a point. Even Mr Smith's foibles did not escape. In spite of "awful rule and right supremacy," we recognise him in the whimsical projector, who hoped to make a fortune by manuring his estate with old wigs. This satire may not have been uniformly well merited ; for ladies who see sharply and feel keenly are desirous sometimes to arrive at their point, without passing through the forms which the law, rather than lawyers, throws in the way. A bitter excess of irritability will, however, be readily excused by those who have read, in the preceding Memoir, the agitating, provoking, and distressing circumstances, in which Mrs Smith was involved during the greater part of her existence. Her literary life also had its own peculiar plagues, to the character of which she has borne sufficient testimony in one of her later novels. There is an admirable correspondence between a literary lady and some gentlemen of the trade, which illustrates the uncertainty and vexation to which the life of an author is subjected.

The chef-d'œuvre of Mrs Smith's work is, according to our recollection, the *Old Manor-House*, especially the first part of the story, where the scene lies about the ancient mansion and its vicinity. Old Mrs Rayland is without a rival ; a Queen Elizabeth in private life, jealous of her immediate dignities and possessions, and still more jealous of the power of bequeathing them. Her letter to Mr Somerive, in which she intimates rather than expresses her desire to keep young Orlando at the Hall, while she is so careful to avoid committing herself by any direct expression of her intentions with respect to him, is a master-piece of diplomacy, equal to what she of Tudor could have composed on a similar occasion. The love of the young people thrown together so naturally, its innocence and purity, and the sort of perils with which they are beset, cannot fail deeply to interest all those who are interested by this peculiar species of literature. The unexpected interview with Jonas the smuggler, furnishes an opportunity for varying the tale with a fine scene of natural terror, drawn with a masterly hand.

In the *Old Manor-House* there are also some excellent sketches of description; but such are indeed to be found in all Mrs Smith's works; and it is remarkable that the sea-coast scenery of Dorset and Devon, with which she must have been familiar, is scarce painted with more accuracy of description, than the tower upon a rugged headland on the coast of Caithness, which she could only become acquainted with by report. So readily does the plastic power of genius weave into a wreath materials, whether collected by the artist or by other hands. It may be remarked, that Mrs Smith not only preserves in her landscapes the truth and precision of a painter, but that they sometimes evince marks of her own favourite pursuits and studies. The plants and flowers are described by their Linnæan names, as well as by their vulgar epithets; and in speaking of the denizens of air, the terms of natural history are often introduced. Something like this may be observed in Mr Crabbe's poems; but neither in these nor in Mrs Smith's novels does it strike the reader that there is pedantry in such details; an objection which certainly would occur, were such scientific ornaments to be used by a meaner hand.

The most deficient part of Mrs Smith's novels, is unquestionably the plot, or narrative, which, in general, bears the appearance of having been hastily *run up*, as the phrase goes, without much attention to probability or accuracy of combination. This was not owing to any deficiency in invention; for when Charlotte Smith had leisure, and chose to employ it to the purpose, her story, as in the *Orphan of the Castle*, is conducted with unexceptionable ingenuity. But she was too often summoned to her literary labours by the inexorable voice of necessity, which obliged her to write for the daily supply of the press, without having previously adjusted, perhaps without having even rough-hewn the course of incidents which she intended to detail. Hence the hurry and want of connexion which may be observed in some of her stories, and hence, too, instances, in which we can see that the character of the tale has changed while it was yet in the author's imagination, and has in the end become different from what she herself had originally proposed. This is apt to arise either from the author having forgotten the thread of the story, or her having, in the progress of the narrative, found it more difficult to disentangle it skilfully than her first concoction of the tale had induced her to hope. This desertion of the story is, no doubt, an imperfection; for few of the merits which a novel usually boasts are to be preferred to an interesting and well-arranged story. But then this merit, however great, has never been considered as indispensable to fictitious narrative. On the contrary, in many of the best specimens of that class of composition—*Gil Blas*, for example, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Roderick Random*, and many others of the first eminence—no effort whatever is made to attain the praise belonging to a compact system of adventures, in which the volumes which succeed the first, like the months of summer maturing the flowers and fruit which have germinated in spring, slowly conduct the tale to the maturity at which it arrives upon its conclusion, as autumn gathers in the produce of the year. On the contrary, the adventures, however delightful in themselves, are but

> Like orient pearls at random strung,

and are not connected together, otherwise than as having occurred to one individual, and in the course of one man's life. In fine, whatever may be the vote of the severer critics, we are afraid that many of the labourers in this walk of literature will conclude with Bayes, by asking, "What is the use of the plot but to bring in fine things?" And, truly, if the fine things really deserve the name, we think there is pedantry in censuring the works where they occur, merely because productions of genius are not also adorned with a regularity of conception, carrying skilfully forward the conclusion of the story, which we may safely pronounce one of the rarest attainments of art.

The characters of Mrs Smith are conceived with truth and force, though we do not recollect any one which bears the stamp of actual novelty; and indeed, an effort at introducing such, unless the author is powerfully gifted with the inventive faculty, is more likely to produce monsters than models of composition. She is uniformly happy in supplying them with language fitted to their station in life; nor are there many dialogues to be found which are at once so entertaining, and approach so nearly to truth and reality. The evanescent tone of the highest fashionable society is not easily caught, nor perhaps is it desirable it should be, considering the care which is taken in these elevated regions to deprive conversation of everything approaching to the emphasis of passion, or even of serious interest. But of every other species of dialogue, from the higher to the lower classes of her countrymen, Mrs Smith's works exhibit happy specimens; and her portraits of foreigners, owing to her long residence abroad are not less striking than those of Britons.

There is yet another attribute of Mrs Smith's fictitious narratives, which may be a recommendation, or the contrary, as it affects readers of various temperaments, or the same reader in a different mood of mind. We allude to the general tone of melancholy which pervades her composition, and of which every one who has read the preceding Memoir can no longer be at a loss to assign the cause. The conclusions of her novels, it is true, are generally fortunate, and she has spared her readers who have probably enough arising out of their own concerns to make them anxious and unhappy, the uncomfortable feeling of having wasted their hour of leisure upon making themselves yet more sad and uncomfortable than before, by the unpleasant conclusion of a tale which they had taken up for amusement. The sky, though it uniformly lours upon us through Mrs Smith's narrations, breaks forth on the conclusion, and cheers the scene when we are about to part from it. Still, however, we long for a few sunny glimpses to enliven the landscape in the course of the story, and with these we are rarely supplied ; so that the general influence of melancholy can scarce be removed by the assurance, that our favourites are at length married and prosperous. The hasty and happy catastrophe seems so inconsistent with the uniform persecutions of Fortune, through the course of the story, that we cannot help doubting whether adversity had exhausted her vial, or whether she had not farther misfortunes in store for them after the curtain was dropped by the Authoress. Those who have few sorrows of their own, as Coleridge beautifully expresses it,* love the tales which call forth a sympathy for which their own feelings give little occasion; while others, exhausted by the actual distresses of life, relish better those narratives which steal them from a sense of sorrow. But every one, whether of sad or gay temperament, must regret that the tone of melancholy which pervades Mrs Smith's compositions, was derived too surely from the circumstances and feelings of the amiable Authoress. We are indeed informed by Mrs Dorset that the natural temper of her sister was lively and playful; but it must be considered, that the works on which she was obliged, often reluctantly, to labour, were seldom undertaken from free choice. Nothing saddens the heart so much as that sort of literary labour which depends on the imagination, when it is undertaken unwillingly, and from a sense of compulsion. The galley-slave may sing when he is unchained, but it would be uncommon equanimity which could induce him to do so when he is actually bound to his oar. If there is a mental drudgery which lowers the spirits and lacerates the nerves, like the toil of the slave, it is that which is exacted by literary composition when the heart is not in unison with the work upon which the head is employed. Add to the unhappy author's task, sickness, sorrow, or the pressure of unfavourable

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* Few sorrows hath she of her own,
   My hope, my joy, my Genevieve ;
She loves me best whene'er I sing
   The songs that make her grieve.
                                        LOVE.

SIR RALPH SADLER.

THE birth of this able and celebrated statesman was neither obscure and ignoble, nor so much exalted above the middling rank of society, as to contribute in any material degree towards the splendid success of his career in life.

Ralph Sadler was the eldest son of Henry Sadleir,* or Sadleyer, Esquire, through whom he was heir, according to Fuller, to a fair inheritance. He was born in the year 1507, at Hackney, in Middlesex, where his family had been for some time settled, and had a younger brother, John Sadler, who commanded a company at the siege of Boulogne, in the year 1544. The circumstances of Henry Sadleir, their father, were not such as to exempt him from professional labour, and even from personal dependence. Indeed the chain of feudal connexion was still so entire, that the lesser gentry of the period sought not only emolument but protection, and even honour, by occupying, in the domestic establishments of the nobles, those situations, which the nobility themselves contended for in the royal household. The pride of solitary and isolated independence was unknown in a period when the force of the laws was unequal to protect those who enjoyed it, and the closer the fortunes of a private individual were linked with those of some chieftain of rank and power, the greater was the probability of his escaping all mischances, save those flowing from the fall of his patron. It does not, therefore, contradict what has been handed down to us concerning Henry Sadleir's rank and estate, that he seems to have acted in some domestic capacity, probably as steward or surveyor, to a nobleman, proprietor of a manor called Cillney, near Great Hadham, in Essex.

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* Sir Ralph seems to have dropped the *i* in spelling his name. But the orthography of proper names in this period was far from uniform. We have adopted that which he used most frequently.

His office, whatever it was, consisted in keeping accounts and receiving money; so that his son had an early example of accurate habits of business, not very common in that rude military age, which proved not only the foundation of his fortune, but continued to be the means of his raising it to the highest elevation. Ralph Sadler was fortunate enough to gain a situation in the family of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, who rose in the favour of the capricious Henry VIII. by facilitating his divorce from Queen Catharine, and who fell by procuring his union with Anne of Cleves. While Cromwell was yet in the ascent of his grandeur, Sadler acquired so much influence with him, as to be able to solicit a place under the crown for his father, whose noble patron had become unable to support the expense of a feudal household. These minute particulars we learn from a letter which the elder Sadler writes to his son.[*]

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[*] "Henry Sadleyer to his son Ralph, living with Mr Cromwell, concerning some demands and private concerns. Original from Cilney. Titus, B. I. No. 48, page 153.

"Son Raff, I hartely recomaund me unto you, and send you Godd's blessing and myne. I praye you send me woord whether ye have spokyn to hym; yf ye have, I praye you, that I may have knowledge in writynge from you of his answer to you made. I trust he will knowledge, that I doe owe to the kynges grace but iiii^{li} and odde money. Yf it please hym to looke upon my booke which remayneth in his handes, therein he shall feynde a labell that shall showe the truths, (desyre hym to be good to me.) Son Raff, wheras I shoulde have had of my lorde, now at this audite, above xx markes, I can gett never a peny but fayre wordes, with whyche I cannot lyve. My lorde hathe putt away

Ralph Sadler's favour with Lord Cromwell, and the trust which he reposed in him, soon brought him under the eye of Henry VIII. It was emphatically said of that monarch, that Henry *loved a* MAN; by which we are to understand, that the objects of his favour were distinguished by exter-

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many of his yemen at this audite, and dothe intende after Christmas to putt many moe awey, and both his lordeshippe and my ladye wil to thė court after Christmas, and kepe a smalle house; wherefore I praye you that I may be recomanded to your good maister, and desyr hym by your humble sute, to gett me the office in the Towre as in others, so that I shall be nigh London. Good son, doe the best you can for me. I truste to be at the next terme by Godd's grace. I assure you bothe my lord and my lady shall be very lothe to depart with me, but with them I can have noe livinge; if I had, I wold not depart from them. I pray you sende for your mother, and rede this letter to her; and farder, my lorde dothe intend to lye at Cilney all this Christmas, and there to kepe a smalle Christmas, though your mother, my mate, as yet is not come to Cilney; whereof I marvell, for diverse cartts of Great Hadham hath byn at London diverse tymes syns I came from home. I can noe more at this tyme, but the holy Trenytye cummfurt us all to . . . . pleasure. Written at Cilney, the xvith day of December, in hast, as apperyth. Your father,

HENRY SADLEYER.

"To Raff Sadleyer, dwelling with Master Cromwell, be thes gevin.

"I thynke Richard Crumwell . . . to London now at this tyme, and will be at Cilney before; then ye maye send your lettres by hym; if he be not, Mr Antony will be at Cilney before Christmas; the lettres ye send to me close them surely for openying."

nal strength, figure, and personal accomplishments, as well as by their temper and talents. In both respects Sadler was fortunate; for, though of a middling, or rather low stature, he was well skilled in all exercises, remarkable both for strength and activity, and particularly accomplished in horsemanship.* Neither was his address in public business inferior to his feats of horsemanship, hunting, and chivalry. It was probably before he attracted the King's notice, that Mr Sadler became the husband of the widow of one Ralph Barrow, who does not seem to have been a person of high rank, although no good grounds have been discovered for the scandal with which Sanders and other Catholic writers have stigmatized this union. That she was a woman of credit and character, must be admitted; since Lord Cromwell, to whom she was related, not only countenanced their marriage, but was godfather to two of their children, the first of whom died in infancy.†

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* This is established by the testimony of his natural son Richard; who, in dedicating a treatise on Horsemanship to his father, Sir Ralph, acknowledges to have derived from his instructions whatever skill he had attained in the knowledge of that noble animal, the horse.

† " R. Sadler to Sec. Cromwell. Titus, B. I. p. 343. Original.

" Syr, after myn humble comendacions, with like request, that

According to the inscription on Sadler's tomb, he entered the King's service in or about the 10th year of his reign, that is, in 1518; and there are

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it may plese you to gyve me leve to trouble you, amongst your weightie affaires, with these tryffels: it is so, that my wyfe, after long travaile, and as payneful labour as any woman could have, hathe at last brought furth a fayre boy; beseching you to vouchsafe ones agayne to be gossip unto so poore a man as I am, and that he may bear your name. Trusting ye shall have more rejoyse of him than ye had of the other; and yet ther is no cause but of grot rejoyse in the other, for he dyed an innocent, and enjoyeth the joyes of heven. I wold also be right glad to have Mr Richard's wyf, or my Lady Weston, to be the godmother. Ther is a certain supersticious opinion and usage amongst women, which is, that in case a woman go with childe, she may christen no other man's childe as long as she is in that case. And therfor, not knowing whether Mr Richard's wyf be with child or not, I do name my Lady Weston. I desyre to have one of them, because they do lye so near Hackney; to-morrow in the after none shall be the tyme, and that the holy Trinyte preserve you in long lyf and good helth, with much honour. At Hackney, this Saturday, at iii of the clocke at after none, with the rude and hastie hand of

Your most assured and faithful servante duringe his lyf,

RAFE SADLER.

To the right honourable and his singuler good Mr,

Maister Secretarye, be thes geven."

Some of the minute intelligence, so dear to modern antiquaries, may be gained from this gossipping business; as, 1st, that Sadler had a former son, who died an infant; 2dly, we may conclude Lady Weston was either a widow or an old woman; 3dly, we may observe Sadler's simplicity in plainly telling us, that he knew not whether Mr Richard's wyf were with child or not;

letters in the Museum which prove that he was at court before Wolsey's fall, under whose patronage his master, Cromwell, had risen to eminence. In one of these Sadler mentions to Cromwell, that, " My Lord, his Grace," (the Cardinal, doubtless,) had been slandered to the King, and exclaims against the ingratitude of the secretary. In another letter he seems to write to Cromwell by order of the King, about certain issues of money and prizes taken at sea.

As Sadler advanced in the King's favour, he became, though at what time I cannot say, clerk of the hamper, one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber, and received the honour of knighthood.* And in the 30th year of Henry's reign, he was created one of his principal secretaries of state.

Sir Ralph Sadler seems to have been active in the great work of dissolving the religious houses,

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lastly, that Mr Sadler had not very well determined at what hour to christen his child, for he had first written *morning* and afterwards *afternoon*. But in addition to all this valuable information, the letter shows his connexion with Cromwell, and the superstition which it commemorates is a singular one.

[*] He is designed Sir Ralph Sadler, knight, in the will of Henry VIII. The honour conferred on him in the field of battle at Pinkie, consisted in his being elevated to the order of a Banneret.

nor did he miss his share of the spoil. It may be supposed, that his conversion to the Protestant faith was gradual, at least that his avowal of the reformed tenets did not precede the death of Henry VIII., who wished to die a Catholic, although he seized the supremacy, and plundered the monasteries. A charter of Edward VI., to be hereafter quoted, acquaints us, that Sir Ralph Sadler acquired the advowson of the rectory and church of Kemsey, in Worcestershire; that of the rectory and church of St Martins, in London, with the manors of Bromley, in Middlesex; Haslengefield, in Cambridgeshire; Walthamstow Tong, in Essex; Aston, Tinatt, and North Merton, in Berkshire; with various portions of tythes in Gloucestershire. These grants, extensive as they were, do not seem to comprehend all the lands bestowed on Sadler by the liberality of Henry VIII.

In 1537, Sadler commenced a long course of diplomatic services, by an embassy to Scotland, whose monarch, James V., was then absent in France, where he had just married a daughter of Francis I. The envoy was to greet the Dowager Queen Margaret, widow of James IV., to strengthen the English interest in the councils of regency which governed Scotland, and to discover the probable consequences of the intimate union between

France and Scotland. This was an object of greater importance, as, in passing through the northern counties of England, Sadler found them in an unusual state of turbulence, from the consequence of the rebellion, called the Pilgrimage of Grace.

In the small town of Darlington, the Envoy was well nigh besieged in his lodgings by thirty or forty clowns, armed with clubs, against whom his landlord, though well inclined to protect his guest, durst offer no violence, but was contented to cause them to disperse by remonstrances. The people, Sadler reported, were in a very strange and ticklish state, perplexed with false rumours, expecting mutations in Government, staring in idle and giddy excitation, and looking for they knew not what. The dissatisfaction at the innovations in religion was so general, that the town of Newcastle had nearly broken out into open revolt, had it not been for the loyal care of the Mayor, " a wise fellow and substantial," who, assisted by his brethren, had suppressed the malcontents, and prepared for the defence of the place. Its fortifications seem to have been formidable.—" All along the walls lay sundry pieces of ordnance; and at every gate of the town they kept watch and ward, and yet do; every gatehouse is full of bows, arrows, bills, and other habiliments of war; and upon every gate lay in the tower, great pieces of ordnance, which would scour every way a mile or two and more; all which ordnance, they told me, that every merchant, for his part, brought out of their ships. They made also new gates of iron upon their bridge; and be victualled within the town, they think, for a whole year." At no time had peace with Scotland been more essential to the English interest. But the Scottish court was as much divided by aristocratic faction, as England by popular discontent. The clergy, and such of the more powerful nobles as France had thought worthy attaching to her cause, were zealous for war with England; the lesser barons and common people had already become attached to the Reformation; the Queen-Dowager was utterly without power; and the continuance of the peace depended upon the resolutions to be adopted by James on his return from France. With this intelligence, Sadler returned to England in the beginning of February 1537.

Of Sir Ralph Sadler's subsequent embassy in 1539-40, the following collection furnishes us with a particular account.—The ostensible purpose was that of maintaining, in general, a good correspondence between the crowns. But the private instructions of the envoy were, if possible, to separate James from the councils of Beaton, an ambitious prelate, the head of the faction which was favourable to France. For this purpose he was instructed to state, that Henry had discovered, among certain letters thrown into his hands by the shipwreck of a vessel near Bamborough, a dangerous plan, by which Beaton designed, under colour of the King's favour, to usurp the whole government of Scotland, and to throw it under the absolute control of the Pope. In short, the instructions seem to infer, that Beaton was attempting the same enterprise in Scotland, which Wolsey had almost effected in Henry's own realm; and there can be little doubt, that, in describing the danger of intrusting power to such a character, Henry had the memory of his fallen favourite brought freshly to his recollection. Sadler was farther instructed to remonstrate with James on the economy with which he managed his crown lands; to represent it as unking-like, and to hold out to him a worthier and more princely source of revenue in the overgrown possessions of the church, which lay at his mercy. And, on the whole, he was directed to persuade the Scottish monarch, if possible, to imitate his uncle's conduct towards the See of Rome, and to make common cause with England against France.

James received Sadler with marks of distinction and kindness; but the reasoning of his uncle made but slight impression on his mind. His high spirit revolted at the dictatorial mode in which these counsels were conveyed; he weighed the profuse liberality of Francis I. against the niggard present of a set of horses with which Sadler presented him in the name of his sovereign; he respected the talents and learning of the catholic clergy, who alone of his subjects had the education necessary to assist his councils; he preferred deriving from the church's voluntary donation, such subsidies as his affairs might require, to the odium of seizing upon her possessions, and he resolved to adhere to the faith of his forefathers. It is not uninteresting to hear the very terms in which the accomplished monarch, and the skilful diplomatist, argued some of the points of Sadler's negotiation.

"His Majesty," quoth I, "hath heard it bruited, that ye should gather into your hands numbers of sheep, and such other mean things, in respect of your estate, therewith to increase your estate and revenue. And," quoth I, "his Grace having advised himself thereof, commanded me to tell you, that though the things may be somewhat profitable, yet as that kind of profit cannot stand with the honour of a King's estate, nor yet so profitable as may any ways extend towards the maintenance of a King's estate; so the King's Majesty, your uncle," quoth I, "doubteth lest it may give occasion to your people to mutter and mutiny, fearing lest their living should be taken from them by your nobility and gentlemen of your realm, when they may be borne by your precedent and example, and so percase might grow farther inconveniences. Wherefore," quoth I, "the King's Majesty, your uncle, wisheth that you would rather apply yourself, by good and politic means, to increase your revenue by taking of some of those religious houses (such as may be best spared) into your hands, which do occupy and possess a great part of the possessions of your realm, to the maintenance of their volupty and idle life, and the continual decay of your estate; and the rest of them, which be most notable, to alter into colleges or cathedral churches, and almshouses, as the King's Majesty, your uncle, hath done; whereby ye shall well perceive, that one house so altered shall tend more to the glory of God, than a number of them now doth; and yet shall ye establish your revenue thereby, in such sort as ye shall be able to live like a King, and yet not meddle with sheep, nor such mean things, being matter whereupon to occupy the meanest of your people and subjects."—"In good faith," quoth he, "I have no sheep, nor occupy no such things. But," quoth he, "such as have tacks and farms of me, peradventure have such numbers of sheep and cattle, as ye speak of, going upon my lands, which I have no regard to. But for my part," quoth he, "by my truth I never knew what I had of mine own, nor yet do. I thank God," quoth he, "I am able to live well enough of that which I have, and I have friends that will not see me mister. There is a good man in France, my good father the King of France (I must needs call him so," quoth he, "for I am sure he is like a father to me), that will not see me want anything, that lies in him to help me with. Nevertheless," quoth he, "I shall seek nothing of any man but love and friendship; and for my part I shall hold my word and behecht* with all princes, and for no man living shall I stain mine honour for any worldly good, with the grace of Jesu. And most heartily I thank the King's grace, mine uncle, for his advice; but in good faith I cannot do so; for methinks it against reason and God's law to put down these religious houses, which have," quoth he, "stood these many years, and God's service maintained and keeped in the same. And," quoth he, "what need I to take them to increase my livelihood, when I may have anything that I can require of them? I am sure," quoth he, "there is not an Abbey in Scotland at this hour but if we mister anything, we may have of them whatsoever we will desire that they have; and so what needs us to spoil them?"—"Sir," quoth I, "they are a kind of unprofitable people, that live idly upon the sweat and labours of the poor, and their first foundations founded upon popery and man's constitutions; and yet doth none of them observe the ground and rules of their professions: for in their first entries to religion, they profess chastity, wilful poverty, and obedience." It was in vain that Sadler enlarged upon the corruptions of the clergy in manners and doctrine; the King mildly replied, "God forbid, if a few be not good, for them all the rest be destroyed!" James disclaimed any intention of joining France in a league against England, but turned a deaf ear to the charge of treachery, which Sadler, according to his master's command, preferred against his minister. A meeting with Henry was warmly pressed by Sadler, and politely evaded by the Scottish monarch, who was well aware, that a sovereign ought not to meet his superior in power, unless he was prepared to subscribe to whatever should be required of him; and Sir Ralph left the Scottish court without material success in any part of his mission. He complains much of the ill offices received on this occasion from the Scottish clergy and their faction.

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* Promise.

They sent forth a proclamation in the churches on his arrival, denouncing death and confiscation against whosoever should eat so much as an egg during Lent. This denunciation Sadler complained of as aimed against him and his attendants—"Insomuch that the King had knowledge thereof, and incontinently, he sent Rothesay, the herald, to me, declaring, 'That whatsoever publications were made, the King's pleasure was, I should eat what I would, and that victuals should be appointed for me of what I would eat.' I thanked humbly his grace and answered, 'that I was belied, and untruly said of, for,' quoth I, 'I eat no flesh, nor none of my folks; nor,' quoth I, 'is it permitted in England in the Lent. Marry,' quoth I, 'I confess that I eat eggs and white meats, because I am an evil fishman, and I think it none offence. For if it were,' quoth I, 'I would be as loath to eat it as the holiest of your priests, that thus have belied me.'—'Oh!' quoth he, 'know ye not our priests? A mischief on them all! I trust,' quoth he, 'the world will amend here once!' Thus I had liberty to eat what I would. Another bruit they made, 'that all my men were monks, and that I had them out of the abbey in England, and now they were serving-men.' I gave a Greek word on my men's coat-sleeves, which is Μόνῳ ἄνακτι δυλέυω; the Latin whereof is, *Soli regi servio ; a rege tantum pendeo ; ex regis ministerio unus* ; and such other may be interpreted of the same. Now the bishops here have interpreted my word to be as they called it, *Monachulus*, which, as they say, is in English, 'a little monk,' as a diminutive of *Monachus* ; and this they affirmed for a verity. Whereupon they bruited that all my men were monks ; but it appeareth they are no good Grecians."

After his return to England, and in the course of this year (1540), his patron Cromwell was disgraced and beheaded ; but his fall was attended by no ill consequences to Sadler, whose interest now rested on his individual merit.

In 1541, Sadler was sent upon another embassy to Scotland, concerning which we have less distinct information. Its general scope was to detach James from the Pope and Catholic clergy, whose practices Henry pronounced to be so wonderous, that "one might be lightly led by the nose and bear their yoke, yet, for blindness, not know what he doth." He was instructed again to press upon James the propriety of a personal meeting, to which the Scottish King gave a dubious consent.* The good sense and moderation which James exhibited during discussions of so delicate a nature, rendered him worthy of a more enlightened age, and of a better fate.

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* Pinkerton's History, vol. I. p. 374.

In 1542, the fatal battle, or rather rout of Solway, took place, in which a thousand Scottish prisoners, comprehending the Earls of Glencairn and Cassilis, Lords Maxwell, Somerville, and other nobles of the highest rank, fell into the hands of a small band of English Borderers, who had approached the Scottish host, rather to observe their motions, than with any purpose of assault. By this disgraceful event, the heart of James V. was literally broken, and he died, leaving the crown to his daughter Mary, a new-born infant, whose misfortunes began in her cradle, and accompanied her, with little intermission, to her grave. In this crisis Henry formed a plan, equally moderate and sagacious, of uniting the two kingdoms by alliance, rather than conquest. For this purpose, he treated with kindness and liberality the Scottish prisoners, whom the success at Solway had placed in his power, and heaped favours upon the Earl of Angus, the head of the house of Douglas, who, with his kinsmen, had long found refuge in England from the wrath of James V., and was now about to return to Scotland in consequence of his death. To these nobles, his captives, as well as the Douglases, the English monarch intrusted a scheme of a marriage to be contracted between the infant Queen of Scotland, and the youthful Edward, his son and heir. Henry appears to have received from all the strongest assurances, that they would support, with their utmost power, this proposition, so soon as it should be made to the Scottish Parliament. Not satisfied with these protestations, he took from the captives pledges and hostages for their returning to captivity upon his summons; and dismissed them much in the situation, though unanimated by the spirit, of the Roman Regulus. With them the Earl of Angus and the Douglases returned to Scotland, after an exile of fifteen years, during which they had been in a great measure pensioners upon Henry's munificence.

With them, also, Sir Ralph Sadler came to Scotland, in the character of ambassador of England, for achieving this important match. The prudence and art with which he conducted the negotiation, as well as the real advantages which it held forth to Scotland, might, in any other country and circumstances, have secured its success. But the impatient spirit of Henry would not wait for the ripening of his own proposal, longing not only to form an interest in the heiress of the kingdom, but to have her person in his own custody, and her kingdom under his own government. Sir George Douglas, the brother of the Earl of Angus, protested from the beginning against this rash assumption. "If there be any motion," said he, "now to take the governor from his state, and to bring the government of this realm to the King of England, I assure you it is impossible to be done at this time. For," quoth he, "there is not so little a boy but he will hurl stones against it, and the wives will handle their distaffs, and the commons universally will rather die in it, yea, and many noblemen and all the clergy be fully against it." According to this prognostication, the whole country seemed to prepare for war; for when Sadler, by his sovereign's desire, still insisted on the King of England having the personal custody of the princess, the combustion became very great, and Lord Maxwell assured him he should see such a meeting as was never seen at parliament or council, for every one was preparing jacks and spears, and if they fought not ere they parted it would be a great wonder.

Notwithstanding Sadler's diplomatic ability, he had to contend with the prejudices which centuries of war had engraved in the bosom of the Scottish nation; prejudices so deep and unconquerable, that one of their most enlightened statesmen* used to Sadler these strong expressions of the national abhorrence of an English match: "Our nation being a stout nation, will never agree to have an Englishman to be King of Scotland; and though the whole nobility of the realm would consent to it, the common people, the women with their distaffs, and the very stones in the street, would rise up and rebel against it." The impatient, haughty, and furious temper of King Henry, added to the obstacles which the ambassador had to encounter. His parsimony gave still farther embarrassment. It is easy to perceive that Henry reckoned almost solely upon the gratitude of the prisoners to whom he had given temporary freedom, and of the Douglases whom he had protected in banishment; and that he disrelished the idea, suggested by Sadler, of refreshing, by new acts of generosity, their recollection of former favours. Threats, expostulation, and upbraiding, were arguments which Henry held to be cheaper and more efficacious, than working by gifts and promises upon the poverty and avarice of the Scottish nobility. By this course, which Sadler vainly deprecated, the party which he had formed among that body became daily more doubtful, and the stern remonstrances of the English monarch only tended still farther to alienate them from his interest.

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* Sir Adam Otterburn.

Their situation was indeed a hard one, and vindicated their once bitter complaints. Thus " the Lord Maxwell sware a great oath, ' that he thought your Majesty had them in some suspicion; and yet, for all that, they would be true men to your Majesty.' The Earl of Glencairn prayed me ' to write to your Majesty, and to beseech the same for the passion of God, to encourage them so much, as to give them trust, for they were already commonly hated here for your Majesty's sake, and throughout the realm called the English lords; and such ballads and songs made of them, how the English angels had corrupted them, as have not been heard; so as they have almost lost the hearts of the common people of this realm, and be also suspected of the governor and nobility of the same; and if your Majesty should also mistrust them, they were in a hard case: Wherefore, seeing they were minded, as indeed they would serve your Majesty with their bodies, goods, and all their power, according to their band and promise, from which they will never vary nor digress, they beseech your Majesty to give them trust and credit, which, if they may perceive, shall be most to their comfort;' wherein I did as much as I could to satisfy them."

On the other hand, the address of Sadler was counterbalanced by that of Cardinal Beaton, who availed himself of every obstacle which the prejudices of the Scots, the imbecility of the Regent, the impatience of Henry, and the liberality of France, afforded against the English treaty. Yet, under all these disadvantages, a hollow league was agreed to, by which the Scots consented to send their sovereign into England, so soon as she should attain the age of ten years; and in the meanwhile, six hostages, of the first rank, were to be delivered to the English monarch, as pledges for the fulfilment of the treaty. Sir George Douglas prevailed with the Scottish nobility to assent to this proposal, by reminding them of the apologue of the physician, who, to escape the wrath of a tyrannical sultan, undertook to teach an ass to speak within the course of ten years; and justified the hopeless undertaking to his friends by saying, that he had gained a space, within which either the King, or the ass, or he himself, might die, in any of which events he escaped final punishment, and meantime lived in good estate and favour. "Even so," said Douglas, "we being unprovided for war, gain by this treaty ten years of peace; during which King Henry, or his son, or the Queen, may die, or the parties coming of age may refuse each other, or matters may so stand that the match may be concluded on more equal terms."* Sir George, in boasting of the effects of his eloquence, probably did not pique himself to Sadler upon the nature of his arguments and illustration.

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* Hume of Godscroft, vol. II. p. 113, Edit. 1743.

This alliance was hardly ratified, ere it became obvious that it could never be carried into effect. The Earls of Huntley, Argyle, Lennox, and Bothwell, Lord Home, and the Laird of Buccleuch, took up arms openly against the governor, with the avowed purpose of preventing the odious match with England. The imprudent detention of some Scottish vessels in the ports of England excited the irritable multitude of Edinburgh to fury against their new ally. Sadler's situation became at once embarrassing and dangerous, and he narrowly escaped assassination, a musket being discharged at him while walking in his garden. The governor secretly meditated a revolt from the party of England, and used many devices to prevail on the ambassador to retire from Scotland. It was in vain that Sadler made him the most flattering offers, even so far as to propose that the Regent should marry one of Henry's daughters, and become King of all Scotland beyond the Forth. From the Regent's reply to this extravagant proposal it seems plain, that a gratuity of a thousand pounds would have been much more acceptable than the vague hopes which it implied. But this Sadler durst not promise. To the Douglases, and to that diminished part of the Solway captives who still professed adherence to England, Sadler offered an auxiliary army of English. But they replied, that the name of England was so utterly detested by their countrymen, that their own friends and followers would to a man desert them, were they to accept of such odious aid. In fine, the Regent, who had on the 25th of August, 1543, ratified the treaty with England, did, upon the 3d of September following, altogether renounce that alliance, and unite himself to the Cardinal, and those nobles who were in arms, to oppose it. Even the patience of Sadler gave way, when he beheld the party, who had so strongly vowed to maintain the interest of England, melt away like a snowball; and he expresses his cordial wish and expectation that his Majesty would shortly correct the untruth and folly of the Scottish, and prayed that he might either be recalled, or permitted to take refuge in some stronghold belonging to the Douglases, who still maintained their friendship with England. This permission being at length obtained, he left Edinburgh and retired to Tantallon, a strong castle in East Lothian, belonging to the Earl of Angus. Here he abode for several weeks, better pleased with his lodging for its strength and security, than in point of accommodation, as the interior buildings had become ruinous during Angus's long exile, and the apartments were almost totally unfurnished.

About the beginning of November, Sadler received a message from the governor by a herald, summoning him either to come to his presence for achieving of his embassy, or else to depart from the kingdom of Scotland. But secure in the strength of Tantallon, and the friendship of the Earl of Angus, the English envoy remained in that castle to abide Henry's further instructions. These appear to have been, that he should join the Earl of Angus and the other lords friendly to England. This Sadler found himself unable to do, because the lords were not drawn into a party; besides, they lay at a distance, and he had no means of joining even the nearest without sleeping in an open town, "where I must," said he, "be among such a malicious kind of folks, as on little or no occasion will be persuaded to take my life."

At length, perceiving the party of the Lords, who favoured the English match, was unable to take the field, and in most cases entering into treaty with the Regent, Sadler gave up hope of doing good by longer residence at Tantallon, and returned to England about the beginning of December 1543, the precursor of a Scottish war, in which the destruction of Leith by the Earl of Hertford, and a desolating succession of incursions on the frontiers by Evers and Latoun, avenged the perfidy of the Regent.

Although Sadler had totally failed in the object of his embassy, the skill and patience with which he had conducted the negotiation, maintained, and even raised him in the esteem of his sovereign. Upon the death of Henry VIII., in 1547, it was found that he had bequeathed the care of his son and of the realm to sixteen of his nobility and counsellors, to whom he nominated a privy council of twelve persons. In this last number Sadler was included, by the title of Sir Ralph Sadleyr, knight, and he was further distinguished by a legacy of £200. As the last instructions of the king to his council contained a warm recommendation to prosecute the Scottish match, there can be little doubt that Sadler was recommended to this high trust and honour, as well by his intimate acquaintance with the affairs of Scotland, as by the other qualities which had acquired Henry's confidence. It would seem he was present with the executors when the will was opened and read, and an oath taken faithfully to discharge the trust which it imposed. But a great innovation was almost immediately made upon the form of government, so solemnly ratified, by the elevation of the Earl of Hartford, afterwards Duke of Somerset, to be Protector of the realm. In order to reconcile the rest of the king's executors to this pre-eminence, wealth and honours were conferred on them with no sparing hand; they were named counsellors to the protector, and a commission was issued under the great seal, to warrant this new form of government, in which, however, the privy counsellors were raised to the same rank with the executors; and power was granted to the protector to assume any other commissioners whom he should think fit. The special gratification destined for Sir Ralph Sadler upon these changes, seems to have been a confirmation of the large grants of church lands formerly assigned to him by Henry, with splendid additions. There is said to be an illuminated deed in existence, in which Sadler is painted on his knees, receiving from Henry and Edward a grant of all the church lands, on which the town of Clifton, near Bristol, now stands, and extending down to the Severn. It would seem from the indenture below quoted, that various exchanges were made between the crown and Sir Ralph Sadler, all doubtless to the advantage of the grantee.*

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* "WHEREAS, our dear father, King Henry VIII., by indenture under the great seal of Court of Augmentation, dated Westminster, 10th March, 31st year, granted to Anthony Southwell, of his household gentlemen, *inter alia*, Allesborough, Grange, and certain other lands, containing 279 acres in the whole, being the demeasne lands of late monastery of Pershore, in Worcestershire, and lying within parishes of Pershore; and also 197 acres of pasture and meadow land, lying in Pershore and Flodbury, part of possessions of said monastery for 21 years, paying annually for same and scite of said late monastery, £27, 18s. 7½d.

"And said king, by another indenture dated 15th April, 32d year, granted to Richard Randall of London, *inter alia*, the sheepcote of Cotesden, county Gloucester, late reserved and occupied by abbot and convent of Wynchelcombe, in said county: together with manor of Rowell, and the tythes of said sheepcote Rowell, and Halling, in said county, for 21 years, paying annually £30, 6s. 8d.

"And said king, by another indenture dated 10th October, 31st year, granted to Michael Cameswell, gentleman, Whitmore Grange, with houses, lands, &c. within said Grange, containing 181 acres, and four acres in Whitmore Park, lately belonging to the dissolved monastery of the blessed Mary in Coventry, for 21 years, paying annually £15, 8s. 4d.

"And said king, by another indenture dated 12th April, 32d year, granted to Anthony Denny, Esq. the manor of Nasing or Nasingbury, in Essex, belonging to late monastery of Waltham Holy-cross, in said county, certain lands there also, and the rectory of Nasing for 21 years, paying annually £31, 18s.

"And said king, in consideration of £66, 13s. 4d. paid into the Augmentation Court, by aforesaid Anthony Denny, granted to him by his patent, dated 28th September, 36th year, the rever-

The war with Scotland had been rather suspended than closed by a short peace, and hostilities with France being now ended, the protector and his

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sion of said manor and rectory of Nasing before demised, for 35 years more, paying as before.

"Know ye, &c. that in consideration of the rectory and church of Kemsey, in county of Worcester, with the advowson of same granted 'by our faithful servant, Ralph Sadleyr, knight, one of the gentlemen of our Privy Chamber, to our most dear father,' sealed, with his seal, and dated 19th September, 38th Henry VIII. and the advowson of rectory and church of St Martin in London, in like manner given by said R. S. to our said father, dated 1st January, 38th year; and in consideration of the manors of Bromeley, in Middlesex, Haslingfield, in Cambridgeshire, Walthamstow Tong, in Essex, Aston-Tinall and North Morton, in Berkshire, diverse portions of tythes in Gloucestershire, and all other messuages, lands, tenements, &c. to us by said R. S. granted by indenture, dated 10th June, 1st year, 'and for the performance and fulfilment of the testament and last will of our said father,' and for 500 merks paid to our said father by R. S., and for £1837, 1s. 8d. paid by said R.S. into our Augmentation Court to our use; we have given and granted to R. S. the reversion and reversions of all the said premises in aforesaid indentures expressed, together with all the profits, &c. *therein reserved.* We give also the manor of Stoke Episcopi, or Bishopstoke, in county Gloucester, late part of possessions of Bishop of Worcester, the manor of Heinbury Salt Marsh, in said county, the hundred, liberties and franchises of Heinbury, late part of possessions of Bishop Worcester, Sned Park and Pen Park, in said county, late belonging to Bishop of Worcester, with all rights, deer warrens, &c. and the advowson of vicarage of Heinbury, with all manner of rights and privileges to said above grants in any wise appertaining, [enumerated through about 50 lines of original.]

"We give also the manor of Swynning, in county Gloucester, council resolved to resume the subject of the Scottish match; and, instead of temporising as prudence would have dictated, dispatched a solemn

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late appertaining to monastery of Wynchelcombe, together with certain lands, a grove and wood, late to same monastery belonging, with the great and small tythes, within said manor. Also, the lordship and manor of Allesborough, in county Worcester, late belonging to Pershore monastery, with all hamlets, lands, tythes, &c. therein, save certain exceptions. Also, the manor of Olveston, in county Gloucester, late possession of Priory of Bath.

" And certain lands in Waltham aforesaid, parcel of the possessions of late Marquis of Exeter, and Gertrude, his wife, lately attainted of high treason. Also, certain lands called Cussoners, in Waltham, the scite &c. of the quire of the Carmelites Church, in Coventry, and the church-yard of Carmelites Church, in Fleet-Street, London, with the rectory of Welford, in county Gloucester.

[Now follows a particular enumeration of *all* the grants before recited, both in the indentures and otherwise, with additional minutiæ, and various amplifications, and in at least 150 lines is granted in the fullest manner, all manner of rights and privileges, in any ways appertaining thereto enjoyed by former possessors.]

" Which same lordships or manors of Bishopstoke and Heimbury, and premises thereunto belonging, are now extended at the clear annual value of £119, 14s. 1½d. the 10s. not deducted.

" Mansion in Stroude, &c. £10. Manor Twynnyng and Upham, £71, 2s. 7d. Manor of Attesborough, and other premises in Attesborough, Streynsham, Fladbury, and Pershore, £79, 12s. 2d. Attesborough Grange and demeasne lands of Pershore, £10, 7s. 11½d. Manor of Olueston, £21, 12s. 5½d. Manor of Rowell, &c. £29, 6s. 8d. Whitmore Grange, &c. £12, 8s. 4d. Messuage lands and tenements in Slackstede, late monastery of Hyde, in County Southampton, £9, 9s. 5¾d. Manor or Farm of Woodredon, late monastery of Waltham Cross, £8. Manor summons, requiring the fulfilment of the treaty formerly concluded under the conduct of Sir Ralph

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of Sewardston, &c. £27, 4s. 10d. Manor and rectory of Nasing, £31, 18s. Lands in Waltham, late Marquis of Exeter, and Gertrude, his wife, £6. Cussoners Lands, £35. Soil, scite, &c. of church of Carmelites in Coventry, 6s. 8d. and Churchyard Carmelites in London, £20.

" To have, hold, &c. in capite by service of twentieth part of a knight's fee, and to render annually to us, and our successors, as follows, viz. For Bishopstoke, £11, 19s. 5d. Twynnyng, £7, 2s. 3¼d. Attesborough, £7, 19s. 3d. Attesborough Grange, £1, 0s. 9½d. Olveston, £2, 3s. 3d. Slackstede, 18s. 11½d. Whitmore, £1, 4s. 10d. Woodredon, 16s. Seweardson, £2 14s. 5½d. Nasing, £3, 3s. 9½d. and the Messuage in Stroude, and scites of two Carmelite churches or church-yards in Burgage.

[Then follow sundry exceptions and reservations for pensions, collectors of rents, wardens' charges, &c.—the latter are specified, and amount to £10, 13s. 8d.]

" Witness ourselves at Westminster, 30th June, (1st year.)"

This is first found in the amplified grant of Bishopstoke, Heinbury, &c. late possessions of the Bishop of Worcester, in following words: " And also all that capital messuage or mansion, with the appurtenences, situate and being in the parish of Stroude, near London, late parcel of the possessions of said Bishop of Worcester, and all and singular lands, tenements, edifices, stables, gardens, orchards, &c. and also all and singular other messuages, &c. &c. lying and being in Stroude aforesaid, late parcel of the possessions of said Bishop of Worcester." The original instrument occupies 25 sheets. For this abstract of its contents, I am indebted to Thomas Sharpe, Esq. of Coventry. Other grants to Sir Ralph Sadler are mentioned in Dugdale's " Warwickshire," Dr Thomas's edition, pages 186, 300, 487, 526. All tending to show, how deeply he participated in the spoils acquired by the sweeping work of reformation.

Sadler. Upon receiving a blunt and unqualified refusal, the Protector prepared to invade Scotland at the head of an army of between 12,000 and 13,000 infantry, 1300 men-at-arms, and 2800 light horsemen, all excellently appointed, and perfectly disciplined. Sir Ralph Sadler held the important post of treasurer to this gallant army; and from his accounts, which the reader will find in page 355 of the State Papers, it appears, that the expenses of maintaining and paying the forces from the first of August till the 20th of November 1547, amounted to L.45,912, 12s. sterling.

It was at the head of this army that Somerset gained the bloody and decisive battle of Pinkie, over the numerous, but ill disciplined, feudal array of Scotland. This battle, like many of the general actions between the two rival nations, showed the valour of both. The Scottish army was arranged on the side of a large open hill, and presented their long spears in such close and united order, that "as well," says an old historian, "might a man with his bare finger encounter the bristles of an angry hedge-hog as endure the brunt of their pikes." Accordingly, the first onset of the English cavalry on this phalanx was repelled with such vigour, that the boldest knights and men-at-arms went to the ground, and the rest returned to the main body in confusion, which they communicated both to the leaders and the soldiers. It is said, that Sadler shared with Warwick the honour of rallying the disordered forces of England, under the fire of their cannon and the protection of their infantry. The Scots, with their usual impetuosity, had in the meanwhile broke their own impenetrable phalanx, in pursuit, as they conceived, of a flying enemy. They were, therefore, totally unprepared to resist a second charge from those whom they had regarded as discomfited, and, giving way on all sides, were defeated with a most dreadful slaughter, the chase being followed by the victors till near to Edinburgh. Excepting the field of Flodden, that of Pinkie is perhaps the most fatal in the Scottish annals.

In this great battle, Sir Ralph Sadler distinguished himself both for his conduct and gallantry, in so much, that he was raised to the degree of Knight Banneret on the field of battle. The particular services which procured him this honourable distinction, appear to have been, the activity which he displayed in rallying the English cavalry, when repulsed, as already mentioned, at the beginning of the conflict,* and, according to tradition, his seizing, with his own hand, the royal standard of Scotland. A tall standard pole, plated with iron as high as a horseman's sword could reach, long remained beside his tomb. It was believed to have been the staff from which the Scottish banner was displayed, and was appealed to for the truth of the tradition.*

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* "In the battle of Muscleborow, he ordered to be brought up our scattered troops, next degree to a rout, inviting them to fight by his own example."—FULLER'S *Worthies*, p. 183.

The rank to which Sir Ralph Sadler was thus raised, from the degree of Knight Bachelor, may be called the very pinnacle of chivalry. Knight Bannerets could only be created by the King himself, or, which was very rare, by a general vested with such powers as to represent the royal person. They were dubbed before or after a battle, in which the royal standard was displayed; and the person so to be honoured being brought before the King, led by two distinguished knights or nobles, presented to the sovereign his pennon, having an indenture like a swallow's tail at the extremity.† The King then cut off the forked extremity, rendering the banner square, in shape similar to that of a baron,

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* I do not find that Patten, the minute historian of Somerset's expedition, mentions this exploit of Sir Ralph Sadler, nor indeed the capture of the royal standard of Scotland. Neither does he commemorate his being created Knight Banneret; of which, however, there can be no doubt, as it is mentioned in King Edward's own Journal.

† The shape of the banner originally determined the number of followers, whom the leader commanded; and a banneret was expected to lead into the field ten vassals, each properly attended.

The most lively description of the creation of a banneret occurs in Froissart's Account of the Battle of Najara, fought by the Black Prince against Henry of Castile. "When the sun was rising, it was a beautiful sight to view these battalions, with their brilliant armour glittering with its beams. In this manner, they nearly approached to each other. The prince, with a few attendants, mounted a small hill, and saw very clearly the enemy marching straight towards them. Upon descending this hill, he extended his line of battle in the plain, and then halted.

"The Spaniards seeing the English had halted, did the same, in order of battle: then each man tightened his armour, and made ready as for instant combat.

"Sir John Chandos advanced in front of the battalions, with his banner uncased in his hand. He presented it to the prince, saying: 'My lord, here is my banner: I present it to you, that I may display it in whatever manner shall be most agreeable to you, for, thanks to God, I have now sufficient lands that will enable me so to do, and maintain the rank which it ought to hold.'

"The prince Don Pedro being present, took the banner in his hands, which was blazoned with a sharp stake gules on a field argent: after having cut off the tail to make it square, he displayed it, and, returning it to him by the handle, said, 'Sir John, I return you your banner. God give you strength and honor to preserve it.'

"Upon this, Sir John left the prince, went back with the banner in his hand, and said to them: 'Gentlemen, behold my banner and yours: you will therefore guard it as becomes you.' His companions, taking the banner, replied with much cheerfulness, that 'if it pleased God and St George, they would defend it well, and act worthily of it, to the utmost of their abilities.'

"The banner was put into the hands of a worthy English squire, called William Allestry, who bore it with honor that day, and loyally acquitted himself in the service."—JOHNES'S *Froissart*, I. 731.

which, thereafter, the knight banneret might display in every pitched field, in that more noble form. If created by the King, the banneret took precedence of all other knights; but if by a general, only of Knights of the Bath, and Knights Bachelors. Sir Francis Brian, commander of the light horsemen, and Sir Ralph Vane, lieutenant of the men-at-arms, received this honour, with our Sir Ralph Sadler, on the field of Pinkie. But he survived his companions, and is said to have been the last knight banneret of England; at least the last created for service against a common enemy.

I have discovered no trace of Sir Ralph Sadler's being employed in public affairs during the rest of Edward's short reign. He unquestionably retained his place in the council; and in a grant dated 4th Edward VI., and quoted by Dugdale, in his "Warwickshire," he is termed "then master of the great wardrobe." His prudence, probably, prevented him from attaching himself zealously to any of the factions, whose strife and mutual hatred disturbed the quiet of their amiable sovereign, excited rebellion among his people, and lost all the advantage his arms had gained in the battle of Pinkie.

In the reign of Philip and Mary, it would seem that Sir Ralph Sadler retired to his estate near Hackney. A courtier, who had risen under the auspices of Cromwell, and participated so largely in the spoils of the Church of Rome, must have been no favourite with the existing government. Accordingly, he resigned his office of clerk of the Hamper to propitiate Archbishop Heath, then chancellor,* and perhaps made other concessions, of the nature and extent of which we are now ignorant. Yet we have positive evidence, that Sir Ralph Sadler was so far from being in absolute disgrace, that he was, in some degree, trusted by the sovereign, even during this reign; for there are two letters from Mary, printed in the Collection of State Papers, empowering and commanding Sir Ralph Sadler to arm and equip as many able men as he could maintain, and to keep them ready, upon an hour's notice, for the suppression of popular tumults. It is probable nevertheless, that, notwithstanding this proof of confidence, Sir Ralph Sadler did not think his prosperity secure till the accession of Queen Elizabeth.

So soon as this event took place, he was called to the privy council of his new sovereign, and, until the day of his death, retained a great portion of her regard and esteem; no man being more frequently employed by Elizabeth in services of the highest trust and importance. He was a member of her first parliament, and continued to be a representative of the county of Hertford in most, if not all, the sessions of her reign. In the very commencement of her government, he did Elizabeth what must have been held acceptable service, in a matter of considerable delicacy. There had been a proposal to annex to a vote of subsidy to Elizabeth a request that her Majesty would be pleased to settle and declare the succession of the kingdom. Sir Ralph remonstrated against this proposal, which in future times obtained the name of *tacking*, because uniting a claim of right, or some other demand on the crown, with a vote of supplies; so that both, however unconnected, must be passed or rejected together. Sadler first showed that the support of the Queen's authority, the safety of the reformed religion, and the maintaining of order in Ireland, as well as England, required that the Queen should be furnished with the supplies demanded, freely and without condition, as befitted dutiful subjects. By conditioning with the Queen in the manner proposed, the House of Commons, he thought, would extenuate and disgrace the frankness and liberality of their grant, and at the same time enter into a matter far beyond their sphere, and competent only to the Queen's Majesty, whose heart he trusted God in his infinite goodness would dispose to treat of it in due season. No doubt, doctrine which recommended to the Commons to give money and withhold advice, was sufficiently palatable to the sovereign. But Sadler, though he aided in appeasing the eagerness of the Commons, spoke another language in the Privy Council to the Queen herself.

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* Sadler's State Papers, vol. I. p. 370.

About the same time, Sir Ralph Sadler was called to the Privy Council, and his first speech there again touched on the question of succession, so often agitated during Elizabeth's reign, but which she never could be brought to treat of until upon her death-bed, if indeed she did really even in that extremity intimate any wishes on the subject. Upon the occasion we have now noticed, Sadler, though in the most respectful terms, urged the settlement of the succession as what all ranks and degrees of the Queen's subjects anxiously expected, and as a measure calculated to acquire and fix the affections of her people, and to silence the complaints of those who might say that the House of Commons did but give away the money of their representatives, without urging the Queen to provide for the estate of the kingdom. He therefore advised that a title, in itself dubious and uncertain, should be settled by Elizabeth, in the plenitude of her power, and with the advice of her deliberate and wise counsellors, with a view to its being ratified in parliament, "rather than left to the arbitrement of the sword on some future day, when victory in bloody battle should be the only judge, and peradventure a usurper might win the garland, to the prejudice of the rightful heir." Elizabeth heard the advice, but took it not, though she forgave and continued to trust the counsellor.

The first diplomatic office intrusted to Sadler during this reign, was of great consequence, and its success paved the way for the absolute influence which Elizabeth afterwards obtained in the affairs of Scotland; an influence which all the blood and treasure expended by her ancestors to conquer that kingdom had utterly failed to acquire. The Reformation had now made such progress in that kingdom, that a league of Protestant nobles took arms, to secure the liberty of conscience, under the title of Lords of the Congregation. Mary of Lorraine, Queen-Dowager, and now Regent, endeavoured, by the assistance of French forces and French money, to suppress this insurrection. Both parties became embittered against each other, and it was obvious that a final and decisive conflict was not far distant. In this, the sagacity of Cecil saw that the Queen-Regent, armed with legal authority, supported by disciplined forces, and furnished from France with means of paying them, must ultimately prevail over a league who had only religious zeal, and the tumultuary assemblage of their feudal retainers, to oppose against such advantages. But Scotland, if reduced to the situation of a French province, and ruled by a Catholic Queen, who boasted some pretensions to the throne of Elizabeth, must have been a most inauspicious neighbour to England.* It was therefore resolved to support the Protestant nobility in their struggle with the Queen-Regent; but with such secrecy, as neither to bring upon the Lords of the Congregation the odium of being the friends and pensioners of England, nor to engage Elizabeth in an open war with her sister and rival.

To manage the intrigues necessary for the successful execution of this plan, it was necessary an accredited agent should be sent to the frontier. With this view, a commission was granted to the Earl of Northumberland, Sir Ralph Sadler, and Sir James Crofts, to settle certain disputes concerning Border matters, with commissioners, to be named by the Queen-Regent of Scotland, and to direct the repairs proposed to be made on the fortifications of Berwick, and other Border fortresses. But this was only stated to furnish ostensible reasons for Sadler making a long stay in the town of Berwick, whence he could most easily correspond with the Lords of the Congregation. By his private instructions in Cecil's hand-writing, he was empowered to treat with any manner of person in Scotland, to distribute money as he should think proper to the extent of L.3000, always with such discretion and secrecy, as not to impair the peace lately concluded with Scotland. The insertion of the Earl of Northumberland's name in the general commission was merely ostensible. As that nobleman professed the Catholic religion, he would have been in every respect an improper agent in behalf of the Lords of the Congregation. But Sadler appears to have reposed unlimited confidence in Sir James Crofts, the other commissioner.

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* See Cecil's reasoning on this subject, as extracted by Bishop Keith, from Crawford of Drumsoy's *Memorials*, vol. I. p. 168.

Sadler opened and carried on the negotiation with his usual ability, of which his curious Correspondence, now for some time before the public, affords an interesting proof. But notwithstanding repeated supplies of money, it became gradually more and more obvious, that the aid of England must appear in the decided shape of auxiliary forces, if the Lords of the Congregation were to be saved from destruction. For this purpose, the Duke of Norfolk was sent to Berwick to conclude an open and avowed treaty with the Scottish Protestants. But although the deputation of a person of such high rank gave a higher degree of solemnity to the negotiation, it continued chiefly to be managed by Sir Ralph Sadler, whose name, as well as that of the Duke, appears in most of the letters to the Council. Indeed, the Duke, in his instructions, was repeatedly enjoined to use the counsel of Sir Ralph Sadler rather than of any military man, as the Queen still entertained hopes that hostilities might be prevented. When the auxiliary army under Lord Gray had entered Scotland, and besieged the French troops of the Queen-Regent in the town of Leith, Elizabeth directed the Duke of Norfolk to send Sir Ralph Sadler to the camp, in hopes that he might be able to treat with the Regent, and at the same time to remove from the mind of the Protestants all suspicion, that their interest would be sacrificed to obtain peace.* Accordingly, in April 1560, Sadler appears to have joined the army before Leith. On the 5th day of May, the Earl of Arran, then a leader of the Congregation, writes to Cecil, that the arrival of Sir Ralph Sadler had restored their spirits.* He witnessed the disastrous consequences of a rash assault made upon Leith by the English, in which they lost many men. Above all, he had probably a principal share in the treaty of Leith, so highly honourable to Elizabeth, by which she stipulated for her Scottish allies the security of their religion, liberty, and possessions; and for herself, a full acknowledgment of her right to the crown of England. The garrison of Leith was surrendered, and the French governor regaled the leaders of the besiegers with a feast of fifty dishes composed out of one dead horse; a circumstance which marks national manners, as well as the extremity to which the place was reduced.

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* Murdin, vol. I. p. 286.

It does not appear how Sir Ralph Sadler was employed during the five succeeding years, or whether he had any duty to discharge besides that of a privy councillor. In that capacity we preserve notes of his opinion on the very delicate point of Queen Mary's title of succession to the crown of England. It is observable that he rather considers it as a question of expediency than of right, and argues the question in a manner most like to prejudice the Queen's title in the eyes of the English. "He would not," he said, "take upon him to be a judge of titles; but as a natural Englishman, and waving the question of the Queen of Scots' propinquity, he felt in himself a strange misliking to become subject to a prince of a foreign nation; and he conceived that, whatever her nearness of blood, the claimant could not inherit in England, it being the nature of the English to detest the regiment of strangers, so that by law they had barred them from rights of inheritance. He went at large into the particulars of his own embassy to Scotland to accomplish the marriage between Prince Edward and the infant Queen of Scots, dilated upon the terms offered by Henry, notwithstanding all which the Scots broke off the treaty, and Sir Adam Otterbourne, one of their wisest counsellors, plainly said to Sadler, that as he could not believe that England would on any terms receive a Scottishman for the King, so neither would the Scots, being a stout nation, ever stoop to be governed by an Englishman." Now, argued Sir Ralph Sadler, "if these proud beggarly Scots did so much disdain to yield to the superiority of England, that they chose rather to be perjured, and to abide the extremity of the wars and force of England, than they would consent to have an Englishman to be their King, by such lawful means of marriage, why should we, for any respect, yield to their Scottish superiority, or consent to establish a Scot in succession to the crown of this realm, contrary to the laws of the realm, and thereby to do so great an injury as to disinherit the next heir of our own nation? Surely, for my part, I cannot consent unto it. And I fear, lest I may say with the Scot, that though we do all agree unto it, yet our common people, and the stones in the street, would rebel against it."

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* Murdin, vol. I. p. 303.

Though we have, as we already said, no notice how Sir Ralph was for some time employed, yet there can be no doubt that he continued to maintain his place in Elizabeth's opinion, since, in the 10th year of her reign, he was created Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, vacant by the death of Sir Ambrose Cave, and was employed in matters of even higher delicacy and weight, than had been yet intrusted to his care. Sadler assisted at the council-board in the important deliberations which followed the ill-advised retreat of Queen Mary into the inhospitable realm of her sister and ally. The question was, how the royal fugitive was to be treated; and we regret to say, that Sadler's opinion was that of a good politician, but a very indifferent moralist. He advised the Queen, without hesitating as to the validity of James's title, frankly to "take him for a king as she found him," and enter into league with him accordingly; and, if necessary, to spend a hundred thousand pounds in defence of his government. He stated the danger to religion likely to arise from the restoration of Mary—her natural alliance with Spain and France, Catholic countries, and the natural enemies of Elizabeth, and who had most access to injure her realm by invasion through the ever open door of Scotland. Finally, he urged that the accident which placed Queen Mary in the power of her rival, evinced the finger of Providence pointing out the opportunity of securing her. "As for the Queen of Scots, she is in your own hands; your majesty may so use her as she shall not be able to hurt you; and to that end surely God hath delivered her into your hands, trusting that your majesty will not neglect the benefit by God offered unto you, in this delivery of such an enemy into your hands."

In 1568, when Elizabeth had determined to treat a fugitive princess, who had fled to her for protection, as an accused criminal, and had named commissioners to hear the cause of Queen Mary pleaded at York, Sir Ralph Sadler was conjoined with the Duke of Norfolk and Earl of Sussex, in order to compose that extraordinary tribunal. Indeed, of the three, he seems to have been most trusted; for so soon as the mode in which the inquiry was conducted gave reason to believe that Norfolk meant to discountenance the accusation, Sadler was ordered to court to give an account of their proceedings. He was also a member of the new commission which sat at Westminster for the same purpose.

Meanwhile, the effects of Norfolk's intrigues began to be apparent. The Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, relying upon the co-operation of the Duke, and of the ancient nobility, openly took arms for the deliverance of Queen Mary, and the restoration of the Catholic religion. An army was speedily levied against them, under the command of the Earl of Sussex, and Sir Ralph Sadler again occupied the situation of treasurer, or paymaster-general. It is not improbable, that his presence was considered as a check upon Sussex, who, besides his rivalry with the favourite Leicester, lay under a certain degree of suspicion from his alliance with Norfolk. But the letters of Sadler, whose intelligence was doubtless relied upon by Elizabeth and her ministers, were in the highest degree favourable to Sussex. After suppression of the rebellion, the insurgent earls, with some of their principal followers, retreated into Scotland. Northumberland fell into the power of the Regent Murray; but Westmoreland being sheltered by the

Laird of Ferniherst, Sadler employed a person named Robert Constable, a relation of the unfortunate fugitive, to seduce him to come back to England, under the promise of protection, and then deliver him up to the severity of the law. The person to whom this negotiation was intrusted was by birth a gentleman, although his family was then stained by treason, as afterwards by regicide.* But his quality did not prevent him from undertaking this treacherous commission, as the thirst of lucre could not, on the other hand, altogether subdue his own sense of the infamy of his conduct. And between avarice, hypocrisy, and remorse, his letters to Sadler form a most extraordinary picture of guilt contending with shame. The following passage, in which Constable engages to betray his confiding and unfortunate kinsman, while, at the same time, he wishes to stipulate that the Earl should not be taken under his roof, is very curious, as intimating the vacillations of a guilty mind between shame and thirst of lucre, disguised under a flimsy affectation of patriotism.

" Sir, although this be a traiterous kind of service that I am waded in, to trap them that trust in me, as Judas did Christ, yet to extinguish such inconvenience as by their liberty may rise, that so lately showed themselves enemies both to God and to our native Queen, neither kindred nor affection shall withhold me to allure them to come to submission, or otherwise to abide the Queen's mercy, wherein, I trust, I may do both God, the Queen, and my lord my master, faithful, true, and acceptable service. My hope is, if God will give me grace, to bring it so to pass, that the Queen's majesty will be merciful to pardon their lives; otherwise, if it should turn to the effusion of their blood, my conscience would be troubled all the days of my life.

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* See Volume II. of Sadler's State Papers, p. 67, note.

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If they should come to my poor house, I must desire that it may be no offence for me to help them, and that my house may be to them as a sanctuary; but in their coming and going I will be plain with them, they shall take their own adventure. Sir, I pray you, even for the love of God, let none see this letter but my lord lieutenant only, who very discreetly and honourably hath remitted his grudge of displeasure, and promised to be my good lord hereafter. Or this kind of service were known to any more except to the Queen's Majesty, who I should have named first, or to my lord my master, or to Sir Wa. Mildmay, my directors, who can and will keep my counsel according to their honourable promise, I had rather than this my doing were known to the world, forswear for ever not to come within this realm, or rather to be torn every joint from other."

The answers of Sir Ralph are remarkable, as disdaining to qualify the infamy of the task otherwise than by increasing the bribe. He treats Constable as the traitor he had made himself; and, appealing only to his avarice, makes no capitulation with his feelings whatsoever. "You can devise no way," he says in reply, "so beneficial to yourself, as to work the matter so that as you write yourself the ball may be turned into the Lord Warden's lap;" (that being the phrase which Constable had used for betraying his friends;) "as for surrendering on condition, no benefit can redound to the same." And though an unconditional surrender might be the best means (if any) for the culprits obtaining some mercy, yet he repeats, "If you can induce them to do so, it is the best way for *them;* but the most beneficial way for yourself, is, to devise how to turn the ball into the Lord Warden's lap, as aforesaid; for thereby your service can be such as you may be sure her Majesty shall not leave unrewarded." Fortunately for Westmoreland and Norton, the negotiation was unsuccessful

After the northern army was disbanded, we find Sir Ralph Sadler, in 1572, employed as one of the commissioners for examining the Duke of Norfolk, lately his coadjutor in trusts of a similar nature. The issue of the inquiry was the trial and execution of the unfortunate nobleman.

In 1578, James of Scotland, who had now taken the reins of government into his own hands, desirous to propitiate a councillor, whose assistance had been so often used in affairs concerning his kingdom, honoured Sir Ralph Sadler with a letter, in which he thanks him for the care he had always exhibited, to maintain a good understanding between England and Scotland, and recommends to his good offices, an ambassador, whom he had dispatched to his dearest sister, Queen Elizabeth.

In 1581, we again find traces of Sadler's sagacity as a councillor. The Duke of Anjou, in that year, made his memorable visit to Elizabeth, who, though then forty-nine years old, seems to have entertained serious thoughts of the match, and afforded the Prince but too much encouragement. Sadler joined with Cecil, Walsingham, and the Queen's wisest councillors, in their remonstrances, which determined Elizabeth, after much painful irresolution, to sacrifice her dreams of connubial felicity to her usual political prudence.

The arguments of Sadler were arranged under six heads, of which the fourth and fifth were, in all probability, more wholesome than palatable. I. The danger to religion from the Queen marrying a Catholic; on which subject Sadler devoutly exclaims, "The Lord inspire her Majesty with his holy spirit, and give her grace to beware of all Papists!" II. The danger that, in case of Henry of Anjou's succeeding to the crown of France, England might become a vassal and thrall of that kingdom, which, by the way, was the very argument which Sadler, in 1542, considered so unreasonable in the mouth of the "proud beggarly Scots." III. That, in case of Henry succeeding, as aforesaid, to the French crown, he must necessarily reside in France, and Elizabeth must either accompany him thither, or lose the fruition of his company and presence. "And in what government," said the councillor, "the kingdom may be then left, I leave to the consideration of wiser men." IV. Fourthly, the inequality of years betwixt the parties was such, that, as Sadler bluntly observes, her Majesty might, by the course of nature, have been the mother of the proposed bridegroom. Now, whether this inequality was goodly or acceptable in the sight of God, Sadler said he would not dispute; but sure he was, that, as the Prince must be in his most flourishing manhood when the Queen was far gone in years, there was likely that unkindness and discord would break out, to the disturbance of the Queen, at those years when she most needed quiet. V. Though Sadler would not ultimately or utterly despair of issue from the match, considering her Majesty's years, yet he possessed no confidence on that important subject; and, being jealous of her highness's person, he stated, that the child-birth was likely, at her years, to be very dangerous to the mother. VI. The general dislike of the match, through the whole kingdom, was a thing not to be disregarded, since "it is not good to do things to the general discontent of the whole realm."

Queen Mary, to whom we now return, was, in 1584, still drawing out a miserable existence in exile and imprisonment, under the custody of George Earl of Shrewsbury, whose castle was converted into a prison, his servants into guards, his porter into a turnkey, his wife into a spy, and himself into a jailor, to gratify the ever-waking jealousy of Queen Elizabeth. It was a hard part of this nobleman's fate, that the most assiduous attention to his charge, joined to all these personal sacrifices, were insufficient to procure him the favour of the sovereign, who had condemned him to this odious task. Elizabeth seems to have involuntarily attributed such fascination to her rival, that she suspected the fidelity of all who came within the reach of her attraction. The Queen of England had also the attribute of many proud spirits, who hate those that possess the power of injuring them, even although they display no inclination to use it; and to her no danger could have been so alarming as the treachery of Mary's guardians.* To make assurance yet more sure,

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* See Lodge's Illustrations, in many places, but particularly, vol. II. p. 244, where the ingenious editor supplies the following note:—

"Anxious for his fidelity, and dreading the escape of his wretched prisoner as the greatest misfortune that could befal her, we might reasonably suppose that she would have loaded him with her bounty; that his very wishes would have been anticipated, and no means neglected to attach him more firmly to her interest: but he experienced a treatment directly contrary. The Queen not only suspected him, but was continually imparting her suspicions to himself; refused him the comfort of seeing his own children; made herself a party against him in a dispute between him and the Countess, which had given him great uneasiness; espoused the cause of his factious tenants at the council board; denied him access to her presence; and, to complete his inconveniences, at last diminished an allowance granted to defray the necessary charges attending his trust, though the sum was originally so scanty, as to require an addition from his own purse. This little narrative would appear absolutely incredible, were it not supported, in every circumstance, by the evidence of the State Papers. What Elizabeth's motives were for so strange, and apparently so impolitic a conduct, is a question that defies all she repeatedly dispatched different councillors to her captive, as well to watch the demeanour of Shrewsbury himself, and the order of his household, as to try, under some plausible pretext of treaty, what secrets could be extracted from the unfortunate Mary. Sir Ralph Sadler was thus employed more than once in this very unpleasant office.

In 1580, after repeated intreaties to be relieved of a trust, so hateful in itself, and which subjected him to constant suspicion, Shrewsbury was permitted to come to court, and received from Elizabeth a promise, that the custody of Mary should be intrusted to some other person. During his absence, Sir Ralph Sadler, and Sir Henry Mildmay, were appointed her temporary guardians. Ashby de la Zouche, the castle of the Earl of Huntingdon, and Milbourne Castle, were alternately named as the place of her residence, to which she was to be conducted with secrecy, avoiding market towns, or any place of public resort, and travelling by other ways than the common high road. The commissioners were also empowered to seize

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conjecture: Shrewsbury's obedience, however, could have been dictated only by those enthusiastic sentiments of loyalty, which were not unfrequent in the days of absolute monarchy."

upon all Mary's letters and correspondence, if necessary, by breaking open her cabinets, and other places where they might be found. But this branch of the " good and honourable service intrusted to them," was not performed till long after. Neither did the proposed change of captivity take place, Shrewsbury continuing to have the custody of Queen Mary till the year 1584. He was then again permitted to come to court, and by the Queen and Council formally declared free from all suspicion, and of unblemished fidelity in his charge. Meanwhile Sir Ralph Sadler supplied his place, as governor of the garrison of soldiers, whom the Earl was forced to maintain, to keep watch and ward in his Castle of Wingfield, though he could hardly extort from Elizabeth money to pay their wages. The unfortunate prisoner expressed herself gratified, that the custody of her person had devolved upon an ancient councillor, formerly of her acquaintance; and in her communications with him, urged every argument to obtain, either liberty, or at least some relaxation of her imprisonment. Among others of similar tendency, the following singular conversation is reported by Sadler to have passed between them:—

" Here falling into other talk, she asked me whether I thought she would escape from hence or no, if she might. I answered plainly, I believed she would; for it is natural for everything to seek liberty, that is kept in strait subjection. 'No, by my trothe,' quod she, 'ye are deceived in me; for my heart is so great, that I had rather die in this sort with honour, than run away with shame.' I said I would be sorry to see the trial. Then she asked me, if she were at liberty, with the Queen's Majesty's favour, whither I thought she would go. 'I think,' quod I, 'madam, you would go to your own in Scotland, as it is good reason, and command there.' 'It is true,' quod she, 'I would go thither indeed, but only to see my son, and to give him good counsel.' But unless her Majesty would give her countenance, and some maintenance in England, would go into France, and live there among her friends with that little portion she hath there, and never trouble herself with government again, nor dispose herself to marry any more, seeing she had a son that is a man; but said she would never stay long there, nor would govern where she hath received so many evil treatments: for her heart could not abide to look upon those folk that had done her that evil, being her subjects; whereof there are yet many remaining; for I had told her they were almost all dead. Ever in her talk beseeching her Majesty to make a trial of her, that with some honourable end she may live the rest of her days out of this captivity, as she termeth it."

This conversation seems to have made such impression on Sadler, that, in a subsequent letter, after observing that he saw no end to the matter, but by the lady's death, which was not to be looked for, for many years, or by her being set at liberty on treaty, he ventures obliquely to recommend the latter alternative. The possibility of anticipating the course of nature, never seems to have occurred to him.*

The letters of Sir Ralph frequently conclude with allusions to his old age, and the severity of the season, which he repeatedly urges as reasons for relieving him of his charge; until Elizabeth honoured him with a letter under her own hand, promising speedily to grant his request, but in the mean while enjoining " old trust, with new diligence."† To add to his distresses, about the middle of December the Castle of Wingfield, the abode of a captive queen, and of this aged councillor her guardian, esteemed the richest commoner in England, was threatened with nothing less than a famine. Sadler writes, that besides lack of victuals and drink, there was no wood to burn, and no litter or forage to be had for his horses. This seems to have been in some degree an artificial scarcity, raised or increased by the Earl of Shrewsbury's retainers, by the private instructions of their master, who longed to see his castle delivered of these unwelcome guests, and judiciously thought, that famine and cold were the most likely means to hasten their change of residence. In the midst of January, 1584-5, Mary was removed to the Castle of Tutbury, then empty of furniture, a want afterwards supplied with such scandalous and beggarly parsimony, as to draw down a rebuke, even from the economical Elizabeth. "Being given to understand," said the Queen, "how basely our house of Tutbury was furnished, at the time of the Queen your charge's repair thither, and what wants there are of things of necessary use for one of meaner quality than the said Queen, we cannot but think our honour greatly touched therein, and the party to whom you committed the charge and oversight thereof worthy of severe punishment; and although we have given order for the present supply of those wants, yet are we ashamed that such as were put in trust with the matter, should be found so void of judgment, and so careless of our honour, as to give so great advantage to those that look curiously into our doings, to find fault upon so just cause."* Two circumstances happened, one in the course of the journey, and the other while Mary abode at Tutbury, illustrative of the jealous care with which even Sir Ralph Sadler's guardianship of Mary was watched by the spies of Elizabeth. In their lodgings at Derby, where Mary halted for a night, the Scottish Queen went courteously up to the mistress of the house, and saluted her, saying, she was come to give her inconvenience, but, as they were both widows, they would agree well enough, having no husbands to trouble them. For permitting this intercourse of ordinary civility, and for having used the common high-road in their journey to Tutbury, Sir Ralph's conduct was so reported at court, as to render it necessary that he should justify himself.† A more heavy complaint against him, was afterwards grounded on his having permitted Mary to accompany him at some distance from the Castle of Tutbury, to enjoy the sport of hawking. This last instance of suspicion and cruelty seems to have driven Sadler to the extremity of his patience, as it produced rather an expostulation than an apology. "The truth is," said he, "that when I came hither, finding this country commodious, and meet for the sport which I have always delighted in, I sent home for my hawks and falconers, wherewith to pass this miserable life which I lead here; and when they came hither, I took the commodity of them sometimes here abroad, not far from this castle; whereof this Queen hearing, earnestly entreated me that she might go abroad with me to see my hawks fly, a pastime, indeed, which she hath singular delight in; and I, thinking that it could not be ill taken, assented unto her desire, and so hath she been abroad with me three or four times hawking upon the rivers here, sometimes a mile, sometimes two miles, but not past three miles, when she was furthest from this castle. And for her guard, when she was abroad, though I left the soldiers at home with their halberds and harquebuts, because they be footmen, and cannot well toil on foot, the ways here being foul and deep, yet I had always forty or fifty of mine own servants, and others, on horseback, and some with pistols, which I knew to be a sufficient guard against any attempt that can be made by any man here upon the sudden, for her escape, whereof, I assure you, I see no manner cause of fear, so long as this country remaineth in such quietness as it is now." He proceeds to inform the

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* Sadler's State Papers, vol. II. p. 416. † Ibid. p. 460.

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* Sadler's State Papers, vol. III. p. 272.

† Ibid. vol. II. p. 504.

Secretary, that he thought he had done well; "but since it is not so well taken, I would to God some other had the charge, that would use it with more discretion than I can; for, I assure you, I am so weary of it, that if it were not more for that I would do nothing that should offend her Majesty, than for fear of any punishment, I would come home, and yield myself to be a prisoner in the Tower all the days of my life, rather than I would attend any longer here upon this charge. And if I had known, when I came from home, I should have tarried here so long, contrary to all promises made unto me, I would have refused, as others do, and have yielded to any punishment, rather than I would have accepted this charge; for a greater punishment cannot be ministered unto me, than to force me to remain here in this sort, being more meet now, in mine old and latter days, to rest at home, to prepare myself to leave and go out of the miseries and afflictions whereunto we are subject in this life, and to seek the everlasting quietness of the life to come, which the Lord Almighty grant unto us, when it shall be his good pleasure! And if it might light on me to-morrow, I would think myself most happy, for, I assure you, I am weary of this life; and the rather, for that I see that things well meant by me, are not so well taken."

To Walsingham he used yet stronger obtestations. "I could not omit to write, only to render mine humble thanks unto your lordship for your careful solicitation of my deliverance from this charge, wherein I beseech your lordship, even in the bowels of our Lord Jesus Christ, to continue your goodness towards me, being now overwhelmed with care, sorrow, and grief, whereunto your lordship knoweth that wayward age is always subject, being restrained from my liberty accustomed, trusting that her Majesty will have pity and compassion upon me, and now, in respect of my years, will deliver me, according to her most gracious promise." The Queen was, at length, pleased to listen to the supplications of her aged servant, and Mary was committed to the custody of her last and sternest keepers, Drurie and Paulett.

In 1587, the talents of Sadler were, for the last time, employed in the public service, for he was in that year dispatched to Scotland. As it was about the period of Queen Mary's execution, Elizabeth probably trusted to his sagacity and well-known acquaintance with Scottish affairs, to assist in dissuading James from taking any measures to avenge his mother's death. The counsels of Sadler, we may presume, joined with the letters of Hunsdon, Leicester, and Walsingham, soothed the ambition, and wrought on the pusillanimity of James, until all thoughts of vengeance were lost in the prospect of the English succession.

It was during Sadler's last embassy in Scotland, according to Fuller, that a magnificent structure was erected for his residence upon the manor of Standon, in Hertfordshire. But when Sir Ralph returned, he thought his steward had exceeded his wishes in the size and extent of the building, and never took much pleasure in it.* The period of his labours, as well as of his splendour, was now approaching; for he died soon after his return from Scotland, in the year of God 1607, and the eightieth of a life, spent in conducting transactions of the highest national importance. He was buried under a splendid monument in Standon church; of which we shall give a more particular description hereafter.

Sir Ralph Sadler died rich, both in possessions and lineage. He left three sons, viz: Thomas, Edward, of Temple Dinesley, (from whom the families of Sadler of Sopwell, Wiltshire, and Sopwell in Ireland, are descended,) and Henry of Everly, near Hungerford, in Wiltshire; and four daughters, namely, Anne, married to Sir George Horsey of Digwell; Mary, married to Thomas Bollys, *aliter* Bowles, of Wallington; Jane, married to Edward Baesh of Stansted, Esq.; and Dorothy, who married Edward Elrington of Borstall, county of Berks.

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* This house is now in ruins. On the marriage of the first Lord Aston with the grand-daughter of Sir Ralph, it became the family seat of the Astons, and continued so for many generations, till the middle of the last century, when it was sold along with the manor and estate; and being deserted and neglected, it fell into decay, and is now almost completely demolished. A view of it in its entire state, may be seen in CHAUNCY'S *History of Hertfordshire*.

Besides his legitimate family, Sir Ralph Sadler appears to have left a natural son, who shared in his care and affection. This was Richard Sadler, author of a manuscript treatise on the subject of horsemanship, presented by him as a new-year's gift to his father, Sir Ralph, with an acknowledgment of filial obligation, not only for his existence, but for the means of pursuing his studies at great expense at Paris, Strasburgh, and Pavia. He afterwards says, he derived the knowledge which he had of that noble animal, the horse, from the instructions of his father, and his early initiation under him in all equestrian exercises. It is not known what figure this favourite youth made in the world, but his tomb, in the churchyard of Standon, at the east end of the Chancel, bears a brass plate with the following brief inscription:

Here lies inter'd under this stone,
Richard Sadler, once of this parish one.

The "inhabitant below" had left to the poor of the parish of Standon, a rent-charge of five pounds yearly, subject to the expense of keeping this tomb in repair, and out of this fund the plate has been replaced by the minister and church-warden.*

The extent of Sir Ralph Sadler's lands obtained him the character of the richest commoner of England, and, although Queen Elizabeth was as parsimonious in bestowing titles of nobility, as her successor was profuse, it is probable that Sir Ralph Sadler might have gained that rank, had he been desirous of aspiring to it. But from various minute circumstances in his Correspondence, as well as from the uniform favour which he enjoyed during so many reigns, we are enabled to collect, that the prudence of this statesman was greater than his ambition. In his negotiations, nothing is more remarkable than the accuracy with which he calculates the means to be used, in relation to the end to be obtained; and in pursuit of his fortune he seems no less heedfully to have proportioned his object to his capacity of gaining it with honour and safety. The story of the manor-house at Standon, shows that his moderation accompanied him to the grave; as his high employments during the very year of his death, prove that his talents remained unclouded to the last. The State Papers which have been preserved, relating almost entirely to public transactions, do not enable us to draw an accurate picture of the individual, although they display in the highest degree the talents of the statesman. But this deficiency is in some measure supplied by the industry of Lloyd, who has left the following character of Sir Ralph Sadler among his State Worthies.

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* I owe these particulars to the kindness of Mr Clutterbuck of Watford, the Historian of Hertfordshire, to whom Mr Fenton, author of the History of Pembroke, communicated the Treatise on Horsemanship by Richard Sadler. I am thus enabled, by Mr Clutterbuck's liberality, to throw some light on the history of one of Sir Ralph Sadler's descendants unknown to his former biographers. Mr Clutterbuck thinks, with much probability, the jealousy of Sir Ralph's legitimate family occasioned this favourite child of love to be buried in an obscure corner of the churchyard, and apart from the stately mausoleum of his fathers.

" King Henry understood two things: 1. A man: 2. A dish of meat; and was seldom deceived in either: For a man, none more complete than Sir Ralph [Sadler], who was at once a most exquisite writer, and a most valiant and experienced soldier; qualifications that seldom meet, (so great is the distance between the sword and the pen, the coat of mail and the gown,) yet divided this man and his time; his night being devoted to contemplation, and his days to action. Little was his body, but great his soul; the more vigorous, the more contracted. Quick and clear were his thoughts, speedy and resolute his performances. It was he that could not endure the spending of that time in designing one action, which might perform two; or that delay in performing two, that might have designed twenty. A great estate he got honestly, and spent nobly; knowing that princes honour them most, that have most; and the people them only that employ most: A prince hath more reason to fear money that is spent, than that which is hoarded; for it is easier for subjects to oppose a prince by applause than by armies. Reward (said Sir Ralph when he was offered a sum of money) should not empty the king's coffers; neither should riches be the pay of worth, which are merely the wages of labour: He that gives it, embaseth a man; he that takes it vilifieth himself: who is so most rewarded is least. Since honour hath lost the value of a reward, men have lost the merit of virtue, and both become mercenary; men lusting rather after the wealth that buyeth, than after the qualities that deserve it.

"Two things, he observed, broke treaties; jealousy, when princes are successful; and fear, when they are unfortunate. Power, that hath need of none, makes all confederacies, either when it is felt, or when it is feared, or when it is envied.

"Three things Cato repented of; 1. That he went by water when he might go by land; 2. That he trusted a woman with a secret; 3. That he lost time. Two things Sir Ralph repented for: 1. That he had communicated a secret to two; 2. That he had lost any hour of the morning between four a clock and ten.

"He learned in King Henry the Eighth's time, as Cromwell's instrument, what he must advise (in point of religion) in Queen Elizabeth's time, as an eminent counsellour: His maxim being this, that zeal was the duty of a private breast, and moderation the interest of a publick state. The Protestants, Sir Ralph's conscience would have in the commencement of Queen Elizabeth, kept in hope; the Papists, his prudence would not have cast into despair. It was a maxim at that time in another case, that France should not presume, nor Spain be desperate.

"He saw the interest of this state altered six times, and died an honest man: the crown put upon four heads, yet he continued a faithful subject: religion changed, as to the publick constitution of it, five times, yet he kept the faith.*

"A Spartan one day boasted, that his countrymen had been often buried in Athens; the Athenian replied; but we are most of us buried at home. So great was Sir Ralph's success in the Northern wars, that many a Scotchman found his grave in England; so exact his conduct and wariness, that few Englishmen had theirs in Scotland; the same ground giving them their coffin, that did their cradle; and their birth, that did their death. Our knight's two incomparable qualities, were discipline and intelligence; the last discovered him all the enemies' advantages, and the first gave them none.

"His two main designs were, 1. An interest in his prince, by service; 2. An alliance with the nobility by marriage: upon which two bottoms he raised himself to that pitch of honour and estate, that time could not wear out, nor any alterations embezzle; he bequeathing to his worshipful posterity the blessing of heaven upon his integrity; the love of mankind for his worth; and (as Mr Fuller saith) a pardon granted him when he attended my Lord Cromwell at Rome, for the sins of his family for three immediate generations, (expiring in R. Sadler, Esquire, lately dead.) His last negotiation was that in Scotland, during the troubles there about Queen Mary: So searching and pearcing he was, that no letter or advise passed, whereof he had not a copy; so civil and obliging, that there was no party that had not a kindness for him; so grave and solid, that he was present at all counsels; so close and unseen, that his hand, though unseen, was in every motion of that state: and so successfull, that he left the nobility so divided, that they could not design anything upon the king; and the king so weak, that he could not cast off the queen; and all so tottering, that they must depend on Queen Elizabeth.

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* If this means, as may be shrewdly suspected, "the faith of the day," the same compliment might be paid to the memory of that wary and orthodox divine, the Vicar of Bray.

"Three things he bequeathed such as may have the honour to succeed him, 1. All letters that concerned him since of years, filed; 2. All occurrences, since he was capable of observation, registred; 3. All expenses, since he lived of himself, booked. Epaminondas was the first Grecian, and Sir Ralph Sadler was one of the last Englishmen."*

The monument of Sir Ralph Sadler is worth a particular description, as the inscription alludes to his history; and with these, the last memorials of his fame and grandeur, his history will be appropriately concluded.

Description of the Monument of Sir Ralph Sadler, in Standon Church, Hertfordshire.

The monument is supported by two round pillars, with an arch in the middle, in which the following inscription is placed:—

"This worthie knighte in his youth was brought up with Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Lord Cromwell; and when he came to man's estate he became his secretarie, by meanes whereof he did writ manie thinges touchinge matters of state, and by that meanes he in continuance of time was knowen to King Henrye the VIII., who conceaving a good opinion of him as a man meete to serve him, took him from the Lord Cromwell, abote the 26 yeare of his raigne, into his service, and abote the 30 yeare of his raigne made him one of his principal secretaries. The Kinge did most employe him in service towarde Scotland, whither he sente

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* LLOYD'S *State Worthies*, p. 95.—Of the first of these legacies bequeathed by Sir Ralph Sadler, the public now enjoys the benefit by means of the late publication of his Correspondence; the loss of the second is matter of deep regret.

> him in diverse and sundrie jorneys, both in warre and peace, in which service he behaved himself with such diligence and fidelitie, and he ever came home in the Kinge's favour, and not unrewarded. He was of the privie counsell with King Henry the VIII.; with King Edward the VI.; he was made Knight Banneret at Muskelborowe fielde; and in the 10th yeare of Quene Elizabeth he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in whiche office he continued until his deathe. He was a diligente and trustye servante to his prince, and faythful to the state, and beloved in his countrie. He died in the 80th yeere of his age, A.D. 1587, and in the 29th yeare of Quene Elizabeth, and is here buried."

Under this inscription is the effigy of a knight in armour, lying upon a piece of stone cut in the form of a mat, under which is inscribed his motto. Below are the effigies of his three sons and four daughters, kneeling.

The monument is surmounted with Sir Ralph's coat-armorial, which, by patent dated February 4, 1575, is the following: "He beareth Or, a Lion Rampant, party per Fesse, Azure, and Gules, Armed and Langued Argent. Crest—on a wreath a Demi-Lyon Rampant Azure, crowned with a Ducal Coronet; Or; motto, *Servire Deo Sapere.*"

At the foot of one of the pillars is the following inscription:—

> "*Ambitioni hostis, in conciliis apertus, fidelis regis famulus, et semper amator patriæ, virtute crevit.*"

Near the Monument stood the standard which he took from the King of Scotland, armed with iron, and as high as a horseman's sword could reach.

On a stone in the chancel of the church is the following description :

Radelphus Sadleir titulum sortitus equestrem,
Principibus tribus arcanis e censibus unus,
Auspiciis sum Cromwelli deductus in aulam
Henrici Octavi, quem secretarius omni
Officio colui Regique Gregique fidelis,
Vexillarem equitem me Muscleburgia vidit,
Edwardus Sextus Scotiam cum frangeret armis ;
Ducum Lancastrensis sublime tribunal
Cancellarius ascendi, quod pondus honoris
Elizabethæ meæ posuit diadema senectæ,
Expleat natura sua et gloria partis,
Maturus facili decerpor ab arbore fructus.
Obiit An. Dom. 1587, 29 Eliz$^{\text{th.}}$ etatis 80.

Richard Vernon Sadleir, Esq. of Southampton, the present venerable representative of Sir Ralph, paid the following tribute at the tomb of his great ancestor :

VERSES ON A VISIT TO THE MONUMENT OF SIR RALPH SADLER, KNIGHT BANNERET, AT STANDON IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

Spirit revered ! if aught beneath the sky,
Can for a moment's space engage thine eye ;
If tender sympathies are felt above,
And souls refined retain parental love ;
Listen, and with a smile of favour see
Him, who descends by lineal birth from thee !

In pensive mood, with awful tread I come,
To feed reflection at thy hallow'd tomb.
Though dormant lie the honours, once our boast,
Though much of wealth, and much of fame be lost,
Enough of wealth remains, enough of fame,
To save from dark obscurity our name;
And when the strange vicissitudes I trace,
Which sunk to humbler life thy generous race;
When the false pride of pedigree would rise,
And wake ambition by its fruitless sighs,
My conscious spirit bids me not repine
At loss of treasures, which were never mine;
But raise the look of thankfulness to heaven,
Who, though withholding much, content has given.
Rivers that flow full copious at the source,
By Time's strong hand impell'd, forsake their course;
But He, who rules the world with stronger hand,
Can bid new fountains rise t'enrich the land.

Oh! if He wisdom give, I'll ne'er complain
That others now possess thy wide domain,
While in the vale of tears, I seek the road
That leads through darkness to the blest abode,
Where all distinctions cease, where son and sire,
Monarch and slave, to praise their God conspire.
R. V. S.

JOHN LEYDEN, M.D.

The subject of the present brief memorial will be long distinguished among those whom the elasticity and ardour of genius have raised to distinction from an obscure and humble origin. John Leyden was descended from a family of small farmers, long settled upon the estate of Cavers, in the vale of Teviot, a few miles from Hawick. He loved to mention some traditional rhymes, which one of his ancestors had composed, and to commemorate the prowess of another, who had taken arms with the insurgent Cameronians, about the time of the Revolution, and who distinguished himself by his gallantry at the defence of the church-yard of Dunkeld, 21st August 1689, against a superior body of Highlanders, when Colonel Cleland, the leader of these rustic enthusiasts, was slain at their head. John Leyden, residing in the village of Denholm, and parish of Cavers, Roxburghshire, and Isabella Scott, his wife, were the parents of Dr Leyden, and still survive to deplore the irreparable loss of a son, the honour alike of his family and country. Their irreproachable life, and simplicity of manners, recommended them to the respect and kindness of their neighbours, and to the protection of the family of Mr Douglas of Cavers, upon whose estate they resided.

John Leyden, so eminent for the genius which he displayed, and the extensive knowledge which he accumulated during his brief career, was born at Denholm, on 8th September 1775, and bred up, like other children in the same humble line of life, to such country labour as suited his strength.

" About a year after his birth," says his relative and biographer, Mr Morton, " his parents removed to Henlawshiel, a lonely cottage, about three miles from Denholm, on the farm of Nether Tofts, which was then held by Mr Andrew Blythe, his mother's uncle. Here they lived for sixteen years, during which his father was employed, first as shepherd, and afterwards in managing the whole business of the farm, his relation having had the misfortune to lose his sight. The cottage, which was of very simple construction, was situated in a wild pastoral spot near the foot of Ruberslaw, on the verge of the heath which stretches down from the sides of that majestic hill. The simplicity of the interior corresponded with that of its outward appearance. But the kind affections, cheerful content, intelligence, and piety, that dwelt beneath its lowly roof, made it such a scene as poets have imagined in their descriptions of the innocence and happiness of rural life.

"Leyden was taught to read by his grandmother, who, after her husband's death, resided in the family of her son. Under the care of this venerable and affectionate instructress his progres was rapid. That insatiable desire of knowledge, which afterwards formed so remarkable a feature in his character, soon began to show itself. The historical passages of the Bible first caught his attention; and it was not long before he made himself familiarly acquainted with every event recorded in the Old and New Testaments."*

Thus Leyden was ten years of age before he had an opportunity of attending a public place of education; and as the death of his first teacher, William Wilson, school-master at Kirktown, soon after took place, the humble studies of the future poet, antiquary, and orientalist, were adjourned till the subsequent year, (1786,) when a Mr W. Scott taught the same school. But the sacred fire had already caught to the ready fuel which nature had adjusted for its supply. The ardent and unutterable longing for information of every description, which characterized John Leyden as much as any man who ever lived, was now roused and upon the watch. The rude traditionary tales and ballads of the once warlike district of Teviotdale were the readiest food which offered itself to this awakening appetite for knowledge. These songs and legends became rooted in his memory, and he so identified his feelings with the wild, adventurous, and daring characters which they celebrate, that the associations thus formed in childhood, and cherished in youth, gave an eccentric and romantic tincture to his own mind, and many, if not all the peculiarities of his manner and habits of thinking may be traced to his imitating the manners and assuming the tone of a borderer of former times. To this may be ascribed his eager admiration of adventurous deeds and military achievement, his contempt of luxury, his zealous and somewhat exclusive preference of his native district, an affected dislike to the *southron*, as the "auld enemies of Scotland," an earnest desire to join to the reputation of high literary acquirements the praise of an adept at all manly exercises, and the disregard of ceremony, and bold undaunted bearing in society, sion of a treasure, for which he would have subjected himself to yet greater privations. This childish history took place when he was about eleven years old; nor is there any great violence in conjecturing that these fascinating tales, obtained with so much difficulty, may have given his youthful mind that decided turn towards oriental learning which was displayed through his whole life, and illustrated by his regretted and too early decease. At least, the anecdote affords an early and striking illustration of the ardour of his literary curiosity, and the perseverance which marked his pursuit of the means for gratifying it.

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* Memoirs of Leyden, by the Reverend James Morton, prefixed to his Poetical Remains. London, 1819. 8vo.

Other sources of information now began to offer themselves, scanty indeed, compared to those which are accessible to thousands of a more limited capacity, but to Leyden as invaluable as an iron spike, or a Birmingham knife, would have been to Alexander Selkirk, during his solitary residence on Juan Fernandez. From the new teacher at Kirktown, Leyden acquired some smattering of the Latin language; but ere he could make any progress, the school became again vacant in the year 1786. Next year it was again opened by a third schoolmaster, named Andrew Scott, under whom Leyden gained some knowledge of arithmetic. Thus transferred from one teacher to another, snatching information at such times, and in such portions, as these precarious circumstances afforded, he continued not only to retain the elemental knowledge which he had acquired, but to struggle onward vigorously in the paths of learning. It seems probable that the disadvantage sustained from want of the usual assistances to early learning, may, in so energetic a mind as that of Leyden, be in many respects balanced by the habit of severe study, and painful investigation, which it was necessary to substitute for those adventitious aids. The mind becomes doubly familiar with that information which it has attained through its own laborious and determined perseverance, and acquires a readiness in encountering and overcoming difficulties of a similar nature, from the consciousness of those which it has already successfully surmounted. Accordingly, Leyden used often to impute the extraordinary facility which he possessed in the acquisition of languages to the unassisted exercises of his juvenile years.

About this period his predominant desire for learning had determined his parents to breed young Leyden up for the Church of Scotland, trusting for his success to those early talents which already displayed themselves so strongly. Mr Duncan, a Cameronian minister at Denholm, became now his instructor in the Latin language. It does not appear that he had any Greek tutor; nevertheless he probably had acquired some knowledge of the elements of that language before he attended the College of Edinburgh in 1790, for the purpose of commencing his professional studies. The late worthy and learned Professor Andrew Dalzell used to describe, with some humour, the astonishment and amusement excited in his class when John Leyden first stood up to recite his Greek exercise. The rustic, yet undaunted manner, the humble dress, the high, harsh tone of his voice, joined to the broad provincial accent of Teviotdale, discomposed, on this first occasion, the gravity of the professor, and totally routed that of the students. But it was soon perceived that these uncouth attributes were joined to qualities which commanded respect and admiration. The rapid progress of the young rustic attracted the approbation and countenance of the professor, who was ever prompt to distinguish and encourage merit; and to those among the students who did not admit literary proficiency as a shelter for the ridicule due since the days of Juvenal to the scholar's torn coat and unfashionable demeanour, Leyden was in no respect averse from showing strong reasons, adapted to their comprehension and affecting their personal safety, for keeping their mirth within decent bounds.

The Greek language was long his favourite study, and, considering his opportunities, he became much more intimately acquainted with its best authors than is usual in Scotland, even among those who make some pretensions to literature. The Latin he understood thoroughly; and it is perhaps the best proof of his classical attainments, that, at a later period, to use his own expression, "he passed muster pretty well when introduced to Dr Parr."

Leyden was now at the fountainhead of knowledge, and availed himself of former privations by quaffing it in large draughts. He not only attended all the lectures usually connected with the study of theology, but several others, particularly some of the medical classes,—a circumstance which afterwards proved important to his outset in life, although at the time it could only be ascribed to his restless and impatient pursuit after science of every description. Admission to these lectures was easy, from the liberality of the professors, who throw their classes gratuitously open to young men educated for the church, a privilege of which Leyden availed himself to the utmost extent. There were, indeed, few branches of study in which he did not make some progress. Besides the learned languages, he acquired French, Spanish, Italian, and German, was familiar with the ancient Icelandic, and studied Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian.

But though he soon became particularly distinguished by his talents as a linguist, few departments of science altogether escaped his notice. He investigated moral philosophy with the ardour common to all youths of talent who studied ethics, under the auspices of Professor Dugald Stewart, with whose personal notice he was honoured. He became a respectable mathematician, and was at least superficially acquainted with natural philosophy, natural history, chemistry, botany, and mineralogy. These various sciences he acquired in different degrees, and at different times, during his residence at College. They were the fruit of no very regular plan of study: whatever subject interested his mind at the time attracted his principal attention till time and industry had overcome the difficulties which it presented, and was then exchanged for another pursuit. It seemed frequently to be Leyden's object to learn just so much of a particular science as should enable him to resume it at any future period; and to those who objected to the miscellaneous, or occasionally the superficial nature of his studies, he used to answer with his favourite interjection, "Dash it, man, never mind: if you have the scaffolding ready, you can run up the masonry when you please." But this mode of study, however successful with John Leyden, cannot be safely recommended to a student of less retentive memory and robust application. With him, however, at least while he remained in Britain, it seemed a matter of little consequence for what length of time he resigned any particular branch of study; for when either some motive, or mere caprice, induced him to resume it, he could, with little difficulty, reunite all the broken associations, and begin where he left off months or years before, without having lost an inch of ground during the interval.

The vacations which our student spent at home were employed in arranging, methodizing, and enlarging, the information which he acquired during his winter's attendance at College. His father's cottage affording him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he was obliged to look out for accommodations abroad, and some of his places of retreat were sufficiently extraordinary. In a wild recess, in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to performing. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building, generally believed in the neighbourhood to be haunted. To this chosen place of study, usually locked during week-days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot of seclusion, for the kirk (excepting during divine service) is rather a place of terror to the Scottish rustic, and that of Cavers was rendered more so by many a tale of ghosts and witchcraft, of which it was the supposed scene ; and to which Leyden, partly to indulge his humour, and partly to secure his retirement, contrived to make some modern additions. The nature of his abstruse studies, some specimens of natural history, as toads and adders, left exposed in their spirit-vials, and one or two practical jests played off upon the more curious of the peasantry, rendered his gloomy haunt not only venerated by the wise, but feared by the simple of the parish, who began to account this abstracted student like the gifted person described by Wordsworth, as possessing—

——— waking empire wide as dreams,
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear ;
Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer :
The region of his inner spirit teems
With vital sounds, and monitory gleams
Of high astonishment and pleasing fear.

This was a distinction which, as we have already hinted, he was indeed not unwilling to affect, and to which, so far as the visions existing in the high fancy of the poet can supply those ascribed to the actual ghost-seer, he had indeed no slight pretensions.

Books as well as retirement were necessary to the progress of Leyden's studies, and not always attainable. But his research collected from every quarter such as were accessible by loan, and he subjected himself to the utmost privations to purchase those that were not otherwise to be procured. The reputation also of his prosperous career of learning obtained him occasional access to the library at Cavers; an excellent old collection, in which he met, for the first time, many of those works of the middle ages which he studied with so much research and success. A Froissart, in particular, translated by Lord Berners, captivated his attention with all those tales "to savage virtue dear," which coincided with his taste for chivalry, and with the models on which it had been formed: and tales of the Black Prince, of the valiant Chandos, and of Geoffrey Tête-Noire, now rivalled the legends of Johnie Armstrong, Walter the Devil, and the Black Douglas.

In the country, Leyden's society was naturally considerably restricted, but while at College it began to extend itself among such of his fellow-students as were distinguished for proficiency in learning. Among these we may number the celebrated author of the Pleasures of Hope; the Rev. Alexander Murray, united with Leyden in the kindred pursuit of oriental learning, and whose lamp, like that of his friend, was extinguished at the moment when it was placed in the most conspicuous elevation;* William Erskine, with whom Leyden renewed his friendship in India; the late ingenious Dr Thomas Brown, distinguished for his early proficiency in the science of moral philosophy, of which he was professor in the Edinburgh College; the Rev. Robert Lundie, Minister of Kelso, and several other young men of talents, who at that time pursued their studies in the University of Edinburgh.

Leyden was also fortunate enough to attract the notice and patronage of Dr Robert Anderson of Edinburgh, the first man of letters who presented the public with a complete edition of English poetry from the time of Chaucer, downwards. The notice and encouragement of a gentleman, whose benevolence of disposition placed all his literary experience at the command of the young student, was of the utmost consequence to the direction of his studies, and was always warmly remembered and kindly acknowledged by John Leyden,* who, under the Doctor's patronage, had also an opportunity of trying his young wings by a flight or two in the poetical department of the Edinburgh Magazine.

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* This amiable man, and great Orientalist, died within a few months after he had been appointed to the chair of the Hebrew Professorship in the University of Edinburgh, in consequence of such a list of splendid attestations of his qualifications as has rarely honoured the most distinguished scholars.

In the year 1796, after five or six years spent at the College of Edinburgh, the recommendation of Professor Dalzell procured Leyden the situation of private tutor to the sons of Mr Campbell of Fairfield, a situation which he retained for two or three years. During the winter of 1798, he attended the two young gentlemen to their studies at the College of St Andrew's. Here he had the advantage of the acquaintance of Professor Hunter, an admirable classical scholar, and to whose kind instructions he professed much obligation. The secluded situation also of St Andrew's, the monastic life of the students, the fragments of antiquity with which that once metropolitan town is surrounded, and the libraries of its Colleges, gave him additional opportunity and impulse to pursue his favourite plans of study.

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* We are here bound to apologize for not noticing this circumstance in the first edition of this biographical sketch. The omission was owing to the essay having been drawn up with little assistance save that of memory.

him, and advised to leave the town. Leyden was then in the act of quitting the place; but, instead of expediting his retreat, in consequence of this friendly hint, he instantly marched to the market-place, at the time when the corps paraded there, humming surlily, like one of Ossian's heroes, the fragment of a border song,

I've done nae ill, I'll brook nae wrang,
But back to Wamphray I *will* gang.

His appearance and demeanour were construed into seeking a quarrel, with which his critics, *more majorum*, would readily have indulged him, had not friendly interposition appeased the causeless resentment of both parties. The *History of African Discoveries*, Leyden proposed to extend to four volumes 8vo, and had made great preparations for the work; he was in constant communication on the subject with Messrs Longman and Co., by whom it was to have been published, and some sheets were actually printed, when the design was interrupted by his Indian voyage.

On Leyden's return to Edinburgh from St Andrew's, he resided with his pupils in the family of Mr Campbell, where he was treated with that respect and kindness which every careful father will pay to him whose lessons he expects his children to receive with attention and advantage. His hours, excepting those of tuition, were at his own uncontrolled disposal, and such of his friends as chose to visit him at Mr Campbell's, were secure of a hospitable reception. This class began now to extend itself among persons of an older standing than his contemporaries, and embraced several who had been placed by fortune, or had risen by exertions, to that fixed station in society, to which his college intimates were as yet only looking forward. His acquaintance with Mr Richard Heber was the chief means of connecting him with several families of the former description, and it originated in the following circumstances.

John Leyden's feelings were naturally poetical, and he was early led to express them in the language of poetry. Before he visited St Andrews, and while residing there, he had composed both fragments and complete pieces of poetry in almost every style and stanza which our language affords, from an unfinished tragedy on the fate of the Darien settlement, to songs, ballads, and comic tales. Many of these essays afterwards found their way to the press through the medium of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, as already mentioned. In this periodical miscellany appeared, from time to time, poetical translations from the Greek Anthology, from the Norse, from the Hebrew, from the Arabic, from the Syriac, from the Persian, and so forth, with many original pieces, indicating more genius than taste, and an extent of learning of most unusual dimensions. These were subscribed J. L.; and the author of this article well remembers how often his attention was attracted by them about the years 1793 and 1794, and the speculations which he formed respecting an author, who, by many indicia, appeared to belong to a part of Scotland with which he himself was well acquainted. About this time also Mr Archibald Constable, whose enterprising and liberal conduct of business has since made his name so conspicuous as a publisher, was opening business chiefly as a retailer of curious and ancient books, a department in which he possessed extensive knowledge: Mr Richard Heber, the extent of whose invaluable library is generally known, was, in the winter of 1799-1800, residing in Edinburgh, and a frequenter of course of Mr Constable's shop, where he made many valuable acquisitions, at a rate very different from the exactions of the present day. In these researches he formed an acquaintance with Leyden, who examined, as an amateur, the shelves which Mr Heber ransacked as a purchaser, and the latter discovered with pleasure the unknown author of the poems which I have already alluded to. The acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, and was cemented by mutual advantage. Mr Heber had found an associate as ardent as himself in the pursuit of classical knowledge, and who would willingly sit up night after night to collate editions, and to note various readings; and Leyden, besides the advantage and instruction which he derived from Mr Heber's society, enjoyed that of being introduced, by his powerful recommendation, to the literary gentlemen of Edinburgh, with whom he lived in intimacy. Among these may be reckoned the late Lord Woodhouselee, Mr Henry Mackenzie the distinguished author of *The Man of Feeling*, and the Reverend Mr Sidney Smith, then residing in Edinburgh, from all of whom Leyden received flattering attention, and many important testimonies of the interest which they took in his success. By the same introduction he became intimate in the family of Mr Walter Scott, where a congenial taste for ballad, romance, and Border antiquities, as well as a sincere admiration of Leyden's high talents, extensive knowledge, and excellent heart, secured him a welcome reception. And by degrees his society extended itself still more widely, and comprehended almost every one who was distinguished for taste or talents in Edinburgh.

The manners of Leyden, when he first entered the higher ranks of society, were very peculiar;

nor indeed were they at any time much modified during his continuing in Europe; and here, perhaps, as properly as elsewhere, we may endeavour to give some idea of his personal appearance and deportment in company.

In his complexion the clear red upon the cheek indicated a hectic propensity, but with his brown hair, lively dark eyes, and well-proportioned features, gave an acute and interesting turn of expression to his whole countenance. He was of middle stature, of a frame rather thin than strong built, but muscular and active, and well fitted for all those athletic exertions, in which he delighted to be accounted a master. For he was no less anxious to be esteemed a man eminent for learning and literary talent, than to be held a fearless player at single-stick, a formidable boxer, and a distinguished adept at leaping, running, walking, climbing, and all exercises which depend on animal spirits and muscular exertion. Feats of this nature he used to detail with such liveliness as sometimes led his audience to charge him with exaggeration; but, unlike the athletic in Æsop's apologue, he was always ready to attempt the repetition of his great leap at Rhodes, were it at the peril of breaking his neck on the spot. And certainly in many cases his spirit and energy carried him through enterprises, which his friends considered as most rashly undertaken. An instance occurred on board of ship in India, where two gentlemen, by way of ridiculing Leyden's pretensions to agility, offered him a bet of sixty gold mohrs that he could not go aloft. Our bard instantly betook himself to the shrouds, and, at all the risk incident to a landsman who first attempts such an ascent, successfully scaled the maintop. There it was intended to subject him to a usual practical sea-joke, by *seizing him up, i. e.* tying him, till he should redeem himself by paying a fine. But the spirit of Leyden dictated desperate resistance, and, finding he was likely to be overpowered, he flung himself from the top, and, seizing a rope, precipitated himself on deck by letting it slide rapidly through his grasp. In this operation he lost the skin of both hands, but of course won his wager. But when he observed his friends look grave at the expensive turn which their jest had taken, he tore and flung into the sea the order for the money which they had given him, and contented himself with the triumph, which his spirit and agility had gained. This little anecdote may illustrate his character in more respects than one.

In society, John Leyden's first appearance had something that revolted the fastidious and alarmed the delicate. He was a bold and uncompromising disputant, and neither subdued his tone, nor mollified the form of his argument, out of deference to the rank, age, or even sex, of those with whom he was maintaining it. His voice, which was naturally loud and harsh, was on such occasions exaggerated into what he himself used to call his *saw-tones*, which were not very pleasant to the ear of strangers. His manner was animated, his movements abrupt, and the gestures with which he enforced his arguments rather forcible than elegant; so that, altogether, his first appearance was somewhat appalling to persons of low animal spirits, or shy and reserved habits, as well as to all who expected much reverence in society on account of the adventitious circumstances of rank or station. Besides, his spirits were generally at top-flood, and entirely occupied with what had last arrested his attention; and thus his own feats, or his own studies, were his topic more frequently than is consistent with the order of good company, in which every person has a right to expect his share of conversation. He was indeed too much bent on attaining personal distinction in society to choose nicely the mode of acquiring it. For example, in the course of a large evening party, crowded with fashionable people, to many of whom Leyden was an absolute stranger, silence being imposed for the purpose of a song, one of his friends with great astonishment, and some horror, heard Leyden, who could not sing a note, scream forth a verse or two of some Border ditty, with all the dissonance of an Indian war-whoop In their way home, his friend ventured to remonstrate with him on this extraordinary exhibition, to which his defence was, "Dash it, man, they would have thought I was *afraid* to sing before them." In short, his egotism, his bold assumption in society, his affectation of neglecting many of its forms as trifles beneath his notice, circumstances which often excited against his first appearance an undue and disproportionate prejudice, were entirely founded upon the resolution to support his independence, and to assert that character formed between the lettered scholar, and the wild rude Borderer, the counterpart as it were of Anacharsis, the philosophic Scythian, which, from his infancy, he was ambitious of maintaining.

His humble origin was with him rather a subject of honest pride than of false shame, and he was internally not unwilling that his deportment should to a certain degree partake of the simplicity of the ranks from which he had raised himself by his talents, to bear a share in the first society. He boasted in retaining these marks of his birth, as the Persian tribe, when raised to the rank of kings and conquerors, still displayed as their banner the leathat friend had forgotten he ever intimated such a wish, Leyden came to pour down before him the fullest information on the subject which had excited his attention. And his temper was in reality, and notwithstanding an affectation of roughness, as gentle as it was generous. No one felt more deeply for the distress of those he loved. No one exhibited more disinterested pleasure in their success. In dispute, he never lost temper, and if he despised the outworks of ceremony, he never trespassed upon the essentials of good-breeding, and was himself the first to feel hurt and distressed if he conceived that he had, by any rash or hasty expression, injured the feelings of the most inconsiderable member of the company. In all the rough play of his argument too, he was strictly good-humoured, and was the first to laugh, if, as must happen occasionally to those who talk much, and upon every subject, some disputant of less extensive but more accurate information, contrived to arrest him in his very pitch of pride, by a home fact or incontrovertible argument. And, when his high and independent spirit, his firm and steady principles of religion and virtue, his constant good-humour, the extent and variety of his erudition, and the liveliness of his conversation, were considered, they must have been fastidious indeed who were not reconciled to the foibles or peculiarities of his tone and manner.

Many of those whose genius has raised them to distinction, have fallen into the fatal error of regarding their wit and talents as an excuse for the unlimited indulgence of their passions, and their biographers have too frequently to record the acts of extravagance, and habits of immorality, which disgraced and shortened their lives. From such crimes and follies John Leyden stood free and stainless. He was deeply impressed with the truths of Christianity, of which he was at all times a ready and ardent assertor, and his faith was attested by the purity of morals, which is its best earthly evidence. To the pleasures of the table he was totally indifferent—never exceeded the bounds of temperance in wine, though frequently in society where there was temptation to do so, and seemed hardly to enjoy any refreshment excepting tea, of which he sometimes drank very large quantities. When he was travelling or studying, his temperance became severe abstinence, and he often passed an entire day without any other food than a morsel of bread. To sleep he was equally indifferent, and when, during the latter part of his residence in Edinburgh, he frequently spent the day in company, he used, upon retiring home, to pursue his studies till a late hour in the morning, and satisfy himself with a very brief portion of repose. It was the opinion of his friends, that his strict temperance alone could have enabled him to follow so hard a course of reading as he enjoined himself. His pecuniary resources were necessarily much limited; but he knew that independence, and the title of maintaining a free and uncontrolled demeanour in society, can only be attained by avoiding pecuniary embarrassments, and he managed his funds with such severe economy, that he seemed always at ease upon his very narrow income.

We have only another trait to add to his character as a member of society. With all his bluntness and peculiarity, and under disadvantages of birth and fortune, Leyden's reception among females of rank and elegance was favourable in a distinguished degree. Whether it is that the tact of the fair sex is finer than ours, or that they more readily pardon peculiarity in favour of originality, or that an uncommon address and manner is in itself a recommendation to their favour, or that they are not so readily offended as the male sex by a display of superior learning,—in short, whatever were the cause, it is certain that Leyden was a favourite among those whose favour all are ambitious to attain. Among the ladies of distinction who honoured him with their regard, it is sufficient to notice the late Duchess of Gordon and Lady Charlotte Campbell, [now Bury] who were then leaders of the fashionable society of Edinburgh. It is time to return to trace the brief events of his life.

In 1800, Leyden was ordained a preacher of the gospel, and entered upon the functions then conferred upon him, by preaching in several of the churches in Edinburgh and the neighbourhood. His style of pulpit oratory was marked with the same merits and faults which distinguish his poetry. His style was more striking than rhetorical, and his voice and gesture more violent than elegant; but his discourses were marked with strong traits of original genius, and although he pleaded an internal feeling of disappointment at being unequal to attain his own ideas of excellence as a preacher, it was impossible to listen to him without being convinced of his uncommon extent of learning, knowledge of ethics, and sincere zeal for the interest of religion.

The autumn of the same year was employed in a tour to the Highlands and Hebrides, in which Leyden accompanied two young foreigners who had studied at Edinburgh the preceding winter. In this tour he visited all the remarkable places of that interesting part of his native country, and diverging from the common and more commodious route, visited what are called the *rough bounds* of the Highlands, and investigated the decaying traditions of Celtic manners and story which are yet preserved in the wild districts of Moidart and Knoidart. The journal which he made on this occasion was a curious monument of his zeal and industry in these researches, and contained much valuable information on the subject of Highland manners and traditions, which is now probably lost to the public. It is remarkable, that after long and painful research in quest of original passages of the poems of Ossian, he adopted an opinion more favourable to their authenticity than has lately prevailed in the literary world. But the confessed infidelity of Macpherson must always excite the strongest suspicion on this subject. Leyden composed, with his usual facility, several detached poems upon Highland traditions, all of which have probably perished, excepting a ballad founded upon the romantic legend respecting Macphail of Colonsay and the Mermaid of Corrievrekin, inscribed to Lady Charlotte Campbell, and published in the third volume of the *Border Minstrelsy*, which appeared at the distance of about a twelvemonth after the two first volumes of that work. The opening of this ballad exhibits a power of numbers, which, for the mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry. Nor were these legendary effusions the only fruit of his journey; for in his passage through Aberdeen, Leyden so far gained the friendship of the venerable Professor Beattie, that he obtained his permission to make a transcript from the only existing copy of the interesting poem entitled Albania. This work, which is a panegyric on Scotland, in nervous blank verse, written by an anonymous author in the beginning of the eighteenth century, Leyden afterwards republished along with Wilson's Clyde, under the title of *Scottish Descriptive Poems*, 12mo, 1802.

In 1801, when Mr Lewis published his *Tales of Wonder*, Leyden was a contributor to that collection, and furnished the ballad called the Elf-King. And in the following year, he employed himself earnestly in the congenial task of procuring materials for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the first publication of the Editor of that collection. In this labour, he was equally interested by friendship for the editor, and by his own patriotic zeal for the honour of the Scottish Borders, and both may be judged of from the following circumstance. An interesting fragment had been obtained of an ancient historical ballad, but the remainder, to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor, was not to be recovered. Two days afterwards, while the Editor was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at a distance like that of the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of the vessel which scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near, and Leyden (to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him) burst into the room, chanting the desiderated ballad, with the most enthusiastic gesture, and all the energy of the saw-tones of his voice already commemorated. It turned out, that he had walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of antiquity. His antiquarian researches and poetic talents were also liberally exerted for the support of this undertaking. To the former, the reader owes in a great measure the Dissertation on Fairy Superstition, which, although arranged and digested by the Editor, abounds with instances of such curious reading as Leyden alone had read, and was originally compiled by him; and to the latter the spirited ballads entitled Lord Soulis and the Cout of Keeldar.

Leyden's next publication was *The Complaynt of Scotland*, a new edition of an ancient and singularly rare tract bearing that title, written by an uncertain author, about the year 1548. This curious work was published by Mr Constable, in the year 1801. As the tract was itself of a diffuse and comprehensive nature, touching upon many unconnected topics, both of public policy and private life, as well as treating of the learning, the poetry, the music, and the arts of that early period, it gave Leyden an opportunity of pouring forth such a profusion of antiquarian knowledge in the Preliminary Dissertation, Notes, and Glossary, as one would have thought could hardly have been accumulated during so short a life, dedicated, too, to so many and varied studies. The intimate acquaintance which he has displayed with Scottish antiquities of every kind, from manuscript histories and rare chronicles down to the tradition of the peasant, and the rhymes even of the nursery, evince an extent of research, power of arrangement, and facility of recollection, which has never been equalled in this department.

This singular work was the means of introducing Leyden to the notice and correspondence of Mr Ritson, the celebrated antiquary, who, in a journey to Scotland, during the next summer, found nothing which delighted him so much as the conversation of the editor of the *Complaynt of Scotland*, in whose favour he smoothed down and softened the natural asperity of his own disposition. The friendship, however, between these two authors was broken off by Leyden's running his Border hobby-horse a full tilt against the Pythagorean palfrey of the English antiquary. Ritson, it must be well remembered, had written a work against the use of animal food; Leyden, on the other hand, maintained it was a part of a masculine character to eat whatever came to hand, whether the substance was vegetable or animal, cooked or uncooked; and he concluded a tirade to this purpose, by eating a raw beef-steak before the terrified antiquary, who never afterwards could be prevailed upon to regard him, except as a kind of learned Ogre. This breach, however, did not happen till they met in London, previous to Leyden's leaving Britain.

Meanwhile other pursuits were not abandoned in the study of Scottish antiquities. The *Edinburgh Magazine* was united in 1802 with the old *Scots Magazine*, and was now put under the management of Leyden by Mr Constable the publisher: To this publication, during the period of his management, which was about five or six months, he contributed several occasional pieces of prose and poetry, in all of which he was successful, excepting in those where humour was required, which talent, notwithstanding his unvaried hilarity of temper, Leyden did not possess. He was also, during this year, engaged with his *Scenes of Infancy*, a poem which was afterwards published on the eve of his leaving Britain, and in which he has interwoven his own early feelings and recollections with the description and traditional history of his native vale of Teviot. His individual partiality may be also traced in this interesting poem. Cavers and Denholm, the scenes of his childhood, and Harden, formerly the seat of an ancient family from which one of his friends is descended, detain him with particular fondness. The poem was composed at different intervals, and much altered before publication. In particular, as it was originally written, the right or southern side of the Teviot was first surveyed, ere the poet took notice of the streams and scenery of the northern banks. A friend objected, that this arrangement was rather geographical than poetical, upon which Leyden new-modelled the whole poem, and introduced the subjects in their natural order, as they would occur to the traveller who should trace the river from its source to its junction with the Tweed. It is another remarkable circumstance, that the author has interwoven in this poem many passages which were originally either fragments or parts of essays upon very different subjects. This will in some degree account for the similes, in particular, not being always such as the subject seems naturally to suggest, but rather calculated to distract the attention, by hurrying it from the vale of Teviot to distant countries, to Africa, to India, and to America, to the palaces of Gondar, and the enchanted halls of the Caliph Vathek. Indeed, as Leyden's reading was at all times somewhat ostentatiously displayed, so in his poetry he was sometimes a little too ambitious in introducing scientific allusions or terms of art, which embarrassed instead of exalting the simplicity of his descriptions. But when he is contented with a pure and natural tone of feeling and expression, his poetical powers claim the admiration and sympathy of every reader.

The friends of Leyden began now to be anxious for his permanent settlement in life. He had been for two years in orders, and there was every reason to hope that he might soon obtain a church, through the numerous friends and powerful interest which he now possessed. More than one nobleman of high rank expressed a wish to serve him, should any church in their gift become vacant; and from the recommendation of other friends to those possessed of political interest, he was almost assured of being provided for, by a crown presentation, on some early opportunity. But his eager desire of travelling, and of extending the bounds of literary and geographical knowledge, had become, as he expressed himself to an intimate friend, " his thought by day and his dream by night, and the discoveries of Mungo Park haunted his very slumbers." When the risk was objected to him, he used to answer in the phrase of Ossian, " Dark Cuchullin will be renowned or dead," and it became hopeless to think that this eager and aspiring spirit could be confined within the narrow sphere, and limited to the humble, though useful, duties of a country clergyman.

It was therefore now the wish of his friends to turn this irresistible thirst for discovery into some channel which might at once gratify the predominant desire of his heart, and be attended with some prospect of securing his fortune. It was full time to take such steps; for in 1802 Leyden had actually commenced overtures to the African Society, for undertaking a journey of discovery through the interior of that continent; an enterprise which sad examples have shown to be little better than an act of absolute suicide. To divert his mind from this desperate project, a representation was made to the Right Hon. William Dundas, who had then a seat at the Board of Control, stating the talents and disposition of Leyden, and it was suggested that such a person might be usefully employed in investigating the language and learning of the Indian tribes. Mr Dundas entered with the most liberal alacrity into these views; but it happened, unfortunately as it might seem, that the sole appointment then at his disposal was that of surgeon's assistant, which could only be held by a person who had taken a surgical degree, and could sustain an examination before the Medical Board at the India House.

It was upon this occasion that Leyden showed, in their utmost extent, his wonderful powers of application and comprehension. He at once intimated his readiness to accept the appointment under the conditions annexed to it; and availing himself of the superficial information he had formerly acquired by a casual attendance upon one or two of the medical classes, he gave his whole mind to the study of medicine and surgery, with the purpose of qualifying himself for his degree in the short space of five or six months. The labour which he underwent on this occasion was actually incredible; but with the powerful assistance of a gentleman of the highest eminence in his profession, (the late Mr John Bell of Edinburgh,) he succeeded in acquiring such a knowledge of this complicated and most difficult art, as enabled him to obtain his diploma as surgeon with credit, even in the city of Edinburgh, so long famed for its medical school, and for the wholesome rigour adopted in the distribution of degrees. Leyden was, however, incautious in boasting of his success after so short a course of study, and found himself obliged, in consequence of his imprudence, to relinquish his intention of taking out the degree of M.D. at Edinburgh, and to have recourse to another Scottish university for that step in his profession. Meanwhile the sudden change of his profession gave great amusement to some of his friends, especially when a lady having fainted in a crowded assembly, Dr Leyden advanced to her assistance, and went through the usual routine of treatment with all the gravity which beseemed his new faculty. In truth, the immediate object of his studies was always, in season and out of season, predominant in Leyden's mind; and just about this time, he went to the evening party of a lady of the highest rank with the remnants of a human hand in his pocket, which he had been dissecting in the morning, and on some question being stirred about the muscular action, he was with difficulty withheld from producing this grisly evidence in support of the argument which he maintained. The character of Leyden cannot be understood without mentioning these circumstances that are allied to oddity; but it is not so easy to body forth those qualities of energy, application, and intelligence, by which he dignified his extravagancies, and vindicated his assumption of merit, far less to paint his manly, generous, and friendly disposition.

In December 1802, Leyden was summoned to join the Christmas fleet of Indiamen, in consequence of his appointment as assistant-surgeon on the Madras establishment. It was sufficiently understood that his medical character was only assumed to bring him within the compass of Mr Dundas's patronage, and that his talents should be employed in India with reference to his literary researches. He was, however, *pro forma*, nominated to the Madras hospital. While awaiting this call, he bent his whole energies to the study of the Oriental languages, and amused his hours of leisure by adding to the *Scenes of Infancy*, many of those passages addressed to his friends, and bearing particular reference to his own situation on the eve of departure from Scotland; which, flowing warm from the heart, constitute the principal charm of that impressive poem. Mr Ballantyne, of Kelso, an early and intimate friend of Leyden, had just then established in Edinburgh his press, which has since been so distinguished. To the critical skill of a valued and learned friend, and to the friendly, as well as professional care of Mr Ballantyne, Leyden committed this last memorial of his love to his native land. The last sheets reached him before he left Britain, no more to return.

Upon examining these, it would appear that he imagined his critical friends had exercised, with more rigour than mercy, the prerogative of retrenchment with which he had invested them. He complains of these alterations in a letter, which is no bad picture of his manner in conversation. It is dated from the Isle of Wight, where he states himself to be " like a weathercock, veering about with every wind," expecting and hoping every moment when the boatswain's whistle should pipe all hands on board, and that he may be off from the old island for ever in fifteen minutes. " I fancy," he continues, " you expect to receive a waggon-load, at least, of thanks for your midwife skill, in swaddling my bantling so tight, that I fear it will be strangled in the growth ever after. On the contrary, I have in my own mind been triumphing famously over you, and your razor-witted, hair-splitting, intellectual associate, whose tastes I do not pretend to think anything like equal to my own, though, before I left Scotland, I thought them amazingly acute ; but I fancy there is something in a London atmosphere, which greatly brightens the understanding, and furbishes the taste. This is all the vengeance you have unfortunately left in my power, for I sincerely am of opinion, that you ought to have adopted the alterations in the first sheet, which I think most indubitably better than those you have retained. The verses you excluded were certainly the most original in all the second canto, and certainly the next best to the Spectre Ship, in the whole poem; and I defy you and ——, and the whole Edinburgh Review, to impeach their originality. And what is more, they contained the winding-sheet of the dead child, wet with a mother's repining tears, which was the very idea for the sake of which I wrote the whole episode; so you have curtailed what I liked, and left what I did not care a sixpence about, for I would not have been half so enraged, if you had omitted the whole episode; and, what is most provoking of all, you expect the approbation of every man of taste for this butchery, this mangling and botching! By Apollo, if I knew of any man of taste that approved of it, I would cut his tongue out. But my only revenge is to triumph over your bad tastes. When —— showed me this part, I tore the sheet in wrath, and swore I would have a Calcutta edition, for the mere purpose of exposing your spurious one. But you need not mind much his critical observations. He is a sensible fellow, points very well, understands music, has a fine taste for ornamenting, and perhaps for printing, but he has too fat brains for originality. Now, my dear Ballantyne, though I lift up my voice like a trumpet against your bad taste in criticism, yet I give you all due credit for good intentions, and my warmest thanks for the trouble you have taken, only do not talk of men of taste approving of your vile critical razors—razors of scarification! Now, my dear fellow, farewell; commend me warmly to your good *motherly mother*, and your brothers. I shall be happy to hear of you, and from you, in my exile, and believe me, my dear Ballantyne, to be

" Yours, most sincerely,
" JOHN LEYDEN."

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About the middle of December 1802, John Leyden left Edinburgh, but not exactly at the time he had proposed. He had taken a solemn farewell of his friends, and gone to Roxburghshire to bid adieu to his parents, whom he regarded with the most tender filial affection, and from thence he intended to have taken his departure for London without returning to Edinburgh. Some accident changed his purpose, and his unexpected arrival at Edinburgh was picturesque, and somewhat startling. A party of his friends had met in the evening to talk over his merits, and to drink, in Scottish phrase, his *Bonallie*. While, about the witching hour, they were crowning a solemn bumper to his health, a figure burst into the room, muffled in a seaman's cloak and travelling cap, covered with snow, and distinguishable only by the sharpness and ardour of the tone with which he exclaimed, "Dash it, boys, here I am again!" The start of astonishment and delight with which this unexpected apparition was received, was subject of great mirth at the time, and the circumstance has been since recalled by most of the party with that mixture of pleasure and melancholy, which attaches to the particulars of a last meeting with a beloved and valued friend.

In London, the kindness of Mr Heber, his own reputation, and the recommendation of his Edinburgh friends, procured Leyden much kindness and attention among persons of rank and literary distinction. His chief protector and friend, however, was Mr George Ellis, the well-known author of the *Specimens of Ancient English Poetry.* To this gentleman he owed an obligation of the highest possible value, which we shall give in his own words, in a letter to a friend in Edinburgh, dated 13th January 1803, from which it appears that a disorder, produced by over-intense study and anxiety of mind, joined to the friendly intervention of Mr Ellis, prevented his sharing, in all probability, the fate of other passengers on board the Hindostan, to which unfortunate ship he was originally destined, and which was cast away going down the river.

" You will no doubt be surprised at my silence, and indeed I cannot account for it myself; but I write you now from the lobby of the East India House, to inform you that G. Ellis has saved my life, for, without his interference, I should certainly, this precious day, have been snug in Davy's locker. At my arrival in town, or rather on my journey, I was seized with violent cramps in the stomach, the consequence of my excessive exertion before leaving Scotland, a part of which you know, and a greater part you do not know. The clerks of the India House, who, I suppose, never had the cramp of the stomach in their life, paid no kind of respect to this whatever, but with the most remorseless *sang froid* told me either to proceed to the Downs, or to vacate the appointment. Neither of these alternatives were much to my taste, especially as I found that getting on board at the Downs would cost me at least £50 or £60 sterling, which I imagined, unlike the bread cast upon the water, would not return even after many days. I, however, passed the principal forms, and was examined by Dr Hunter on the diseases of warm climates, with tolerable success, but most intolerable anguish, till I contrived to aggravate my distemper so much from pure fatigue and chagrin, and dodging attendance at the India House from 10 till 4 every day, that Dr Hunter obstinately confined me to my room for two days. These cursed clerks, however, whose laws are like those of the Medes and Persians, though I sincerely believe there is not one of them who has the slightest particle of taste for either Arabic or Persian, not to speak of Sanscrit or Tamalic, made out my appointment and order to sail in the Hindostan, without the slightest attention to this circumstance, and I dare say they would not have been moved had I written and addressed to them the finest ode ever written in Sanscrit, even though it had been superior to those of the sublime Jayadeva. Heber was in Paris, and every person with whom I had the slightest influence, out of town; and Ellis, even in the distressed state of his family, as Lady Parker is just dying, and several others dangerously unwell of his relations, was my only resource. That resource, however, succeeded, and I have just got permission to go in the Hugh Inglis to Madras, and am at the same time informed, that the Hindostan, which I ought to have joined yesterday morning, was wrecked going down the river, and one of the clerks whispered me that a great many passengers have been drowned. About 50 persons have perished. So you see there is some virtue in the old proverb, 'He that is born to be hanged,' &c. I feel a strange mixture of solemnity and satisfaction, and begin to trust my fortune more than ever."

After this providential exchange of destination, the delay of the vessel to which he was transferred, permitted his residence in London until the beginning of April 1803, an interval which he spent in availing himself of the opportunities which he now enjoyed, of mixing in the most distinguished society in the metropolis, where the novelty and good-humour of his character made ample amends for the native bluntness of his manners. In the beginning of April, he sailed from Portsmouth in the Hugh Inglis, where he had the advantage of being on board the same vessel with Mr Robert Smith, the brother of his steady friend, the Rev. Mr Sidney Smith. And thus set forth on his voyage, perhaps the first British traveller that ever sought India, moved neither by the love of wealth nor of power, and who, despising alike the luxuries commanded by the one, and the pomp attached to the other, was guided solely by the wish of extending our knowledge of Oriental literature, and distinguishing himself as its most successful cultivator. This pursuit he urged through health and through sickness, unshaken by all the difficulties arising from imperfect communication with the natives, from their prejudices, and those of their European masters, and from frequent change of residence; and unmoved either by the charms of pleasure, of wealth, or of that seducing indolence to which many men of literature have yielded, after overcoming all other impediments. And to this pursuit he finally fell a sacrifice, as devoted a martyr in the cause of science as ever died in that of religion. We are unable to trace his Indian researches and travels with accuracy similar to that with which we have followed those which preceded his departure from Europe, but we are enabled to state the following outlines of his fortune in the East.

After a mutiny in the vessel, which was subdued by the exertions of the officers and passengers, and in which Leyden distinguished himself by his coolness and intrepidity, the Hugh Inglis arrived at Madras, and he was transferred to the duties of his new profession. His nomination as surgeon to the commissioners appointed to survey the ceded districts, seemed to promise ample opportunities for the cultivation of Oriental learning. But his health gave way under the fatigues of the climate; and he has pathetically recorded, in his "Address to an Indian Gold Coin," the inroads which were made on his spirits and constitution. He was obliged to leave the presidency of Madras, suffering an accumulation of diseases, and reached, with difficulty, Prince of Wales Island. During the passage, the vessel was chased by a French privateer, which was the occasion of Leyden's composing, in his best style of Border enthusiasm, an "Ode to a Malay Cris," or Dagger, the only weapon which his reduced strength now admitted of his wielding. The following letter to Mr Ballantyne, dated from Prince of Wales Island, 24th October 1805, gives a lively and interesting account of his occupations during the first two years of his residence in India.

"Puloo Penang, Oct. 24, 1805.

"MY DEAR BALLANTYNE,

"FINDING an extra Indiaman, the Revenge, which has put into this harbour in distress, bound to Europe, I take another opportunity of attempting to revive, or rather commence, an intercourse with my European friends, for since my arrival in India I have never received a single scrap from one of them,—Proh Deum! Mr Constable excepted; and my friend Erskine writes me from Bombay, that none of you have received the least intelligence of my motions since I left Europe. This is to me utterly astonishing and incomprehensible, considering the multitude of letters and parcels that I have dispatched from Mysore, especially during my confinement for the liver disease at Seringapatam, where I had for several months the honour of inhabiting the palace of Tippoo's prime minister. I descended into Malabar in the beginning of May, in order to proceed to Bombay, and perhaps eventually up the Persian Gulf as far as Bassorah, in order to try the effect of a sea voyage. I was, however, too late, and the rains had set in, and the last vessels sailed two or three days before my arrival. As I am always a very lucky fellow, as well as an unlucky one, which all the world knows, it so fell out that the only vessel which sailed after my arrival was wrecked, while some secret presentiment, or rather "sweet little cherub, that sits up aloft," prevented my embarking on board of her. I journeyed leisurely down to Calicut from Cananore, intending to pay my respects to the Cutwall, and the Admiral, so famous in the Lusiad of Camoens; but only think of my disappointment when I found that the times are altered, and the tables turned with respect to both these sublime characters. The Cutwall is only a species of burrough-bailiff, while the Admiral, God help him, is only the chief of the fishermen. From Calicut I proceeded to Paulgantcherry, which signifies, in the Tamal language, "the town of the forest of palms," which is exactly the meaning of *Tadmor*, the name of a city founded by Solomon, not for the Queen of Sheba, but, as it happened, for the equally famous Queen Zenobia. Thus having demonstrated that Solomon understood the Tamal language, we may proceed to construct a syllogism in the following manner: "Solomon understood the Tamal language, and he was wise,—I understand the Tamal language, therefore I am as wise as Solomon!" I fear you logical lads of Europe will be very little disposed to admit the legitimacy of the conclusion; but, however the matter may stand in Europe, I can assure you it's no bad reasoning for India. At Paulgantcherry I had a most terrible attack of the liver, and should very probably have passed away, or, as the Indians say, changed my climate—an elegant periphrasis for dying however—had I not obstinately resolved on living to have the pleasure of being *revenged* on all of you for your obstinate silence, and perseverance therein to the end. Hearing about the middle of August, that a Bombay cruiser had touched at Aleppo, between Quilon and Cochin, I made a desperate push through the jungles of the Cochin rajah's country, in order to reach her, and arrived about three hours after she had set sail. Anybody else would have died of chagrin, if they had not hanged themselves outright. I did neither one nor the other, but "tuned my pipes and played a spring to John o' Badenyon;" after which I set myself coolly down and translated the famous Jewish tablets of brass, preserved in the synagogue of Cochin ever since the days of Methusalem. Probably you may think this no more difficult a task than deciphering the brazen tablet on any door of Prince's or Queen's street. But here I beg your pardon; for, so far from any body, Jew, Pagan, or Christian, having ever been able to do this before, I assure you the most learned men of the world have never been able to decide in what language or in what alphabet they were written. As the character has for a long time been supposed to be antediluvian, it has for a long time been as much despaired of as the Egyptian hieroglyphics. So much was the diwan or grand visier, if you like it, of Travancore astonished at the circumstance, that he gave me to understand that I had only to *pass through the Sacred Cow* in order to merit adoption into the holy order of Bramins. I was forced, however, to decline the honour of the sacred cow, for unluckily Phalaris' bull, and Moses' calf, presented themselves to my imagination, and it occurred to me that perhaps the Ram-rajah's cow might be a beast of the breed. Being on the eve of a new attack of the liver, I was forced to leave Travancore with great precipitation, in the first vessel that presented itself, which, as the devil would have it, was a Mapilla brig, bound to Puloo Penang, the newly-erected presidency on the Straits of Malacca, where I have just arrived, after a perverse pestilent voyage, in which I have been terribly ill of revulsions of bile and liver, without any of the conveniences which are almost necessary to a European in these parts, and particularly to an invalid. We have had a very rough passage, the cabin very often all afloat, while I have been several times completely drenched. In addition to this, we have been pursued by a Frenchman, and kept in a constant state of alarm and agitation; and now, to mend the matter, I am writing you at a kind of naval tavern, while all around me is ringing with the vociferation of tarpaulins, the hoarse bawling of sea-oaths, and the rattling of the dice-box. However, I flatter myself I have received considerable benefit from the voyage, tedious and disgusting and vexatious as it has been. Thank God, my dear fellow, that you have nothing to do with tedious, tiresome, semi-savages, who have no idea of the value of time whatsoever, and who will dispute even more keenly about a matter of no importance whatsoever, than one that deserved the highest consideration. Not knowing where to begin or where to end, I have said nothing of my previous rambles and traverses in Mysore, or elsewhere; of course, if nobody has heard from me at all, all my proceedings must be completely a riddle. But I beg and request you to consider, that all this it is utterly out of my power to prevent, if nobody whatsoever will condescend to take the trouble of writing me; for how, in the name of the great eternal devil, is it possible for me to divine which of my letters arrive at their destination, and which do not? I have now dispatched for Europe exactly fifty-seven letters. I had intended to make a dead pause after the fiftieth, for at least a couple of years, and wrote Erskine to that effect; when he informed me in return, that he had the utmost reason to think nobody had ever heard from me at all, not only since I arrived in India, but for some time before leaving London. Utterly amazed, astonished, and confounded at this, I have resolved to write out the hundred complete; and if none of my centenary brings me an answer, why then farewell, till we meet in either heaven or hell! I write no more, except in crook-backed characters, and this I swear by all petty oaths that are not dangerous.

"Now, my friend, the situation in which I am placed by this most pestiferous silence is extremely odd and perplexing. I am actually afraid to inquire for any body, lest it should turn out that they have for a long time been *dead, damned, and straughted.* It is all in vain that I search for every obituary, and peruse it with the utmost care, anxiety, and terror. There are many of you good Scotch folks that love to slip slily out of the world, like a knotless thread, without ever getting into any obituary at all, and, besides, it is always very nearly a couple of years before any review, magazine, or obituary, reaches the remote, and almost inaccessible regions, in which my lot has been long cast. To remedy a few of these inconveniences, I propose taking a short trip to Bengal, as soon as I have seen how the climate of Puloo Penang agrees with my health, and, as in that region they are generally better informed with regard to all European matters, and better provided with reviews, magazines, and newspapers, I shall probably be able to discover that a good many of you have gone " to kingdom come," since I bade adieu to "Auld Reekie." But methinks I see you, with your confounded black beard, bull neck, and upper-lip turned up to your nose, while one of your eye-brows is cocked up perpendicularly, and the other forms pretty well the base of a right-angled triangle, opening your great glotting eyes, and crying, ' But, Leyden !!!! tell me— ! what the *Devil* you have been doing all this time!!—eh!?' 'Why, Ballantyne, d'ye see, mark and observe and take heed—as you are a good fellow, and don't spout secrets in public places, I trust I can give you satisfaction safely.'

"When I arrived in Madras, I first of all reconnoitred my ground, when I perceived that the public men fell naturally into two divisions. The mercantile party, consisting chiefly of men of old standing, versed in trade, and inspired with a spirit in no respect superior to that of the most pitiful pettifogging pedlar, nor in their views a whit more enlarged; in short, men whose sole occupation is to make money, and who have no name for such phrases as national honour, public spirit, or patriotism; men, in short, who would sell their own honour, or their country's credit, to the highest bidder, without a shadow of scruple. What is more unfortunate, this is the party that stands highest in credit with the East India Company. There is another party, for whom I am more at a loss to find an epithet. They cannot with propriety be termed the anti-mercantile party, as they have the interests of our national commerce more at heart than the others; but they have discovered that we are not merely merchants in India, but legislators and governors; and they assert, that our conduct there ought to be calculated for stability and security, and equally marked by a wise internal administration of justice, financial and political economy, and by a vigilant, firm, and steady system of external politics. This class is represented by the first, as only actuated by the spirit of innovation, and tending to embroil us everywhere in India. Its members consist of men of the first abilities, as well as principles, that have been drafted from the common professional routine, for difficult or dangerous service. I fancy this division applies as much to Bombay and Bengal as to Madras. As to the members of my own profession, I found them in a state of complete depression; so much so, that the Commander-in-Chief had assumed all the powers of the Medical Board, over whom a court-martial was at that very time impending. The medical line had been, from time immemorial, shut out from every appointment, except professional, and the emoluments of these had been greatly diminished just before my arrival. In this situation I found it very difficult at first what to resolve on. I saw clearly that there were only two routes in a person's choice; first, to sink into a mere professional drudge, and, by strict economy, endeavour to collect a few thousand pounds in the course of twenty years; or, secondly, to aspire a little beyond it, and by a superior knowledge of India, its laws, relations, politics, and languages, to claim a situation somewhat more respectable, in addition to those of the line itself. You know, when I left Scotland, I had determined, at all events, to become a furious Orientalist, *nemini secundus*, but I was not aware of the difficulty. I found the expense of native teachers would prove almost insurmountable to a mere assistant surgeon, whose pay is seldom equal to his absolutely necessary expenses; and, besides, that it was necessary to form a library of MSS. at a most terrible expense, in every language to which I should apply, if I intended to proceed beyond a mere smattering. After much consideration, I determined on this plan at all events, and was fortunate enough, in a few months, to secure an appointment, which furnished me with the means of doing so, though the tasks and exertions it imposed on me were a good deal more arduous than the common duties of a surgeon even in a Mahratta campaign. I was appointed medical assistant to the Mysore Survey, and at the same time directed to carry on inquiries concerning the natural history of the country, and the manners and languages, &c. of the natives of Mysore. This, you would imagine, was the very situation I wished for; and so it would, had I previously had time to acquire the country languages. But I had them now to acquire after severe marches and countermarches in the heat of the sun, night-marches and day-marches, and amid the disgusting details of a field hospital, the duties of which were considerably arduous. However, I wrought incessantly and steadily, and without being discouraged by any kind of difficulty, till my health absolutely gave way, and when I could keep the field no longer, I wrought on my couch, as I generally do still, though I am much better than I have been. As I had the assistance of no intelligent European, I was obliged long to grope my way; but I have now acquired a pretty correct idea of India in all its departments, which increases in geometrical progression as I advance in the languages. The languages that have attracted my attention since my arrival have been Arabic, Persic, Hindostani, Mahratta, Tamal, Telinga, Canara, Sanscrit, Malayalam, Malay, and Armenian. You will be ready to ask, where the devil I picked up these hard names, but I assure you it is infinitely more difficult to pick up the languages themselves; several of which include dialects as different from each other as French or Italian from Spanish or Portuguese; and in all these, I flatter myself, I have made considerable progress. What would you say, were I to add the Maldivian and Mapella languages to these? Besides, I have deciphered the inscriptions of Mavalipoorani, which were written in an ancient Canara character, which had hitherto defied all attempts at understanding it, and also several *Lada Lippi* inscriptions, which is an ancient Tamal dialect and character, in addition to the Jewish tablets of Cochin, which were in the ancient Malayalam, generally termed Malabar. I enter into these details merely to show you that I have not been idle, and that my time has neither been dissipated, nor devoid of plan, though that plan is not sufficiently unfolded. To what I have told you of, you are to add constant and necessary exposure to the sun, damps and dews from the jungles, and putrid exhalation of marshes, before I had been properly accustomed to the climate, constant rambling in the haunts of tigers, leopards, bears, and serpents of thirty or forty feet long, that make nothing of swallowing a buffalo, by way of demonstrating their appetite in a morning, together with smaller and more dangerous snakes, whose haunts are perilous, and bite deadly; and you have a faint idea of a situation, in which, with health, I lived as happy as the day was long. It was occasionally diversified with rapid jaunts of a hundred miles or so, as fast as horses or bearers could carry me, by night or day, swimming through rivers, afloat in an old brass ettle at midnight! O I could tell you adventures to outrival the witch of Endor, or any witch that ever swam in egg-shell or sieve; but you would undoubtedly imagine I wanted to impose on you were I to relate what I have seen and passed through. No! I certainly shall never repent of having come to India. It has awakened energies in me that I scarcely imagined I possessed, though I could gnaw my living nails with pure vexation to think how much I have been thwarted by indisposition. If, however, I get over it, I shall think the better of my constitution as long as I live. It is not every constitution that can resist the combined attack of liver, spleen, bloody flux, and jungle fever, which is very much akin to the plague of Egypt, and yellow fever of America. It is true, I have been five times given up by the most skilful physicians in these parts; but in spite of that, I am firmly convinced that 'my doom is not to die this day,' and that you shall see me emerge from this tribulation like gold purified by the fire; and when that happens, egad I may boast that I have been refined by the very same menstruum too, even the universal solvent mercury, which is almost the only cure for the liver, though I have been obliged to try another, and make an issue in my right side. Now pray, my dear Ballantyne, if this ever comes to hand, instantly sit down, and write me a letter a mile long, and tell me of all our common friends; and if you see any of them that have the least spark of friendly recollection, assure them how vexatious their silence is, and how very unjust, if they have received my letters; and, lest I should forget, I shall add, that you must direct to me, to the care of Messrs Binnie and Dennison, Madras, who are my agents, and generally know in what part of this hemisphere I am to be found. But, particularly, you are to commend me kindly to your good motherly mother, and tell her I wish I saw her oftener, and then to your brother Alexander, and request him sometimes, on a Saturday night, precisely at eight o'clock, for my sake to play 'Gingling Johnnie' on his flageolet. If I had you both in my tent, you should drink yourselves drunk with wine of Shiraz, which is our eastern Falernian, in honour of Hafez, our Persian Anacreon. As for me, I often drink your health in *water*, (ohon a ree!) having long abandoned both wine and animal food, not from choice, but dire necessity.—Adieu, dear Ballantyne, and believe me, in the Malay isle, to be ever yours sincerely,

"JOHN LEYDEN."

Leyden became soon reconciled to Puloo Penang (or Prince of Wales Island), where he found many valuable friends, and enjoyed the regard of the late Philip Dundas, Esq. then governor of the island. He resided in that island for some time, and visited Achi, with some other places on the coasts of Sumatra, and the Malayan peninsula. Here he amassed the curious information concerning the language, literature, and descent of the Indi-Chinese tribes, which afterwards enabled him to lay before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta a most valuable dissertation on so obscure a subject. Yet that his heart was sad, and his spirits depressed, is evident from the following lines, written for New-year's Day, 1806, and which appeared in the Government Gazette of Prince of Wales Island:—

Malay's woods and mountains ring
  With voices strange and sad to hear,
And dark unbodied spirits sing
  The dirge of the departed year.

Lo! now, methinks, in tones sublime,
  As viewless o'er our heads they bend,
They whisper, "Thus we steal your time,
  Weak mortals, till your days shall end."

Then wake the dance, and wake the song,
  Resound the festive mirth and glee;
Alas! the days have pass'd along,
  The days we never more shall see.

But let me brush the nightly dews,
  Beside the shell-depainted shore,
And mid the sea-weed sit to muse,
  On days that shall return no more.

Olivia, ah! forgive the bard,
  If sprightly strains alone are dear;
His notes are sad, for he has heard
  The footsteps of the parting year.

Mid friends of youth beloved in vain,
  Oft have I hail'd the jocund day;
If pleasure brought a thought of pain,
  I charm'd it with a passing lay.

Friends of my youth, for ever dear,
  Where are you from this bosom fled?
A lonely man I linger here,
  Like one that has been long time dead.

Foredoom'd to seek an early tomb,
  For whom the pallid grave-flowers blow,
I hasten on my destined doom,
  And sternly mock at joy or woe!

In 1806 he took leave of Penang, regretted by many friends, whom his eccentricities amused, his talents enlightened, and his virtues conciliated. His reception at Calcutta, and the effect which he produced upon society there, are so admirably illustrated by his ingenious and well-known countryman, General Sir John Malcolm, that it would be impossible to present a more living picture of his manners and mind; and the reader will pardon some repetition, for the sake of observing how the same individual was regarded in two distant hemispheres.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOMBAY COURIER.

"SIR,—I inclose some lines,* which have no value but what they derive from the subject. They are an unworthy but sincere tribute, to one whom I have long regarded with sentiments of esteem and affection, and whose loss I regret with the most unfeigued sorrow. It will remain with those who are better qualified than I am to do justice to the memory of Dr Leyden. I only know that he rose, by the power of native genius, from the humblest origin to a very distinguished rank in the literary world. His studies included almost every branch of human science, and he was alike ardent in the pursuit of all. The greatest power of his mind was perhaps shown in his acquisition of modern and ancient languages. He exhibited an unexampled facility, not merely in acquiring them, but in tracing their affinity and connexion with each other, and from that talent, combined with his taste and general knowledge, we had a right to expect, from what he did in a very few years, that he would, if he had lived, have thrown the greatest light upon the more abstruse parts of the history of the East. In this curious, but intricate and rugged path, we cannot hope to see his equal.

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* General Malcolm's elegant and affectionate tribute to the memory of his friend is to be found in the Poetical Department of the Edinburgh Annual Register, for the year 1811.

" Dr Leyden had, from his earliest years, cultivated the Muses, with a success which will make many regret that poetry did not occupy a larger portion of his time. The first of his essays which appeared in a separate form, was *The Scenes of Infancy*, a descriptive poem, in which he sung, in no unpleasing strains, the charms of his native mountains and streams in Teviotdale. He contributed several small pieces to that collection of poems called the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which he published with his friend, Walter Scott. Among these, the Mermaid is certainly the most beautiful. In it he has shown all the creative fancy of a real genius. His *Ode on the Death of Nelson* is, undoubtedly, the best of those poetical effusions that he has published since he came to India. The following apostrophe to the blood of that hero has a sublimity of thought, and happiness of expression, which never could have been attained but by a true poet :—

'Blood of the brave, thou art not lost,
Amid the waste of waters blue;
The tide that rolls to Albion's coast,
Shall proudly boast its sanguine hue:

'And thou shalt be the vernal dew
To foster valour's daring seeds;
The generous plant shall still its stock renew,
And hosts of heroes rise when one shall bleed.'

"It is pleasing to find him, on whom nature has bestowed eminent genius, possessed of those more essential and intrinsic qualities which give the truest excellence to the human character. The manners of Dr Leyden were uncourtly, more perhaps from his detestation of the vices too generally attendant on refinement, and a wish (indulged to excess from his youth) to keep at a marked distance from them, than from any ignorance of the rules of good breeding. He was fond of talking, his voice was loud, and had little or no modulation, and he spoke in the provincial dialect of his native country; it cannot be surprising, therefore, that even his information and knowledge, when so conveyed, should be felt by a number of his hearers as unpleasant, if not oppressive. But with all these disadvantages (and they were great) the admiration and esteem in which he was always held by those who could appreciate his qualities, became general wherever he was long known; they, even, who could not understand he value of his knowledge, loved his virtues. Though he was distinguished by his love of liberty, and almost haughty independence, his ardent feelings and proud genius never led him into any licentious or extravagant speculation on political subjects. He never solicited favour, but he was raised by the liberal discernment of his noble friend and patron Lord Minto, to situations that afforded him an opportunity of showing that he was as scrupulous and as inflexibly virtuous in the discharge of his public duties, as he was attentive in private life to the duties of morality and religion.

"It is not easy to convey an idea of the method which Dr Leyden used in his studies, or to describe the unconquerable ardour with which these were pursued. During his early residence in India, I had a particular opportunity of observing both. When he read a lesson in Persian, a person near him, whom he had taught, wrote down each word on a long slip of paper, which was afterwards divided into as many pieces as there were words, and pasted in alphabetical order, under different heads of verbs, nouns, &c. into a blank book that formed a vocabulary of each day's lesson. All this he had in a few hours instructed a very ignorant native to do; and this man he used, in his broad accent, to call 'one of his mechanical aids.' He was so ill at

Mysore, soon after his arrival from England, that Mr Anderson, the surgeon who attended him, despaired of his life; but though all his friends endeavoured at this period to prevail upon him to relax in his application to study, it was in vain. He used, when unable to sit upright, to prop himself up with pillows, and continue his translations. One day that I was sitting by his bedside the surgeon came in. ' I am glad you are here, said Mr Anderson, addressing himself to me, ' you will be able to persuade Leyden to attend to my advice. I have told him before, and now I repeat, that he will die if he does not leave off his studies and remain quiet.'—' Very well, doctor,' exclaimed Leyden, ' you have done your duty, but you must now hear me; *I cannot be idle*, and whether I die or live, the wheel must go round till the last;' and he actually continued, under the depression of a fever and a liver complaint, to study more than ten hours each day.

" The temper of Dr Leyden was mild and generous, and he could bear, with perfect good humour, raillery on his foibles. When he arrived at Calcutta in 1805, I was most solicitous regarding his reception in the society of the Indian capital. ' I entreat you, my dear friend, (I said to him the day he landed,) to be careful of the impression you make on your entering this community; for God's sake, learn a little English, and be silent upon literary subjects, except among literary men.' 'Learn English!' he exclaimed, 'no, never; it was trying to learn that language that spoilt my Scotch; and as to being silent, I will promise to hold my tongue, if you will make fools hold theirs.'

"His memory was most tenacious, and he sometimes loaded it with lumber. When he was at Mysore, an argument occurred upon a point of English history; it was agreed to refer it to Leyden, and, to the astonishment of all parties, he repeated verbatim the whole of an act of parliament in the reign of James relative to Ireland, which decided the point in dispute. On being asked how he came to charge his memory with such extraordinary matter, he said that several years before, when he was writing on the changes that had taken place in the English language, this act was one of the documents to which he had referred as a specimen of the style of that age, and that he had retained every word in his memory.

"His love of the place of his nativity was a passion in which he had always a pride, and which in India he cherished with the fondest enthusiasm. I once went to see him when he was very ill, and had been confined to his bed for many days; there were several gentlemen in the room; he inquired if I had any news; I told him I had a letter from Eskdale. 'And what are they about in the borders?' he asked. 'A curious circumstance,' I replied, 'is stated in my letter;' and I read him a passage which described the conduct of our volunteers on a fire being kindled by mistake at one of the beacons. This letter mentioned that the moment the blaze, which was the signal of invasion, was seen, the mountaineers hastened to their rendezvous, and those of Liddesdale swam the Liddel river to reach it. They were assembled (though several of their houses were at a distance of six and seven miles) in two hours, and at break of day the party marched into the town of Hawick (at a distance of twenty miles from the place of assembly) to the Border tune of '*Wha dar meddle wi' me.*'* Leyden's countenance became animated as I proceeded with this detail, and at its close he sprung from his sick-bed, and, with strange melody, and still stranger gesticalations, sung aloud, '*Wha dar meddle wi' me, wha dar meddle wi' me.*' Several of those who witnessed this scene looked at him as one that was raving in the delirium of a fever.

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* This lively tune has been called the Gathering of the Elliots, a clan now and formerly very numerous in the district of Liddesdale. The burthen is:

"Wha dar meddle wi' me,
And wha dar meddle wi' me;
For my name it is Little Jock Elliot,
And wha dar meddle wi' me?"

"These anecdotes will display more fully than any description I can give, the lesser shades of the character of this extraordinary man. An external manner, certainly not agreeable, and a disposition to egotism, were his only defects. How trivial do these appear, at a moment when we are lamenting the loss of such a rare combination of virtues, learning, and genius, as were concentrated in the late Dr Leyden!

"JOHN MALCOLM."

We have little to add to Sir John Malcolm's luminous and characteristic sketch. The efficient and active patronage of Lord Minto, himself a man of letters, a poet, and a native of Teviotdale, was of the most essential importance to Leyden, and no less honourable to the Governor-General. Leyden's first appointment as a professor in the Bengal College might appear the sort of promotion best suited to his studies, but was soon exchanged for that of a judge of the twenty-four Purgunnahs of Calcutta. In this capacity he had a charge of police, which "jumped with his humour well;" for the task of pursuing and dispersing the bands of robbers who infest Bengal had something of active and military duty. He also exercised a judicial capacity among the natives, to the discharge of which he was admirably fitted, by his knowledge of their language, manners, and customs. To this office a very considerable yearly income was annexed. This was neither expended in superfluities, nor even in those ordinary expenses which the fashion of the East has pronounced indispensable; for Dr Leyden kept no establishment, gave no entertainments, and was, with the receipt of this revenue, the very same simple, frugal, and temperate student, which he had been at Edinburgh. But, exclusive of a portion remitted home for the most honourable and pious purpose, his income was devoted to the pursuit which engaged his whole soul,—to the increase, namely, of his acquaintance with eastern literature in all its branches. The expense of native teachers, of every country and dialect, and that of procuring from every quarter Oriental manuscripts, engrossed his whole emoluments, as the task of studying under the tuition of the interpreters, and decyphering the contents of the volumes, occupied every moment of his spare time. " I may die in the attempt," he writes to a friend ; " but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundred fold in Oriental learning, let never a tear for me prophane the eye of a Borderer." The term was soon approaching when these regrets were to be bitterly called forth, both from his Scottish friends, and from all who viewed with interest the career of his ardent and enthusiastic genius, which, despising every selfish consideration, was only eager to secure the fruits of knowledge, and held for sufficient reward the fame of having gathered them.

It is the more necessary to record these facts, as in a newspaper paragraph, apparently drawn up by some personal enemy of Leyden, whose enmity death could not silence, his leaving England was imputed to a desire of money, from which no man was ever more free than John Leyden. To his spirit of disinterested independence, Lord Minto, who possessed the best opportunities of judging, bore a splendid testimony, in a speech delivered at a public visitation of the College of Fort-William, soon after Leyden's death.

"No man," said his Lordship, "whatever his condition might be, ever possessed a mind so entirely exempt from every sordid passion, so negligent of fortune, and all its grovelling pursuits—in a word, so entirely disinterested—nor ever owned a spirit more firmly and nobly independent. I speak of these things with some knowledge, and wish to record a competent testimony to the fact, that within my experience, Dr Leyden never, in any instance, solicited an object of personal interest, nor, as I believe, ever interrupted his higher pursuits, to waste a moment's thought on these minor cares. Whatever trust or advancement may at some periods have improved his personal situation, have been, without exception, tendered, and in a manner thrust upon his acceptance, unsolicited, uncontemplated, and unexpected. To this exemption from cupidity, was allied every generous virtue worthy of those smiles of fortune, which he disdained to court; and amongst many estimable features of his character, an ardent love of justice, and a vehement abhorrence of oppression, were not less prominent than the other high qualities I have already described."—*Poetical Remains*, p. lxxiv.

Dr Leyden accompanied the Governor-General upon the expedition to Java, for the purpose of investigating the manners, language, and literature of the tribes which inhabit that island, and partly also because it was thought his extensive knowledge of the eastern dialects and customs might be useful in settling the government of the country, or in communicating with the independent princes in the neighbourhood of the Dutch settlements. His spirit of romantic adventure led him literally to rush upon death; for, with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books, in which many Indian manuscripts of value were said to be deposited. A library, in a Dutch settlement, was not, as might have been expected, in the best order; the apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and, either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just; he took his bed, and died in three days, on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British empire.

Thus died John Leyden, in the moment, perhaps, most calculated to gratify the feelings which were dear to his heart; upon the very day of military glory, and when every avenue of new and interesting discovery was opened to his penetrating research. In the emphatic words of scripture, the bowl was broken at the fountain. His literary property was intrusted by his last will to the charge of Mr Heber, and his early and constant friend Mr William Erskine of Calcutta, his executors, under whose inspection his Poetical Remains were given to the public in 1821, with a Memoir of his Life by the Rev. Robert Morton, the friend and relation of the deceased poet. Acquiescing in the sentiment by which it is introduced, it is not easy to resist transcribing from that piece of biography the following affecting passage:

"The writer cannot here resist his desire to relate an anecdote of Leyden's father, who, though in a humble walk of life, is ennobled by the possession of an intelligent mind, and has all that just pride which characterizes the industrious and virtuous class of Scottish peasantry to which he belongs. Two years ago, when Sir John Malcolm visited the seat of Lord Minto, in Roxburghshire, he requested that John Leyden, who was employed in the vicinity, might be sent for, as he wished to speak with him. He came after the labour of the day was finished, and, though his feelings were much agitated, he appeared rejoiced to see one who he knew had cherished so sincere a regard for his son. In the course of the conversation which took place on this occasion, Sir J. Malcolm, after mentioning his regret at the unavoidable delays which had occurred in realizing the little property that had been left, said he was authorized by Mr Heber (to whom all Leyden's English manuscripts had been bequeathed) to say, that such as were likely to produce a profit should be published as soon as possible, for the benefit of the family. 'Sir,' said the old man with animation, and with tears in his eyes, 'God blessed me with a son, who, had he been spared, would have been an honour to his country! As it is, I beg of Mr Heber, in any publication he may intend, to think more of his memory than my wants. The money you speak of would be a great comfort to me in my old age; but thanks to the Almighty, I have good health, and can still earn my livelihood; and I pray therefore of you and Mr Heber to publish nothing that is not for my son's good fame.' "

Since that period the *Commentaries of Baber*, translated from the Turki language, chiefly by Dr Leyden, and completed by his friend and executor, William Erskine, were published, in 1826, for the advantage of Mr Leyden, senior. It is a work of great interest to those who love the study of Indian antiquities, being the auto-biography of one of the Mogul Emperors of Hindustan, who, like Cæsar, recorded his own conquests, but, more communicative than the Roman, descended to record his amusements, as well as to relate deeds of policy and arms. He recapitulates his drinking bouts, which were, in spite of Koran and Prophet, both deep and frequent; and the whole tenor of the History gives us the singular picture of a genuine Sultan of the ancient Tartar descent, in his strength and his weakness, his virtues, his follies, and his crimes.

The remains of John Leyden, honoured with every respect by Lord Minto, now repose in a distant land, far from the green-sod graves of his ancestors at Hazeldean, to which, with a natural anticipation of such an event, he bids an affecting farewell in the solemn passage which concludes the *Scenes of Infancy*:

> The silver moon, at midnight cold and still,
> Looks, sad and silent, o'er yon western hill;
> While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
> Rear'd on the confines of the world below.
> Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?
> Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,
> By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
> The old deserted church of Hazeldean,
> Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,
> Till Teviot's waters roll'd their bones away?
> Their feeble voices from the stream they raise,—
> " Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,
> Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot?
> Why didst thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,
> The ancient graves, where all thy fathers lie,
> And Teviot's stream, that long has murmured by?

And we—when Death so long has closed our eyes,
How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,
And bear our mouldering bones across the main,
From vales, that knew our lives devoid of stain?
Rash youth! beware, thy home-bred virtues save,
And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave!"

Such is the language of nature, moved by the kindly associations of country and of kindred affections. But the best epitaph is the story of a life engaged in the practice of virtue and the pursuit of honourable knowledge; the best monument, the regret of the worthy and of the wise; and the rest may be summed up in the sentiment of Sannazario:

Haeccine te fessum tellus extrema manebat
Hospitij post tot terræque marisque labores?
Pone tamen gemitus, nec te monumenta parentum
Aut moveant sperata tuis tibi funera regnis;
Grata quies patriæ, sed et omnis terra sepulchrum.

MISS ANNA SEWARD.

The following sketch was originally prefixed to an edition of Miss Seward's works.

THE name of ANNA SEWARD has for many years held a high rank in the annals of British literature; and the public has a right to claim, upon the present occasion, some brief memorials of her by whom it was distinguished. As the tenor of her life was retired, though not secluded, and uniform, though not idle, the task of detailing its events can neither be tedious nor uninstructive.

Miss Seward's father was the Reverend Thomas Seward, Rector of Eyam, in Derbyshire, Prebendary of Salisbury, and Canon Residentiary of Lichfield. In his youth he travelled as tutor with Lord Charles Fitzroy, third son of the Duke of Grafton, a hopeful young nobleman, who died upon his travels in 1739. Mr Seward returned to England, and soon after married Miss Elizabeth Hunter, daughter of Mr Hunter, head-master of the school at Lichfield, the preceptor of Johnson, and other eminent literary characters. Mr Seward, upon his marriage, settled at his rectory of Eyam. In 1747, the second year of his marriage, Miss Seward was born. She had several sisters, and one brother; but none survived the period of infancy except Miss Sarah Seward, whom her sister and parents were to lament at a later and more interesting stage of existence.

Mr Seward was himself a poet; and a manuscript collection of his fugitive pieces is now lying before me, the bequest of my honoured friend, when she intrusted me with the task I am now endeavouring to discharge. Several of these effusions were printed in Dodsley's Collection, volume second, towards the close. Mr Seward was also an admirer of our ancient drama; and, in 1750, published an edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, which, though falling beneath what is expected from the accuracy and investigation of later dramatic editors, evinces a scholar-like degree of information, and a high relish for the beauties of his authors. Thus accomplished himself, the talents of his eldest daughter did not long escape his complacent observation. He early introduced her to Milton and to Shakspeare; and I have heard her say, that she could repeat passages from the Allegro before she was three years old. It were absurd to suppose that she could comprehend this poem, even at a much later period of infancy; but our future taste does not always depend upon the progress of our understanding. The mechanism, the harmony of verse, the emotions which, though vague and indescribable, it awakens in children of a lively imagination and a delicate ear, contribute, in many instances, to imbue the infant mind with a love of poëtry, even before they can tell for what they love it. Miss Seward was one of those gifted minds which catch eagerly at the intellectual banquet. The romantic hills of Derbyshire, where the village of Eyam is situated, favoured the instructions of her father. His pupil imbibed a strong and enthusiastic partiality for mountainous scenery, and in general for the pleasures of landscape, which was a source of enjoyment during her after life. Her father's taste was rigidly classical; and the authors to whom Miss Seward was introduced, were those of Queen Anne's reign. She was early familiar with Pope, Young, Prior, and their predecessor, Dryden; and, in later life, used to make little allowance for poetry of an older date, excepting only that of Shakspeare and Milton.

The desire of imitating the compositions which gave her pleasure, very early displayed itself. Anna

Seward attempted metrical versions of the Psalms, and even exercised herself in original composition, before she was ten years old. An Address to the First Fine Day of a Backward Spring, which has been preserved from these early days, intimates considerable command of numbers and language, though the ideas cannot be called original.

About 1754, Mr Seward removed with his family to Lichfield, which continued ever afterwards to be his daughter's residence, although varied, during her father's life, by occasional visits to his rectory at Eyam. Lichfield, the birth-place of Johnson and of Garrick, and, necessarily, the residence of a body of learned and well-educated clergy attached to its cathedral, had been long distinguished by its classical pretensions. These were at this time exalted by its being the residence of the celebrated Dr Darwin, who soon distinguished and appreciated the talents of our youthful poetess. Some lines had been shown to him, which he thought so far superior to her age, that he conceived they must have been written, or greatly improved, by her father. He contrived to engage her upon a poetic theme when Mr Seward was absent, and the result of the experiment having ascertained the originality of her talents, Dr Darwin thought them worthy of attentive cultivation. At this time, however, literature was deemed an undesirable pursuit for a young lady in Miss Seward's situation,—the heiress of an independent fortune, and destined to occupy a considerable rank in society. Her mother, though an affectionate parent, and an excellent woman, possessed no taste for her daughter's favourite amusements; and even Mr Seward withdrew his countenance from them, probably under the apprehension that his continued encouragement might produce in his daughter that dreaded phenomenon, a learned lady. Poetry was prohibited, and Miss Seward resorted to other amusements, and to the practice of ornamental needlework, in which she is said to have excelled. Thus rolled on time for nearly ten years after her father had settled in Lichfield. When it is considered that her attachment to literary pursuits bordered even upon the romantic, the merit of sacrificing them readily to the inclination of her parents, deserves our praise. But other incidents occurred in her own life, and that of a confidential friend, that called for stronger exertions of prudence, self-denial, and submission to parental authority. There are, in Miss Seward's letters during this period, passages which show great firmness and steadiness of mind, and a capacity of compelling feelings, which nature, and perhaps early cultivation, had strung to a keen tone, to submit to the dictates of prudence and of duty. I regret that many of the lessons which she taught her own heart, and that of her friend, must be withheld from the public, lest, even at this distance of time, the incidents to which they relate might injure the feelings of any concerned in them.

In 1764, a heavy calamity took place in Mr Seward's family. Miss Sarah Seward, his younger daughter, had been for some time on the eve of forming a matrimonial connexion with Mr Porter, a merchant at Leghorn, brother to Mrs Lucy Porter of Lichfield, and son-in-law, of course, to the celebrated Dr Johnson. Miss Anna Seward was to have accompanied her sister to Italy, and already anticipated, with delight, the pleasure of treading classical ground, of viewing the paintings of Raphael, and wandering among the groves of Valambrosa. These flattering prospects were clouded by the sickness and death of the young and lovely bride. An affecting account of this distressing calamity occurs among the following extracts from Miss Seward's correspondence.* Mr Porter appears afterwards to have intimated a wish to transfer his attachment to the surviving sister; but it was not encouraged. When time had softened the recollection of this domestic loss, Miss Seward made her sister's death the subject of an elegy, which forms the first article in this collection of her poetry. The blank in her domestic society was supplied by the attachment of Miss Honora Sneyd, then residing in her family, and often mentioned in the ensuing volumes. This young lady was afterwards married to the late ingenious Mr Edgeworth of Edgeworthstown, Ireland, father of the celebrated Maria Edgeworth.

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* These extracts are to be found in the volumes, to which the present sketch was originally prefixed.

After the death of Miss Sarah Seward, her sister Anna's society became indispensable to her parents, and she was never separated from them. Offers of matrimonial establishments occurred, and were rejected, in one instance entirely, and in others chiefly, from a sense of filial duty. As she was now of an age to select her own society and studies, Miss Seward's love of literature was indulged; and the sphere in which she moved was such as to increase her taste for its pursuits. Dr Darwin, Mr Day, whose opinions formed singular specimens of English philosophy, Mr Edgeworth, Sir Brooke Boothby, and other names well known in the literary world, then formed part of the Lichfield society. The celebrated Dr Johnson was an occasional visitor of their circles; but he seems, in some respects, to have shared the proverbial fate of a prophet in his own country. Neither Dr Darwin nor Miss Seward were partial to the great moralist. There was, perhaps, some aristocratic prejudice in their dislike, for the despotic manners of Dr Johnson were least likely to be tolerated where the lowness of his origin was in fresh recollection. At the same time, Miss Seward was always willing to do justice to his native benevolence, and to the powerful grasp of his intellectual powers, and possessed many anecdotes of his conversation, which had escaped his most vigilant recorders. These she used to tell with great humour, and with a very striking imitation of the sage's peculiar voice, gesture, and manner of delivery.

Miss Seward's poetical powers appear to have lain dormant, or to have been only sparingly exercised, until her acquaintance with Lady Miller, whose fanciful and romantic institution at Bath Easton, was then the subject of public attention. A concise account of this poetical association, which was graced by the names of Anstey and of Hayley, forms the preface to a poem which Miss Seward afterwards dedicated to the memory of its accomplished foundress. The applause of this selected circle gave Miss Seward courage to commit some of her essays to the press; and the public received with great favour the elegiac commemorations of

André and of Cook. The first of these subjects was dictated by Miss Seward's personal friendship for the brave and unfortunate sufferer, who had sought to drown in the duties of his dangerous profession, the recollection of an ill-fated attachment to her friend, Miss Sneyd. The Elegy on Captain Cook was dictated by those feelings of admiration and gratitude, which, in common with Europe at large, Miss Seward felt for the firm and benevolent character of the dauntless navigator, and for his tragical destiny. It would be too much to claim for these productions, the same warm interest which they excited while the melancholy events which they celebrated were glowing in the general recollection; but, even when the advantage which they derived from their being suited to "the form and pressure of the time" has passed away, they convey a high impression of the original powers of their author.

While Miss Seward's fame increased, it had the advantage, which she highly prized, of extending her acquaintance among those who were candidates for literary reputation. Many of the most distinguished she added to the circle of her friends. I need barely mention Mr Hayley, Mr Mundy, the author of two most beautiful poems on Needwood Forest; Mr Crowe, author of the descriptive poem called *Lewesdone-Hill;* Dr Whalley, Mr Fellowes, and many other persons of acknowledged talent and learning, with whom she maintained, through life, a constant correspondence. Miss Seward was an entire stranger to that paltry jealousy which too often disturbs the harmony of the literary world. She gave, with her whole soul, her applause to contemporary merit, and was not easily daunted in its defence. A love and admiration for existing genius was a leading feature in her character. She was at all times ready with her advice, her encouragement, her purse, if necessary, to assist those whom timidity or indigence prevented from asserting their right to public notice. Nor would she readily admit the preference claimed for more ancient poets over those of her own century. " Many," she says, in a letter now before me, " excel me in the power of writing verse; perhaps scarcely one in the vivid and strong sensibility of its excellence, or in the ability to estimate its claims—ability arising from a fifty years' sedulous and discriminating study of the best English poets, and of the best translations from the Greek, Roman, and Italian. A masculine education cannot spare from professional study, and the necessary acquisition of languages, the time and attention which I have bestowed on the compositions of my countrymen. When the accumulating suffrage of centuries shall have mellowed the growing fame of the authors of this age, their equals, perhaps their superiors, at a future period, will be contrasting the superiority of this and the last century, with the littleness of recent and contemporary merit."

It cannot be denied, that Miss Seward's friendships and partialities fortified her in the persuasion thus expressed. In friendship, indeed, she was an enthusiast, of which she gave, in 1778, an example too remarkable to be passed over, even in these brief biographical notices. In the summer of that year, the Countess of Northesk visited Lichfield, to consult Dr Darwin for the benefit of her health, then sinking rapidly by hemorrhage. The poetical physician became deeply interested in the fate of a lovely and amiable young woman, distinguished by her sufferings and her patience; and the same circumstances produced a strong attachment on the part of Miss Seward. Of this interest and attachment, a proof was nearly made, of a kind so very remarkable, that I will tell it in Miss Seward's own words.

" One evening, after a long and intense reverie, he said, ' Lady Northesk, an art was practised in former years, which the medical world has very long disused; that of injecting blood into the veins by a syringe, and thus repairing the waste of diseases like yours. Human blood, and that of calves and sheep, were used promiscuously. Superstition attached impiety to the practice. It was put a stop to in England by a bull of excommunication from some of our Popish princes, against the practitioners of sanguinary injection. That it had been practised with success, we may, from this interdiction, fairly conclude, else restraint upon its continuance must have been superfluous. We have a very ingenious watch-maker here, whom I think I could instruct to form a proper instrument for that purpose, if you chose to submit to the experiment.' She replied cheerfully, that she had not the least objection, if he thought it eligible.

" Miss Seward then said, ' If the trial should be determined upon, perhaps Lady Northesk would prefer a supply from a healthy human subject, rather than from an animal. My health is perfect, neither am I conscious of any lurking disease, hereditary or accidental. I have no dread of the lancet, and will gladly spare, from time to time, such a portion from my veins to Lady Northesk, as Dr Darwin shall think proper to inject.'

" He seemed much pleased with the proposal, and his amiable patient expressed gratitude far

Here, if a right thy daughter claim
To rank with theirs thy honour'd name,
Whose silver lyre's harmonious sound
Made lovely Lichfield classic ground,
Though now thy vital lamp's faint light
Gleams on the verge of its long night,
Dull, dim, and weak its social blaze,
And pale its intellectual rays.
While duteous love, with anxious aim,
Guards from rude blasts its quivering flame,
Through yet a few more quiet years,
That bring to thee nor pains nor fears,
O! be it mine to cheer and warm
Thy drooping heart, thy helpless form!

In 1790, this scene closed, by the death of Mr Seward. His daughter remained mistress of an easy and independent fortune, and continued to inhabit the Bishop's Palace at Lichfield, which had been long her father's residence, and was hers until her death.

While engaged in attendance upon her father, Miss Seward, besides other occasional pieces, published, in 1782, her poetical novel, entitled *Louisa*, which was favourably received, and passed rapidly through several editions. Other pieces, chiefly on occasional topics, fell from her pen; some of which found their way to the public, and others are now, for the first time, printed from manuscripts. The beauties of Llangollen Vale, with the talents, virtues, and accomplishments of the ladies who have so long honoured it with their residence, claimed and obtained commemoration. Its inmates were among those whom Miss Seward valued most highly, and the regard was reciprocal.

Without pausing to trace the progress of her less important works, it is proper to mention the Collection of Original Sonnets published in 1799. They were intended to restore the strict rules of the legitimate sonnet, and contain some beautiful examples of that species of composition. Less praise is due to the Translations from Horace, in the same publication, which, being rather paraphrases than translations, can hardly be expected to gratify those whose early admiration has been turned to the original.

In 1804, the death of Dr Darwin, who had encouraged the first notes of her lyre, and from whom, perhaps, it had borrowed some of its peculiar intonations, induced Miss Seward to give the public a biographical sketch of her early friend. Her *Life of Dr Darwin* ought, however, rather to have been entitled, Anecdotes of the early part of his life, and of the society of Lichfield, while it was the place of his residence. Although written upon a desultory plan, and in a style disfigured by the use of frequent inversions and compounded epithets, the

Memoir has preserved much curious and interesting literary anecdote. The history of Mr Day is told with a liveliness which these defects have not obscured, and contains a useful lesson, though humbling to the pride of human wisdom, since no prejudices of bigotry, or of fashion, ever led a votary into so many absurdities as this gentleman successfully achieved, while professing to be guided only by the pure light of reason and philosophy. In this publication, also, Miss Seward laid her claim to the first fifty verses in the Botanic Garden, which she had written in compliment to Dr Darwin, and which he had inserted in his poem without any acknowledgment. The correctness of Miss Seward's statement is proved by the publication of the verses with her name, in some periodical publications, previous to the appearance of Dr Darwin's poem; and the disingenuous suppression of the aid of which he availed himself, must remain a considerable stain upon the character of the poet of Flora.

After the publication of the Sonnets, Miss Seward did not undertake any large poem. Yet she continued to pour forth her poetical effusions upon such occasions as interested her feelings, or excited her imagination. These efforts were, however, unequal to those of her earlier muse. Age was now approaching with its usual attendants, declining health, and the loss of friends summoned from the stage before her. Yet her interest in literature and poetry continued unabated; and she maintained an unrelaxed correspondence, not only with her former friends, but with those later candidates for poetical distinction, whose exertions she approved of. Among these, she distinguished with her highest regard Mr Robert Southey, and used to mention, as the most decided symptom of degenerate taste, the inadequate success of his sublime epic, *Madoc.* On this subject she used to quote, as a parallel instance of rash judgment, a passage from Waller's Letters;—" The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the Fall of Man;—if its length be not considered as merit, it has no other."

In summer 1807, the editor, upon his return from London, visited Miss Seward, with whom he had corresponded occasionally for some years. Robertson observes, that, in a female reign, the queen's personal charms are a subject of importance; and, as the same rule may apply to the case of a female author, this may be no improper place to mention the impression which her appearance and conversation were calculated to make upon a stranger. They were, indeed, well worth a longer pilgrimage. Miss Seward, when young, must have been exquisitely beautiful; for, in advanced age, the regularity of her features, the fire and expression of her countenance, gave her the appearance of beauty, and almost of youth. Her eyes were auburn, of the precise shade and hue of her hair, and possessed great power. In reciting, or in speaking with animation, they appeared to become darker; and, as it were, to flash fire. I should have hesitated to state the impression which this peculiarity made upon me at the time, had not my observation been confirmed by that of the first actress of this or any other age, with whom I lately happened to converse on our deceased friend's expressive powers of countenance. Miss Seward's tone of voice was melodious, guided by excellent taste, and well suited to reading and recitation, in which she willingly exercised it. She did not sing, nor was she a great proficient in music, though very fond of it, having studied it later in life than is now usual. Her stature was tall, and her form was originally elegant; but having broken the *patella* of the knee by a fall in the year 1768, she walked with pain and difficulty, which increased with the pressure of years.

The great command of literary anecdote which Miss Seward possessed, her ready perception both of the serious and ludicrous, and her just observation and original taste, rendered her society delightful. She entered into every topic with the keenness and vivacity of youth, and it was difficult to associate the idea of advanced years either with her countenance or conversation. The possessor of such quick feelings seldom escapes the portion of pain with which all earthly good is alloyed and tempered. With the warmest heart for her friends, and an unbounded enthusiasm in their service, Miss Seward united a sensibility to coldness, or to injuries real or supposed, which she permitted to disturb her more than was consistent with prudence or with happiness. The same tone of mind rendered her jealous of critical authority, when exercised over her own productions, or those of her friends. Her prepossessions upon literary points were also very strong. She admired the lofty and energetic tone of Milton; and the passages of Shakspeare to which she gave the preference, were those which partook of the same character. But although she admitted the superiority of those masters of the lyre, her taste for ornament exceeded the simplicity of their models, and was chiefly gratified, in modern poetry at least, by a more laboured and ornate style of composition. For Darwin, her early friend, and perhaps her preceptor in the art of poetry, she claimed a higher rank among the poets of Britain than the judges of literature are at present inclined to allow him. There is a fashion in poetry, which, without increasing or diminishing the real value of the materials moulded upon it, does wonders in facilitating its currency, while it has novelty, and is often found to impede its reception when the mode has passed away. It is with such verses as with the ancient defensive armour:

> ———————— The fashion of the fight
> Has thrown its gilt, and gaudy plumes aside,
> For modern fopperies.

Miss Seward was in practice trained and attached to that school of picturesque and florid description, of lofty metaphor and bold personification, of a diction which inversion and the use of compound epithets rendered as remote as possible from the tone of ordinary language, which was introduced, or at least rendered fashionable, by Darwin, but which was too remote from common life, and natural expression, to retain its popularity. Yet her taste, though perhaps over-dazzled by the splendour which she adopted in her own compositions, readily admitted the claims of Pope, Collins, Gray, Mason, and of all those bards who have condescended to add the graces of style and expression to poetical thought and imagery. But she particularly demanded beauty, elegance, or splendour of language; and was unwilling to allow that sublimity or truth of conception could atone for poverty, rudeness, or even simplicity, of expression. To Spenser, and the poets of his school, she lent a very unwilling ear; and,—what will, perhaps, best explain my meaning,—she greatly preferred the flowing numbers and expanded descriptions of Pope's Iliad to Cowper's translation, which approaches nearer to the simple dignity of Homer. These peculiarities of taste, Miss Seward was always ready to defend; nor was it easy for the professors of an opposite faith to sustain either the art of her arguments, or the authorities which her extensive acquaintance with the best British classics readily supplied. She has left, among other manuscripts, a Defence of Pope's Odyssey against Spence, in which she displays much critical acumen, and has decidedly the better of the Professor. I ought, however, to add, that two circumstances qualified Miss Seward's taste for the picturesque. When she wrote upon subjects in which her feelings were deeply interested, she forgot the "tiara and [illegible] zone" of the priestess of Apollo, in the more natural effusions of real passion. The elegy which begins,

"To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu."

seems to have been composed under such influence. The partiality with which Miss Seward regarded the poetical attempts of her friends, formed another class of exceptions to her peculiar taste for the magnificent in poetry. She found, with an ingenuity which the subject sometimes rendered wonderful, reasons for liking what her prejudices in favour of the author had previously determined her to admire. Her literary enthusiasm, ardent as it was, became in such cases tempered and qualified by the yet keener interest she felt in those friends whom she valued; and, if this caused an occasional anomaly in her critical system, those who have experienced its benefit, may be pardoned for quoting it as an illustration of the kindly warmth of her heart.

That warmth was not alone displayed in regard for friends in the same rank of life, and cultivating similar studies. Her benevolence was universally felt among those to whom it afforded active and important support, as well as those whose pursuits it aided, and whose feelings it gratified. But it is not the purpose of this slight sketch either to enter into the merits of Miss Seward's poetry, or to descend minutely into her personal character. The reader has, in these volumes, enough for forming an opinion upon the first point, and many passages from which he may ground his own authentic conclusions concerning the energy of the talents and worth of the heart by which they were dictated. I return to the narrative, which these cursory observations have interrupted.

For a year or two preceding 1807, Miss Seward had been occasionally engaged in arranging and preparing for the press the edition of her poems which is now given to the public. She had reconsidered them individually, and made such additions and corrections as she conceived necessary. This subject was repeatedly mentioned in her correspondence, and the publication would have taken place during Miss Seward's life-time, if some difficulties had not occurred to delay it. These were in the course of being removed; and it is probable the volumes would soon have gone to the press, had the state of Miss Seward's health permitted her to superintend their progress. But her constitution, infirm for several years, was now rapidly declining. In harvest, 1807, she was assailed by a scorbutic disorder, which affected her blood and whole system in a degree most painfully irritating, banishing sleep, and rendering waking hours almost intolerable. Her spirit continued, however, to struggle against its assaults, and she entered, by advice of her physicians, upon a course of alterative medicine, which, it was supposed, might alleviate or remove her complaint. But the disorder proved invincible; and, in March 1809, the editor had the pain of receiving the last farewell of his honoured friend. It is written at intervals, and the hand-writing gradually degenerates from the distinct and beautiful manuscript which Miss Seward used to write, into a scrawl, so feebly traced, as to be nearly illegible.

"You may believe, dear and admired friend, it was no trivial cause, no idle procrastination, that kept me silent four months and a week to a letter of yours, the humour, wit, and kindness of which recompensed its delay. Early in our late Siberian December, I was proposing to address you, when a violent fever, with alarming hemorrhage, seized my weak frame. During five nights and days, it put my life into peril. In all that time, I was unable to swallow the least atom of solids, whilst my thirst was raging and unquenchable. On the 6th day, the fever abated, and some degree of appetite returned; but the disease has shook my weak frame to its foundation. The fever abated, but is not yet subdued. Sometimes I have a few hours intermission, but my pulse remaining at 90,—and 60 is my pulse of health,—the medical people will not consent to my taking the bark. Much writing is forbid me; indeed, its effect is sufficiently forewarning, since, the moment I begin to think intensely, the pen falls from my hand, a lethargic sensation creeps over me, and I doze. Not more than by a page a-day shall I attempt to proceed with this snail of an epistle. I had two reasons for wishing to have written to you sooner; gratitude, and the desire of presenting you with one of the three copies which my poetic friend, Mr Mundy, has sent me to present to three chosen friends. Though printed, it is not published, and consequently unpurchasable."

" *Monday, 13th of March.*

" So far was written Monday the 6th of this month, when again the lethargy crept on. I fell asleep, and awoke in a raging fever and high delirium. Next day, after a dreadful night, the physician ordered me to lose six ounces of blood, and that not in the slightest degree abating the fever, he took six ounces more on the eve, and all without effect. I feel all the props of my life giving way; and probably this is the last time I shall ever write anything in the shape of a letter; but I have procured a frank, and am unwilling it should be useless. It is for Thursday next. Considering my pains, my raging thirst, my utter debility, it would be a mercy if I should not be in existence on that day.

" If I knew where to find you, I would send the copy of Mundy's Poems, but I am loath to put you to the expense of its carriage, except I should send it to you in London. I am not able to add more than what I think will be my last benediction on you and yours. O! what a blessing is a sudden death! I always prayed for it, but am not worthy to have my prayer granted.

" I thank you for all your kindness, and for the delightful hours your talents have given me.

" Affectionately your friend,

" A. SEWARD."

" It is Thursday, and each intervening day since I closed my letter has taken large death-strides upon me."

This melancholy letter was too true an augury of the event which it anticipated. Upon Thursday the 23d of March, 1809, Miss Seward was seized with a universal stupor, which continued until the 25th, at six o'clock in the evening, when she expired. Her friends, a term which comprehends many names distinguished in British literature, must long lament this accomplished woman. The poems in which she survives to the public, although containing vivid traces of genius, will serve but to remind those who were honoured with her acquaintance, of the loss which they have sustained, of her ardent love of literature, her disinterested and candid defence of its best interests, of the amiable and enthusiastic warmth of her friendship, and the innate benevolence of her heart.

The arrangement of Miss Seward's fortune was left under the charge of her residuary legatee, Thomas White, Esq. residing in the Close of Lichfield, and Charles Simpson, Esq. of the same city; the former connected with her by relationship, and both still more by kindness and intimacy. To the present editor she bequeathed her literary performances, and particularly the works she had so long intended for the press, with the instructions, as well as under the exception, contained in the following posthumous letter:—

"DEAR SIR,

"IN my last and lately-executed will, I have bequeathed to you the exclusive copyright of those compositions in verse and prose which I mean shall constitute a miscellaneous edition of my works. This bequest consists of my writings in verse which have passed the press, together with those that are yet unpublished; also a collection of juvenile letters, from the year 1762 to June 1768, together with four sermons, and a critical dissertation.

"The verse consists of two half-bound volumes quarto, full of manuscript compositions; and, at this time, of six manuscript books, sewn together in the form of quarto volumes. With these I desire may be blended my poems which have already been regularly and separately published, printed copies of which will be found tied up with the manuscript verse, and from those printed copies I desire the press for this edition may be struck. Some slight alterations in the printed copies are inserted in my own hand-writing, to which I request you will have the goodness to attend in your survey of the proof sheets. I wish the printed and manuscript poems may succeed each other in the miscellany according to the successive periods at which they were written; to which end there are specified directions to the printer through their whole course. With these you will find, and to these I desire may succeed, in the Miscellany, the three first books of an epic poem, raised on the basis of Fenelón's Telemachus, but in very excursive paraphrase, harmonizing, as I flattered myself, with the style of Pope's Homer. I once hoped to have completed the poem, and that, in such a completion, it might have formed no unacceptable conclusion to the adventures of the young and royal hero, left unfinished in the Odyssey. More indispensable claims upon my attention frustrated that purpose. Abortive as it proved, those of my classical friends who have examined the three books, assure me that their contents are, poetically, equal to anything I have written.

"With the above-named compositions, you will meet with a little collection of my late dear father's poetry, with references to more of it published anonymously in Dodsley's Miscellany. I wish you to admit this collection, together with his poems in Dodsley, into the edition I have bequeathed to you, and that it may succeed to my own poems.

"To these metrical volumes I wish the juvenile letters may be added, succeeding the poetic volumes, as in Warburton's edition of Pope's works. I refer the critical dissertation, defending Pope's Odyssey against the erroneous criticisms of Spence, to your judgment, that, when you have read the tract, you may publish or suppress it, as you think best. If the former be your choice, it should follow the juvenile letters, being, as it was, the production of my youthful years. Last, the four sermons, unless you think it better to publish them by themselves at a different period, rather than that they should form a part of this collective edition. I wish it to be printed in small octavo.

"Twelve quarto and manuscript volumes of my letters, from the year 1784 to the present day, I have bequeathed to Mr A. Constable. They are copies of such letters, or parts of letters, as, after they were written, appeared to me worth the attention of the public. Large as the collection is, it does not include a twelfth part of the letters I have written from the said period.*

"To Mr Constable, rather than to yourself, have they been bequeathed, on account of the political principles which, during many past years, they breathed. Fervent, indeed, and uniform, was my abhorrence of the dreadful system in our cabinet, which has reduced the continent to utter vassalage, and endangered the independence of Great Britain. Yet I know these opinions are too hostile to your friendships and connexions with the belligerent party, for the possibility of it being agreeable to you to become the editor of those twelve epistolary volumes.

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* I owe Mr Constable my thanks for having offered me the unlimited use of this collection, for drawing up the present Memoir. The bounds I had prescribed to myself, did not admit of my profiting to a great extent by his liberality.

"I shall address a posthumous letter to Mr Constable on their subject, expressing my desire that he publish two volumes annually, not classing them to separate correspondents, but allowing them to succeed each other in the order of time as they stand in the collection.

"This letter has been written beneath the pressure of much pain and illness. I am in a state which induces me to believe you will, ere long, receive this testimony of my regard, confidence, and gratitude, for all the attention with which you have honoured me; above all, for your kind visit. May health and length of days be yours, with leisure to employ, from time to time, your illustrious muse. And now, dear sir, a long, a last adieu!

"ANNA SEWARD."

I have, in every material respect, punctually complied with the wishes of my deceased friend. I have exercised the latitude indulged to me of omitting the prose compositions, and also the poems of the late Mr Seward, as it was judged advisable to limit the size of this publication to three volumes. The imitation of Telemachus is also omitted; and, in publishing the correspondence, everything is retrenched which has reference to personal anecdote. I am aware that, in this particular, I have not consulted the taste of the age; but, in my opinion, nothing less important than the ascertainment of historical fact justifies withdrawing the veil from the incidents of private life. I would not willingly have this suppression misconstrued. There is not a line in my possession but might be published with honour to her who bequeathed me the manuscripts, and with justice to those named in them; and those in Mr Constable's possession, being more generally of a literary nature, are still less liable to exception. But few can remember the feelings, passions, and prejudices of their earlier career, without feeling reluctance to their being brought before the public; and, in some late instances, the parties concerned might have remonstrated with the editor, like the dethroned monarch with his insulting accuser:

——————— And must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies ———————
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them?

The poetry has been published precisely according to Miss Seward's directions. To the numerous friends of Miss Seward, these volumes will form an acceptable present; for, besides their poetical merit, they form a pleasing register of her sentiments, her feelings, and her affections. The general reception they may meet with is more dubious, since collections of occasional and detached poems have rarely been honoured with a large share of public favour. Should Miss Seward's poetry be admitted as an exception, it will add much to the satisfaction which I feel in the faithful discharge of the task intrusted to me by the bequest of the amiable and highly accomplished author.

DANIEL DE FOE.

[This biographical sketch was not written by the author of these volumes, but by the late Mr John Ballantyne, bookseller in Edinburgh; whose wit, lively talents, and kindness of disposition, will make him long regretted and remembered by his friends.]

PERHAPS there exists no work, either of instruction or entertainment, in the English language, which has been more generally read, and more universally admired, than the *Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*. It is difficult to say in what the charm consists, by which persons of all classes and denominations are thus fascinated; yet the majority of readers will recollect it as among the first works which awakened and interested their youthful attention; and feel, even in advanced life, and in the maturity of their understanding, that there are still associated with Robinson Crusoe, the sentiments peculiar to that period, when all is new, all glittering in prospect, and when those visions are most bright, which the experience of after life tends only to darken and destroy.

This work was first published in April 1719; its reception, as may be supposed, was universal. It is a singular circumstance, that the Author, (the subject of our present Memoir,) after a life spent in political turmoil, danger, and imprisonment, should have occupied himself, in its decline, in the production of a work like the present; unless it may be supposed, that his wearied heart turned with disgust from society and its institutions, and found solace in picturing the happiness of a state, such as he has assigned to his hero. Be this as it may, society is for ever indebted to the memory of De Foe for his production of a work, in which the ways of Providence are simply and pleasingly vindicated, and a lasting and useful moral is conveyed through the channel of an interesting and delightful story.

Daniel De Foe was born in London in the year 1663. His father was James Foe, of the parish of St Giles', butcher. Much curious speculation, with which we shall not trouble our readers, has arisen from the circumstance of Daniel's having, in his own instance, prefixed the *De* to the family name. We are inclined to adopt the opinion of that critical inquirer, who supposes, that Daniel did so, being ashamed of the lowness of his origin, and conceived the prefixed *De* had a sound of Norman dignity with it. His family, as well as himself, were Dissenters; but it does not appear that his tenets were so strict as his sect required; for he complains, in the Preface to his *More Reformation*, that some Dissenters had reproached him, as if he had said, that "the gallows and the gallies ought to be the penalty of going to the conventicle; forgetting, that I must design *to have my father, my wife, six innocent children, and myself*, put into the same condition."

De Foe's education was rather circumscribed, which is the more to be lamented, as, in so many instances, he has exhibited proofs of rare natural genius. He was sent by his father, at twelve years old, to the Newington Green Dissenting Academy, then kept by Mr Morton, where he remained about four years; and this appears to have been all the education he ever received. When he was remanded from school, it would seem, that, his genius not lying towards the marrow-bone and cleaver, his father had put him to some other trade; of what nature we are unable to learn, De Foe himself being very reserved on the subject. When charged by Tutchin* with having his breeding as an apprentice to a hosier, he asserts (May 1705,) "that he never was a hosier,* or an apprentice, but admits that he had been a trader."

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* Tutchin, the publisher of the *Observator*, and a steady opponent of De Foe's both in politics and literature.

This, however, had occupied but a short period of his youth; for in 1685, when he was in his twenty-second year, he took up arms in the cause of the Duke of Monmouth. On the destruction of Monmouth's party, Daniel had the good fortune to escape unpunished amidst the herd of greater delinquents; but, in his latter years, when the avowal was no longer dangerous, he boasts himself much of his exploits, in *His Appeal to Honour and Justice, being a true Account of his Conduct in Public Affairs.*

Three years afterwards, (1688,) De Foe was admitted a Liveryman of London. As he had been throughout a steady advocate for the Revolution, he had now the satisfaction of witnessing that great event. Oldmixon says, (Works, vol. II. p. 276,) that at a feast, given by the Lord Mayor of London to King William, on the 29th October, 1689, De Foe appeared gallantly mounted, and richly accoutred, among the troopers commanded by Lord

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* Perhaps the salvo he laid to his conscience for this apparently false assertion, was, that though he *dealt* in hose, he did not *make* them.

Peterborough, who attended the King and Queen from Whitehall to the Mansion-house. All Daniel's horsemanship, however, united to the steady devotion of his pen to the cause of William, were unable to procure him the notice of that cold-charactered monarch; and our author was fain to content himself (as his adversary Tutchin asserts) with the humble occupation of a hosier in Freeman's Yard, Cornhill;—wisely considering, that if the court could do without political tracts, the people could not do without stockings.

With the ill fortune, however, attendant upon those men of genius, who cultivate their superior powers to the neglect of that common sense which is requisite to carry a man creditably through this every-day world, De Foe's affairs declined from bad to worse; he spent those hours, which he ought to have devoted to his shop, in a society for the cultivation of polite learning, and he was under the necessity of absconding from his creditors in 1692. One of those creditors, who had less consideration for polite learning, and more irritability than the rest, took out a commission of bankruptcy against him; but, fortunately for our author, this was superseded on the petition of those to whom he was most indebted, and a composition was accepted. This composition he punctually paid by efforts of unwearied diligence; and some of the creditors, whose claims had been thus satisfied, falling into distress themselves, he waited upon them, and paid their debts in full. He was next engaged in carrying on tile-works, on the banks of the Thames, near Tilbury, but with little success; for it was sarcastically said of him, that he did not, "like the Egyptians, require bricks without straw, but, like the Jews, required bricks without paying his labourers." United to his tile-making, our author, stimulated by an active mind and embarrassed circumstances, devised many other schemes, or, as he called them, projects. He wrote many sheets about the English coin; he projected Banks for every county, and Factories for goods; he exhibited a Proposal (very feelingly, no doubt) for a commission of inquiry into bankrupts' estates; he contrived a Pension-office for the relief of the poor, and finished, by publishing a long Essay upon projects themselves.

About this period, (1695,) our author's indefatigable endeavours procured him some notice from the court, and he was appointed accountant to the commissioners for managing the duties on glass. Here also his usual ill luck attended him; he was thrown out of his situation by the suppression of the tax in 1699.

But the time at length arrived when the sun of royal favour was to shine out upon our author's prospects. About the end of 1699, there was published, what De Foe calls, "an horrid pamphlet, in very ill verse, written by one Tutchin, and called *The Foreigners:* in which the author fell personally upon the king, then upon the Dutch nation, and, after having reproached his majesty with crimes, that his worst enemies could not think of without horror, he sums up all in the odious name of *Foreigner.* This filled me with rage against the book, and gave birth to a trifle, which I never could hope should have met with so general an acceptation."

The trifle, which De Foe here alludes to, was his *True-born Englishman ;* a poetical satire on the *Foreigners,* and a defence of King William and the Dutch; of which the sale was great without example, and our author's reward proportionate. He was even admitted to the honour of a personal interview with the king, and became with more ardour than ever a professed partizan of the court. In this composition the satire was strong, powerful, and manly, upbraiding the English Tories for their unreasonable prejudice against foreigners; the rather that there were so many nations blended in the mass now called Englishmen

The verse was rough and mistuned, for De Foe never seems to have possessed an ear for the melody of language, whether in prose or verse. But though wanting the long resounding verse and energy divine of Dryden, he had often masculine expressions and happy turns of thought, not unworthy of the author of *Absalom and Achitophel*, though upon the whole, his style seems rather to have been formed on that of Hall, Oldham, and the elder satirists. The first verses are well known:

> Wherever God erects a House of prayer,
> The Devil always builds a chapel there;
> And 'twill be found upon examination,
> The latter has the largest congregation.

The author's first publication after *The True-born Englishman* was, *The original Power of the Collective Body of the People of England examined and asserted*; next, *An Argument to prove that a standing Army, with consent of Parliament, was not inconsistent with a free Government*; but, as we do not mean to follow De Foe through the career of his politics, and intend only to notice such works as, in their consequences, materially affected his personal situation and affairs, we shall pass to the death of his sovereign and patron, which took place 8th March, 1702.

The accession of Anne having restored the line of Stuart, to whom the politics and conduct of De Foe had been peculiarly obnoxious, our author was shortly reduced, as before, to live on the produce of his wits: and it is perhaps lucky for the world that there is so much truth in the universal outcry against the neglect of living authors; for there seems a certain laziness concomitant with genius, which can only be incited to action by the pressure of necessity. Had William lived, probably the world would never have been delighted with the *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.*

Whether De Foe found politics the most vendible produce of the press, or, like Macbeth, felt himself

> Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er,—

we are yet to learn; but he ventured to reprint his *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*; and to publish several other treatises, which were considered libellous by the Commons; and on the 25th of February, 1702-3, a complaint being made in the House, of a book entitled, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*; and the folios 11—18 and 26 being read, "Resolved, that this book, being full of false and scandalous reflections on this Parliament, and tending to promote sedition, be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, in New Palace-Yard."

Our unfortunate author's political sins were now all mustered in array against him, and a tremendous catalogue they made. He had been the favourite and panegyrist of William; he had fought for Monmouth, and opposed James; he had vindicated the Revolution, and defended the rights of the people; he had bantered, insulted, and offended, the whole Tory leaders of the Commons; and, after all, he could not be quiet, but must republish his most offensive productions.

Thus overpowered, De Foe was obliged to secrete himself; and we are indebted to a very disagreeable circumstance for the following accurate description of his person. A proclamation was issued by the secretaries of state, in January, 1703, in the following terms:

"St James's, Jan. 10, 1702-3.

"Whereas Daniel De Foe, *alias* De Fooe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet, entitled, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*; he is a middle-sized spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown coloured hair, but wears a wig, a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole

But the chief object to which the author directed his mind, was the projection of *The Review.* The publication of this periodical work commenced in 4to, on the 19th February, 1704, and continued at the rate of two numbers a-week, till March, 1705, when an additional weekly number was published, and it was continued every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, till May, 1713, forming in whole nine thick volumes. De Foe was the sole writer. This work treats of foreign and domestic intelligence, politics, and trade; but as our author foresaw that it was not likely to become popular unless amusing, he discusses various other topics, under the head of a *Scandal Club*; Love, Marriage, Poetry, Language, and the prevailing tastes and habits of the times. Neither did these occupations find sufficient employment for his active mind. While he was still in Newgate, (1704,) he published *The Storm*; or a collection of the most remarkable casualties which happened in the tempest, 26th November, 1703. Nor was this work a dry detail of disasters only, De Foe having taken the occasion, with his usual felicity, to inculcate the truths of religion, and the superintendency of Providence.*

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* The following account of this tremendous visitation is extracted from the records of the period.

" November 26. About midnight began the most terrible

About the end of 1704, when, as our author tells us, he lay ruined and friendless in Newgate, without hopes of deliverance, Sir Robert Harley, then Secretary of State, of whom De Foe had no previous personal knowledge, sent a verbal message to him, desiring to know "what he could do for him." Our author, no doubt, made a suitable reply; in consequence of which, Sir Robert took an opportunity to represent to the Queen his present misery, and unmerited sufferings. Anne, however, did not immediately consent to his liberation, but

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storm that had been known in England; the wind W.S.W. attended with flashes of lightning. It uncovered the roofs of many houses and churches, blew down the spires of several steeples and chimneys, tore whole groves of trees up by the roots. The leads of some churches were rolled up like scrolls of parchment, and several vessels, boats, and barges, were sunk in the river of Thames; but the royal navy sustained the greatest damage, being just returned from the Straits; four third-rates, one second-rate, four fourth-rates, and many others of less force, were cast away upon the coast of England, and above fifteen hundred seamen lost, besides those that were cast away in merchant ships. The loss that London alone sustained was computed at one million sterling, and the city of Bristol lost to the amount of two hundred thousand pounds. Among the persons who were drowned was Rear-Admiral Beaumont.

"Upon this calamity the Commons addressed her Majesty, that she would give directions for rebuilding and repairing the royal navy; and that she would make some provision for the families of those seamen that perished in the storm, with which her Majesty complied."

she inquired into the circumstances of his family, and sent, by Lord Godolphin, a considerable sum to his wife. She afterwards, through the same medium, conveyed a sum to himself, equal to the payment of his fine and discharge, and thus bound him eternally to her interest. He was liberated from Newgate the end of 1704, and retired immediately to his family at St Edmund's-Bury. He was not allowed, however, to enjoy the quiet he courted. Booksellers, news-writers, and wits, circulated everywhere reports, that he had fled from justice, and deserted his security. He despised their spite, and resumed his labours; the first fruits of which were, a *Hymn to Victory*, and a *Double Welcome to the Duke of Marlborough*; the subjects for both of which were furnished by the glorious achievements of that general.

Our author now continued his *Review*, and his political pamphleteering, for several years; in the course of which he was subjected to much disquiet, and frequently to danger; but the consciousness of his situation as an English freeholder, and a liveryman of London, united to a considerable degree of resolution and personal courage, enabled him to encounter and overcome the machinations of his enemies. It will scarcely be believed, at this time of day, that, on a journey which his affairs led him to take to the western parts of England, a project was formed to kidnap and send him as a soldier to the army; that the western justices, in the ardour of their party zeal, determined to apprehend him as a vagabond; and that suits were commenced against him in his absence for fictitious debts: Yet all these circumstances De Foe has asserted in his *Review*; and we have not learnt that any attempt was ever made to controvert the truth of his statements.

About this time (1706) a situation occurred, for which our author's abilities were peculiarly fitted. The cabinet of Queen Anne was in want of a person of general commercial knowledge, ready talents, and insinuating manners, to go to Scotland for the purpose of promoting the great measure of the Union. Lord Godolphin determined to employ De Foe; he accordingly carried him to the Queen, by whom our author was graciously received, and in a few days he was sent to Edinburgh. The particular nature of his instructions has never been made public; but on his arrival at Edinburgh, in October, 1706, De Foe was recognised as a character almost diplomatic. We must refer our readers to his *History of the Union*, for the various and interesting particulars of this mission; the detail of which, here, would occupy an extent beyond the limits of our biography.

De Foe appears to have been no great favourite in Scotland, although, while there, he published *Caledonia*, a poem in honour of the nation. He mentions many hair-breadth 'scapes, which, by " his own prudence, and God's providence," he effected; and it is not wonderful, that where almost the whole nation was decidedly averse to the Union, a character like De Foe, sent thither to promote it by all means, direct and indirect, should be regarded with dislike, and even exposed to the danger of assassination. The act for the Union was passed by the Scotch parliament in January, and De Foe returned to London in February, 1707, to write a history of that great international treaty. It is believed that his services were rewarded by a pension from Queen Anne.

During the troublous period which followed, until the conclusion of the war by the treaty of Utrecht, De Foe, wiser by experience, lived quietly at Newington, publishing his Review. He encountered, however, in the fulfilment of this task, much contentious opposition and obloquy, which he manfully resisted and retorted; but, after the political changes, by which his first patron Sir Robert Harley, and next Lord Godolphin, were turned out of power, his pecuniary allowance from the Treasury seems to have ceased, and he was compelled, as before, to launch out as a general writer for the supply of his necessities. The political agitation of the times dictated his subjects; but, unfortunately for De Foe, both Tories and Jacobites, in those days, were such plain matter-of-fact men, that his raillery was misunderstood, and he was arrested, and committed to his old habitation, for several squibs, which were obviously ironical.

The writings on which he was indicted, were two; *What if the Pretender should come?* and, *What if the Queen should die?* “Nothing,” says De Foe, “could be more plain, than that the titles of these are amusements, in order to get the books into the hands of those who had been deluded by the Jacobites.” His explanation would not suffice; he was tried and found guilty, fined in £800, and committed to Newgate. He was now compelled to drop the publication of his *Review*; and it is singular, that he did so while confined in Newgate, the very place in which its idea had first entered his head nine years before.

After lying in jail a few months, he was liberated by the queen's order in November, 1713.

Although thus released, and the innocence of his intentions admitted, if not established, nothing was done for him; and the queen's death, which took place shortly after, (in July, 1714,) left him defenceless to the attacks of his rancorous enemies. "No sooner," says he, "was the queen dead, and the king, as right required, proclaimed, but the rage of men increased upon me to that degree, that their threats were such as I am unable to express; and though I have written nothing since the queen's death, yet a great many things are called by my name, and I bear the answerer's insults." This was the darkest period of our author's life. He had lost his appointment, whatever it was; he had been obliged to give up his *Review*; everything he ventured to publish besides, was received with suspicion, and he was on all hands overborne by faction, injury, and insult. His health declined fast under these unmerited sufferings, but the vigour of his mind remained; and he determined to assert the innocence of his conduct, and to clear his blemished fame. He accordingly published, in 1715, "*An Appeal to Honour and Justice, though it be of his worst Enemies, being a True Account of his Conduct in Public Affairs.*" This work contains a long account and defence of his political conduct from the outset, and a most affecting detail of his sufferings; but the subject had been too much for him. When he reviewed what he had done, and how he had been rewarded; how much he had deserved, and how heavily he had suffered; the ardent spirit of De Foe sunk before the picture, and he was struck with apoplexy before he could finish his work. It was published, nevertheless, by his friends, and the profits of its sale seem to have been the only source of his support. This was the terminating period of our author's political career. He recovered his health, but his mind had changed its tone; and it was now that the history of Selkirk first suggested to him the idea of *Robinson Crusoe.* It has been thought by some to detract from the merit of De Foe, that the idea was not originally his own: but really the story of Selkirk, which had been published a few years before in *Woodes Rogers' Voyage round the World,* appears to have furnished our author with so little beyond the bare idea of a man living upon an uninhabited island, that it seems quite immaterial whether he took his hint from that, or from any other similar story, of which many were then current. In order to enable our readers to judge how very little De Foe has been assisted by Selkirk's narrative, we have extracted the whole from Woodes Rogers' Voyage, and subjoined it to this article.*

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* See Appendix, No. I.

The sale of *Robinson Crusoe* was, as we have already stated, rapid and extensive, and De Foe's profits were commensurate. The work was attacked on all sides by his ancient opponents, whose labours have long since quietly descended with their authors to merited oblivion; but our author, having the public on his side, set them all at defiance; and the same year he published a second volume with equal success. Thus far

> " With steady bark and flowing sail
> He ran before the wind ;"

but, incited by the hope of further profit, and conceiving the theme of Crusoe inexhaustible, he shortly after published *Serious Reflections during the Life of Robinson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelic World.* These Visions and Reflections were well received at the time, although by no means so much in requisition now.

With the return of his good fortune, our author's health was re-established, and the vigour of his mind restored. He published, in 1720, *The Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton*; and finding it safer, it would seem, as well as more profitable, to amuse the public, than to reform them, he continued this course, with little variation, for the remainder of his life.

His subsequent publications, to all of which a considerable degree of popularity was attached, though none of them equalled the reputation of *Robinson Crusoe*, were *The Dumb Philosopher*, *History of Duncan Campbell*, *Remarkable Life of Colonel Jack*, *Fortunate Mistress*, and *New Voyage round the World*.

We are now to take leave of our author, who died in 1731, at the age of 68, in Cripplegate, London, leaving a widow and large family in tolerable circumstances.

That De Foe was a man of powerful intellect and lively imagination, is obvious from his works; that he was possessed of an ardent temper, a resolute courage, and an unwearied spirit of enterprise, is ascertained by the events of his changeful career; and whatever may be thought of that rashness and improvidence, by which his progress in life was so frequently impeded, there seems no reason to withhold from him the praise of as much, nay more, integrity, sincerity, and consistency, than could have been expected in a political author writing for bread, and whose chief protector, Harley, was latterly of a different party from his own. As the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, his fame promises to endure as long as the language in which he wrote.

So far my late regretted friend. But these trifling sketches of literary biography being now collected, it seems injustice to the author of *Robinson Crusoe* to permit his memoirs to be inserted, without a brief attempt to account for that popularity, which, in his principal work at least, has equalled that of any author who ever wrote.

And we must, in the first place, remark, that the fertility of De Foe was astonishing. He wrote on all occasions, and on all subjects, and seemingly had little time for preparation upon the subject in hand, but treated it from the stores which his memory retained of early reading, and such hints as he had caught up in society, not one of which seems to have been lost upon him. A complete list of De Foe's works, notwithstanding the exertions of the late George Chalmers, has not yet been procured, and a perfect collection even of such books as he is well known to have written, can scarce be procured, even by the most active bibliomaniac.* The preceding memoir does not notice one half of his compositions, all, even the meanest of which, have something in them to distinguish them as the works of an extraordinary man. It cannot, therefore, be doubted, that he possessed a powerful memory to furnish him with materials, and a no less copious vein of imagination to weave them up into a web of his own, and supply the rich embroidery which in reality constitutes their chief value. De Foe does not display much acquaintance with classic learning, neither does it appear that his attendance on the Newington seminary had led him deep into the study of ancient languages. His own language is genuine English, often simple even to vulgarity, but always so distinctly impressive, that its very vulgarity had, as we shall presently show, an efficacy, in giving an air of truth or probability to the facts and sentiments it conveys. Exclusive of politics, De Foe's studies led chiefly to those popular narratives, which are the amusement of children and of the lower classes; those accounts of travellers who have visited remote countries; of voyagers who have made discoveries of new lands and strange nations; of pirates and bucaneers who have acquired wealth by their desperate adventures on the ocean. His residence at Limehouse, near the Thames, must have made him acquainted with many of those wild mariners, half privateers, half robbers, whom he must often have heard relate their adventures, and with whose manners and sentiments he thus became intimately acquainted. There is reason to believe, from a passage in his Review, (we have unfortunately mislaid the reference,) that he was acquainted with Dampierre, a mariner whose scientific skill in his profession and power of literary composition were at that time rarely found in his profession, especially among those rough sons of the ocean who acknowledged no peace beyond the Line, and had as natural an enmity to a South-American Spaniard as a greyhound to a hare, and who, though distinguished by the somewhat milder term of bucaneer, were little better than absolute pirates. The English Government, it is well known, were not, however, very active in destroying this class of adventurers while they confined their depredations to the Dutch and Spaniards, and, indeed, seldom disturbed them, if they returned from their roving life, and sat down to enjoy their ill-gotten gains. The courage of these men, the wonderful risks which they incurred, their hair-breadth escapes, and the romantic countries through which they travelled, seem to have had infinite charms for De Foe. He has written several books on this subject, all of which are entertaining, and remarkable for the accuracy with which he personates the character of a bucaneering adventurer. The *New Voyage round the World*, the *Voyages and Piracies of Captain Singleton*, are of this class, and the second part of *Robinson Crusoe* properly belongs to it. De Foe's general acquaintance with nautical affairs has not been doubted, as he is said never to misapply the various sea-phrases, or show an ignorance unbecoming the character under which he wrote. His remarks upon trade, which are naturally mixed with these accounts of foreign parts, might naturally be expected from one whose speculations in every channel of trade had enabled him to write *An Account of Commerce*, and also a work called the *English Tradesman*, from which he appears to have been familiar with foreign countries, their produce, their manners, and government, and whatever rendered it easy or difficult to enter into trade with them. We may therefore conclude that Purchas's Pilgrim, Hackluyt's Voyages, and the other ancient authorities, had been curiously examined by him, as well as those of his friend Dampierre, of Wafer, and others who had been in the South Seas, whether as privateers, or, as it was then called, *Upon the account.*

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* The author has long sought for his poem termed Caledonia, without being able to obtain a sight of it.

Shylock observes, there are land thieves and water thieves; and as De Foe was familiar with the latter, so he was not without some knowledge of the practices and devices of the former. We are afraid we must impute to his long and repeated imprisonments, the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the secrets of thieves and mendicants, their acts of plunder, concealment, and escape. But whatever way he acquired his knowledge of low life, De Foe certainly possessed it in the most extensive sense, and applied it in the composition of several works of fiction in the style termed by the Spaniards *Gusto Picaresco,* of which no man was ever a greater master. This class of the fictitious narrative may be termed the Romance of Roguery, the subjects being the adventures of thieves, rogues, vagabonds, and swindlers, including viragoes and courtezans. The improved taste of the present age has justly rejected this coarse species of amusement, which is, besides, calculated to do an infinite deal of mischief among the lower classes, as it presents in a comic, or even heroic shape, the very crimes and vices to which they are otherwise most likely to be tempted. Nevertheless, the strange and blackguard scenes which De Foe describes, are fit to be compared to the gipsy-boys of the Spanish painter Murillo, which are so justly admired, as being, in truth of conception, and spirit of execution, the very *chef d'œuvres* of art, however low and loathsome the originals from which they are taken. Of this character is the *History of Colonel Jack*, for example, which had an immense popularity among the lower classes; that of *Moll Flanders*, a shoplifter and prostitute; that of *Mrs Christian Davis*, called *Mother Ross*; and that of *Roxana*, as she is termed, a courtezan in higher life. All of these contain strong marks of genius; in the last they are particularly predominant. But from the coarseness of the narrative, and the vice and vulgarity of the actors, the reader feels as a well-principled young man may do, when seduced by some entertaining and dissolute libertine into scenes of debauchery, that, though he may be amused, he must be not a little ashamed of that which furnishes the entertainment. So that, though we could select from these *picaresque* romances a good deal that is not a little amusing, we let them pass by, as we would persons, howsoever otherwise interesting, who may not be in character and manners entirely fit for good society.

A third species of composition, to which the author's active and vigorous genius was peculiarly adapted, was the account of great national convulsions, whether by war, or by the pestilence, or the tempest. These were tales which are sure, when even moderately well told, to arrest the attention, and which, narrated with that impression of reality which De Foe knew so well how to convey, make the hair bristle and the skin creep. In this manner he has written the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, which have been often read and quoted as a real production of a real personage. Born himself almost immediately after the Restoration, De Foe must have known many of those who had been engaged in the civil turmoils of 1642-6, to which the period of these memoirs refers. He must have lived among them at that age when boys, such as we conceive De Foe must necessarily have been, cling to the knees of those who can tell them of the darings and the dangers of their youth, at a period when their own passions, and views of pressing forward in life, have not begun to operate upon their minds, and while they are still pleased to listen to the adventures which others have encountered on that stage, which they themselves have not yet entered upon. The *Memoirs of a Cavalier* have certainly been enriched with some such anecdotes as were likely to fire De Foe's active and powerful imagination, and hint to him in what colours the subject ought to be treated.

The contrast betwixt the soldiers of the celebrated Tilly, and those of the illustrious Gustavus Adolphus, almost seems too minutely drawn to have been executed from anything short of ocular testimony. But De Foe's genius has shown, in this and other instances, how completely he could assume the character he describes.

The troops of Tilly are thus described :—

"I that had seen Tilly's army, and his old weather-beaten soldiers, whose discipline and exercises were so exact, and their courage so often tried, could not look on the Saxon army without some concern for them, when I considered who they had to deal with. Tilly's men were rugged surly fellows, their faces had an air of hardy courage, mangled with wounds and scars, their armour showed the bruises of musket bullets, and the rust of the winter storms. I observed of them their clothes were always dirty, but their arms were clean and bright; they were used to camp in the open fields, and sleep in the frosts and rain; their horses were strong and hardy like themselves, and well taught their exercises; the soldiers knew their business so exactly that general orders were enough; every private man was fit to command, and their wheelings, marchings, countermarchings, and exercise, were done with such order and readiness, that the distinct words of command were hardly of any use among them; they were flushed with victory, and hardly knew what it was to fly."*

The discipline of Gustavus Adolphus is thus favourably contrasted with that of his enemy :—

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* Memoirs of a Cavalier, vol. I. ch. iii.

"When I saw the Swedish troops, their exact discipline, their order, the modesty and familiarity of their officers, and the regular living of the soldiers, their camp seemed a well-ordered city; the meanest countrywoman, with her market-ware, was as safe from violence as in the streets of Vienna. There were no regiments of whores and rogues as followed the imperialists; nor any women in the camp, but such as being known to the provosts to be the wives of the soldiers, who were necessary for washing linen, taking care of the soldiers' clothes, and dressing their victuals.

"The soldiers were well clad, not gay, furnished with excellent arms, and exceeding careful of them; and though they did not seem so terrible as I thought Tilly's men did when I first saw them, yet the figure they made, together with what we had heard of them, made them seem to me invincible; the discipline and order of their marchings, camping, and exercise, was excellent and singular, and which was to be seen in no armies but the king's, his own skill, judgment, and vigilance, having added much to the general conduct of armies then in use."*

When the Great Rebellion broke out in England, in which the supposed author is actively engaged,

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* Memoirs of a Cavalier, vol. I. ch. iv.

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[illegible] parti-

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us, as their opinions happened to differ in religion. For my part, I confess I had not much religion in me at that time; but I thought religion, rightly practised on both sides, would have made us all better friends."*

The *History of the Great Plague in London* is one of that particular class of compositions which hovers between romance and history. Undoubtedly De Foe embodied a number of traditions upon this subject with what he might actually have read, or of which he might otherwise have received direct evidence. The subject is hideous almost to disgust, yet, even had he not been the author of *Robinson Crusoe,* De Foe would have deserved immortality for the genius which he has displayed in this work, as well as in the *Memoirs of a Cavalier.* This dreadful disease, which, in the language of Scripture, might be described as " the pestilence which walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day," was indeed a fit subject for a pencil so veracious as that of De Foe; and, accordingly, he drew pictures almost too horrible to look upon.

It is a wonder how so excellent a subject as the Great Fire of London should have escaped the notice of De Foe, so eager for subjects of a popular character. Yet we can hardly regret this, since besides the verses of Dryden in the *Annus Mirabilis*, the accounts by two contemporaries, Evelyn and Pepys, have sketched it in all its terrible brilliancy.

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* Memoirs of a Cavalier, vol. II. ch. ii.

The Great Storm, which, on 26th November 1703, in Addison's phrase, "o'er pale Britannia pass'd," was seized upon by De Foe as a subject for the exercise of his powers of description. But as it consists in a great measure of letters from the country, wretched pastoral poetry, (for De Foe was only a poet in prose,) and similar buckram and binding used by bookmakers, it does not do the genius of the author the same credit as the works before-named.

A third species of composition, for which this multifarious author showed a strong predilection, was that upon theurgy, magic, ghost-seeing, witchcraft, and the occult sciences. De Foe dwells on such subjects with so much unction, as to leave us little doubt that he was to a certain point a believer in something resembling an immediate communication between the inhabitants of this world, and of that which we shall in future inhabit. He is particularly strong on the subject of secret forebodings, mysterious impressions, bodements of good or evil, which arise in our own mind, but which yet seem impressed there by some external agent, and not to arise from the course of our natural reflections. Perhaps he even acted upon these supposed inspirations; for the following passage plainly refers to his own history, though, whether he speaks for the nonce, or means to be seriously understood, we cannot pretend to judge, though we incline to the latter opinion.

"I know a man who made it his rule always to obey these silent hints, and he has often declared to me, that when he obeyed them, he never miscarried; and if he neglected them, or went on contrary to them, he never succeeded; and gave me a particular case of his own, among a great many others, wherein he was thus directed. He had a particular case befallen him, wherein he was under the displeasure of the government, and was prosecuted for a misdemeanour, and brought to a trial in the King's Bench Court, where a verdict was brought against him, and he was cast; and times running very hard at that time against the party he belonged to, he was afraid to stand the hazard of a sentence, and absconded, taking care to make due provision for his bail, and to pay them whatever they might suffer. In this circumstance he was in great distress, and no way presented unto him but to fly out of the kingdom, which, being to leave his family, children, and employment, was very bitter to him, and he knew not what to do; all his friends advising him not to put himself into the hands of the law, which, though the offence was not capital, yet, in his circumstances, seemed to threaten his utter ruin. In this extremity, he felt one morning, (just as he had awaked, and the thoughts of his misfortune began to return upon him;) I say he felt a strong impulse darting into his mind thus, *Write a letter to them:* It spoke so distinctly to him, and as it were forcibly, that, as he has often said since, he can scarce persuade himself not to believe but that he heard it; but he grants that he did not really hear it, too.

" However, it repeated the words daily and hourly to him, till at length, walking about in his chamber where he was hidden, very pensive and sad, it jogged him again, and he answered aloud to it, as if it had been a voice, *Whom shall I write to?* It returned immediately, *Write to the judge.* This pursued him again for several days, till at length he took his pen, ink, and paper, and sat down to write, but knew not one word of what he should say; but, *Dabitur in hac hora,* he wanted not words. It was immediately impressed on his mind, and the words flowed upon his pen in a manner that even charmed himself, and filled him with expectations of success.

" This letter was so strenuous in argument, so pathetick in its eloquence, and so moving and persuasive, that, as soon as the judge read it, he sent him word he should be easy, for he would endeavour to make that matter light to him, and, in a word, never left till he obtained to stop prosecution, and restore him to his liberty and his family."*

Whatever were De Foe's real sentiments on those mystic subjects, there is no doubt that he was fond of allowing his mind to dwell on them; and, either from his own taste, or because he reckoned them peculiarly calculated to attract the notice of a numerous class of readers, many of his popular publications turn upon supernatural visitation. Thus he wrote "An Essay on the history and reality of Apparitions; being an account of what they are, and what they are not; whence they come, and whence they come not; as also how we may distinguish between the apparitions of good and evil spirits, and how we ought to behave to them." This *Essay on Apparitions* was afterwards published under the name of Morton. De Foe, under the name of John Beaumont, Esq., wrote *A Treatise of Spirits, Apparitions, Witchcraft, and other Magical Practices; containing an Account of Genii*

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* Robinson Crusoe's Vision of the Angelick World, pp. 48, 49, 50. London, 1720.

and Familiar Spirits, &c. In both of these works De Foe's reasoning, if it can be called such, belongs to the Platonic System of Dr Henry More, but is not very consistent either with that or with itself. On the other hand, the examples, or, in other words, the stories of ghosts and magic, with which we are favoured, are remarkably well told, or rather, we should say, composed, and that with an air of perfect veracity, which nobody so well knew how to preserve as our author. To this class of his writings must be added the *Life of Duncan Campbell, the Conjuror and Fortune-teller*, a fellow who pretended to be deaf and dumb, and to tell fortunes, and whose reputation was such at the time, that De Foe thought his name would sell more than one book, and also wrote the *Spy on the Conjuror;* for, pressed by his circumstances to seek out such subjects as were popular for the moment, our author was apt to adhere to those which he had already treated with approbation. Thus, he not only wrote a second part to *Robinson Crusoe*, which is greatly inferior to the first part of that inimitable romance, but he drew a third draft on the popularity which it had acquired him, by a work of the mystical kind to which we have just alluded. This last seems the perfection of book-making. It is termed, *Serious Reflections during the Life of Ro-*

binson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelical World. The contents are, in general, trite enough reflections upon moral subjects; and though Robinson Crusoe's solitary state is sometimes referred to, and the book is ornamented with a bird's-eye view of the memorable island, yet it contains few observations that might not have been made by any shop-keeper living at Charing Cross. Thus may the richest source of genius be exhausted, and the most plentiful flow of invention drained off to the very dregs.

Besides those three several species of romantic fiction, in each of which Daniel De Foe was a copious author, his unwearied pen was also turned to moral and philosophical subjects, to those which relate to the economy of life, to history, and to statistics and descriptive subjects. He wrote *Travels in North and South Britain*; he wrote *a History of the Union*; he wrote an incorrect *History of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the Revolution.* None of these historical works are of much value, except, perhaps, the *History of the Union*, which is little more than a dry journal of what passed in the Scottish Parliament upon that remarkable occasion; yet De Foe must have had an interesting tale to tell, if he had chosen it. But, writing under Harley's patronage, he cramped his genius, probably, to avoid the risk of giving offence to the irritable Scottish nation. Among his numerous political tracts, the most interesting perhaps is, *The History of Addresses*, which, written with great power of sarcasm, places in a ludicrous and contemptible light, that mode of communication between the people and the throne. All must recollect the story of Richard Cromwell, who, in removing from Whitehall, no longer his own, begged that particular care might be taken of a large chest, which contained, he said, "all the lives and fortunes of England," pledged, of course, in support of the Second Protector, by those who now saw him, with the utmost indifference, dragged from the seat of government.

It is not, however, of such political subjects that we have undertaken to treat. The multifarious author whose head imagined, and whose pen executed, such variety of works upon them, that it is a labour even to collect their names, must be now treated of solely in his character of a writer of fictitious composition.

And here, before proceeding to attempt a few observations on *Robinson Crusoe* in particular, it may be necessary to consider what is the particular charm which carries the reader through, not that chef-d'œuvre alone, but others of De Foe's compositions, and inspires a reluctance to lay down the volume till the tale is finished; and the desire, not generally felt in the perusal of works of fiction, to read every sentence and word upon every leaf, instead of catching up as much of the story as may enable us to understand the conclusion.

It cannot be the beauty of the style which thus commands the reader's attention; for that of De Foe, though often forcible, is rather rendered so by the interest of a particular situation than by the art of the writer. In general the language is loose and inaccurate, often tame and creeping, and almost always that of the lower classes in society. Neither does the charm depend upon the character of the incidents; for although in *Robinson Crusoe* the incidents are very fine, yet in the *History of the Plague* the events are disgusting, and scarce less in those works where the scene lies in low life. Yet, like Pistol eating his leek, we go on growling and reading to the end of the volume, while we nod over many a more elegant subject, treated by authors who exhibit a far greater command of language. Neither can it be the artful conducting of the story, by which we are so much interested. De Foe seems to have written too rapidly to pay the least attention to this circumstance; the incidents are huddled together like paving-stones discharged from a cart, and have as little connexion between the one and the other. The scenes merely follow, without at all depending on each other. They are not like those of the regular drama, connected together by a regular commencement, continuation, and conclusion, but rather resemble the pictures in a showman's box, which have no relation further than as being inclosed within the same box, and subjected to the action of the same string.

To what, then, are we to ascribe this general charm attached to the romances of De Foe? We presume to answer, that it is chiefly to be ascribed to the unequalled dexterity with which our author has given an appearance of REALITY to the incidents which he narrates. Even De Foe's deficiencies in style, his homeliness of language, his rusticity of thought, expressive of what is called the *Crassa Minerva*, seem to claim credit for him as one who speaks the truth, the rather that we suppose he wants the skill to conceal or disguise it. The principle is almost too simple to need illustration; and yet, as it seems to include something of a paradox, since in fact it teaches that with the more art a story is told, the less likely it is to attract earnest attention, it may be proved by reference to common life. If we meet with a friend in the street, who tells us a story containing something beyond usual interest, and not of every-day occurrence, our feeling with respect to the truth of the story will be much influenced by the character of the narrator. If he is a man of wit or humour, and places the ludicrous part of the tale in the most prominent point of view, the hearer will be apt to recollect that his friend is a wag, and make some grains of allowance accordingly. On the other hand, supposing the person who communicates the narrative to be of a sentimental or enthusiastic character, with romantic ideas and a store of words to express them, you listen to his tale with a sort of suspicion that it is *too well* told to be truly told, and that though it may be at bottom real, yet it has been embroidered over by the flourishes of the narrator. But if the same fact be told by a man of plain sense, and sufficient knowledge of the world, the minuteness with which he tells the story, mixing up with it a number of circumstances which are not otherwise connected with it, than as existing at the same moment, seems to guarantee the truth of what he says; and the bursts, whether of mirth or of emotion, which accompany the narrative, appear additional warrants of his fidelity, because neither is the usual mood of his mind. You believe, as coming from such a person, that which upon other information you might have thought an imposition, as Benedict credits the report of Beatrice's affection towards him, because "the fellow with the grey beard said it."

In the testimony of such a person upon a subject which is at all interesting, we generally detect some point which ascertains the eye-witness, and some expression which would seem to have only occurred to an individual who had heard and seen the facts to which he speaks. Those who are in the habit of attending courts of justice, during the leading of evidence, frequently hear not only from men or women of observation, but from "iron-witted fools and unrespective boys," such striking circumstances as the following: A horrible murder had been committed by a man upon a person whom he had invited into his house in friendship; they were alone together when the deed was done, and the murderer, throwing on his coat, hastily left the house before the deed was discovered. A child of twelve or thirteen years old gave evidence that she was playing in the under part of the dwelling, and heard the accused person run hastily down stairs, and stumble at the threshold. She said she was very much frightened at the noise she heard; and being asked whether she had ever before thought of being frightened by a man running hurriedly down stairs, she replied no, but the noise then made was like no other she had ever heard before. The poet of the most active imagination would hardly have dared to ascribe such impressive effects to the wild and precipitate retreat of guilt in making its escape from justice. This peculiar effect upon the child's imagination we might have doubted if we had read it in fiction, and yet how striking it becomes, heard from the mouth of the child herself!

It is no doubt true, that, in assuming this peculiar style of narrative, the author does so at a certain risk. He debars himself from the graces of language, and the artifice of narrative; he must sometimes seem prolix, sometimes indistinct and obscure, though possessing occasional points of brilliancy; in which respect his story may resemble some old Catholic towns on the Continent, where the streets are left in general darkness, save at those favoured spots where lamps are kept burning before the altars of particular saints; whereas, a regularly composed narrative represents an English country town, so well lighted throughout, that no particular spot, scarce even the dwelling of Mr Mayor, or the window of the apothecary, can exhibit any glow of peculiar lustre. And certainly it is the last style which should be attempted by a writer of inferior genius; for though it be possible to disguise mediocrity by fine writing, it appears in all its native inanity, when it assumes the garb of simplicity. Besides, this peculiar style of writing requires that the author possess King Fadlallah's secret of transmigrating from one body to another, and possessing himself of all the qualities which he finds in the assumed character, retaining his own taste and judgment to direct them.

Sometimes this is done, by the author avowedly taking upon himself an imaginary personage, and writing according to his supposed feelings and prejudices. What would be the Vicar of Wakefield's history unless told by the kindest and worthiest pedant that ever wore a cassock, namely, the Vicar himself? And what would be the most interesting and affecting, as well as the most comic, passages of *Castle Rackrent*, if narrated by one who had a less regard for " the family" than the immortal Thady, who, while he sees that none of the dynasty which he celebrates were perfectly right, has never been able to puzzle out wherein they were certainly wrong. Mr Galt's country *Provost*, and still more his reverend *Annalist of the Parish*, should be also distinguished in this class. Wordsworth, himself, has assumed, in one of his affecting poems, the character of a sea-faring person retired to settle in the country.

These are, however, all characters of masquerade: We believe that of De Foe was entirely natural to him. The high-born *Cavalier*, for instance, speaks nearly the same species of language, and shows scarce a greater knowledge of society than *Robinson Crusoe;* only he has a cast of the grenadier about him, as the other has the trim of a seaman. It is greatly to be doubted whether De Foe could have changed his colloquial, circuitous, and periphrastic style for any other, whether more coarse or more elegant. We have little doubt it was connected with his nature, and the particular turn of his thoughts and ordinary expressions, and that he did not succeed so much by writing in an assumed manner, as by giving full scope to his own.

The subject is so interesting, that it is worth while examining it a little more closely; with which view we have reprinted, as illustrating our commentary on what may be called the *plausible* style of composition, " The True History of the Apparition of one Mrs Veal the next day after her Death, to one Mrs Bargrave, at Canterbury, the eighth of September 1705, which Apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolation against the Fears of Death." We are induced to this, because the account of the origin of the pamphlet is curious, the pamphlet itself short, and, though once highly popular, now little read or known, and particularly because De Foe has put in force, within these few pages, peculiar specimens of his art of recommending the most improbable narrative, by his specious and serious mode of telling it.

An adventurous bookseller had ventured to print a considerable edition of a work by the Reverend Charles Drelincourt, minister of the Calvinist Church in Paris, and translated by M. D'Assigny, under the title of the "Christian's Defence against the Fear of Death, with several directions how to prepare ourselves to die well." But however certain the prospect of death, it is not so agreeable (unfortunately) as to invite the eager contemplation of the public; and Drelincourt's book, being neglected, lay a dead stock on the hands of the publisher. In this emergency, he applied to De Foe to assist him, (by dint of such means as were then, as well as now, pretty well understood in the literary world,) in rescuing the unfortunate book from the literary death to which general neglect seemed about to consign it.

De Foe's genius and audacity devised a plan, which, for assurance and ingenuity, defied even the powers of Mr Puff in the *Critic;* for who but himself would have thought of summoning up a ghost from the grave to bear witness in favour of a halting body of divinity? There is a matter-of-fact, business-like style in the whole account of the transaction, which bespeaks ineffable powers of self-possession. The narrative is drawn up "by a gentleman, a *Justice of Peace* at Maidstone, in Kent, a very intelligent person." And, moreover, "the discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which Mrs Bargrave lives." The Justice believes his kinswoman to be of so discerning a spirit, as not to be put upon by any fallacy—and the kinswoman positively assures the Justice, "that the whole matter, as it is related and laid down, is really true, and what she herself heard, as near as may be, from Mrs Bargrave's own mouth, who, she knows, had no reason to invent or publish such a story, or any design to forge and tell a lie, being a woman of so much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course, as it were, of piety." Scepticism itself could not resist this triple court of evidence so artfully combined, the Justice attesting for the discerning spirit of the sober and understanding gentlewoman his kinswoman, and his kinswoman becoming bail for the veracity of Mrs Bargrave. And here, gentle reader, admire the simplicity of those days. Had Mrs Veal's visit to her friend happened in our time, the conductors of the daily press would have given the word, and seven gentlemen unto the said press belonging, would, with an obedient start, have made off for Kingston, for Canterbury, for Dover,—for Kamtschatka if necessary,—to pose the Justice, cross-examine Mrs Bargrave, confront the sober and understanding kinswoman, and dig Mrs Veal up from her grave, rather than not get to the bottom of the story. But in our time we doubt and scrutinize; our ancestors wondered and believed.

Before the story is commenced, the understanding gentlewoman, (not the Justice of Peace,) who is the reporter, takes some pains to repel the objections made against the story by some of the friends of Mrs Veal's brother, who consider the marvel as an aspersion on their family, and do what they can to laugh it out of countenance. Indeed, it is allowed, with admirable impartiality, that Mr Veal is too much of a gentleman to suppose Mrs Bargrave invented the story—scandal itself could scarce have supposed that—although one notorious liar, who is chastised towards the conclusion of the story, ventures to throw out such an insinuation. No reasonable or respectable person, however, could be found to countenance the suspicion, and Mr Veal himself opined that Mrs Bargrave had been driven crazy by a cruel husband, and dreamed the whole story of the apparition. Now all this is sufficiently artful. To have vouched the fact as universally known, and believed by every one, *nem. con.*, would not have been half so satisfactory to a sceptic as to allow fairly that the narrative had been impugned, and hint at the character of one of those sceptics, and the motives of another, as sufficient to account for their want of belief. Now to the fact itself.

Mrs Bargrave and Mrs Veal had been friends in youth, and had protested their attachment should last as long as they lived; but when Mrs Veal's brother obtained an office in the customs at Dover, some cessation of their intimacy ensued, "though without any positive quarrel." Mrs Bargrave had removed to Canterbury, and was residing in a house of her own, when she was suddenly interrupted by a visit from Mrs Veal, as she was sitting in deep contemplation of certain distresses of her own. The visitor was in a riding-habit, and announced herself as prepared for a distant journey, (which seems to intimate that spirits have a considerable distance to go before they arrive at their appointed station, and that the females at least put on a *habit* for the occasion.) The spirit, for such was the seeming Mrs Veal, continued to wave the ceremony of salutation, both in going and coming, which will remind the reader of a ghostly lover's reply to his mistress in the fine old Scottish ballad:

Why should I come within thy bower ?
  I am no earthly man ;
And should I kiss thy rosy lips,
  Thy days would not be lang.

They then began to talk in the homely style of middle-aged ladies, and Mrs Veal proses concerning the conversations they had formerly held, and the books they had read together. Her very recent experience probably led Mrs Veal to talk of death, and the books written on the subject, and she pronounced, *ex cathedrâ*, as a dead person was best entitled to do, that " Drelincourt's book on death was the best book on the subject ever written." She also mentioned Dr Sherlock, two Dutch books which had been translated, and several others; but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and the future state of any who had handled that ubject. She then asked for the work [we marvel the edition and impress had not been mentioned,] and lectured on it with great eloquence and affection. Dr Kenrick's *Ascetick* was also mentioned with approbation by this critical spectre [the Doctor's work was no doubt a tenant of the shelf in some favourite publisher's shop]; and Mr Norris's *Poem on Friendship*, a work which, I doubt
honoured with a ghost's approbation,

seek for as vainly as Correlli tormented his memory to recover the sonata which the devil played to him in a dream. Presently after, from former habits we may suppose, the guest desires a cup of tea; but, bethinking herself of her new character, escapes from her own proposal by recollecting that Mr Bargrave was in the habit of breaking his wife's china. It would have been indeed strangely out of character if the spirit had lunched, or breakfasted upon tea and toast. Such a consummation would have sounded as ridiculous as if the statue of the Commander in *Don Juan* had not only accepted of the invitation of the libertine to supper, but had also committed a beef-steak to his flinty jaws and stomach of adamant. A little more conversation ensued of a less serious nature, and tending to show that even the passage from life to death leaves the female anxiety about person and dress somewhat alive. The ghost asked Mrs Bargrave whether she did not think her very much altered, and Mrs Bargrave of course complimented her on her good looks. Mrs Bargrave also admired the gown which Mrs Veal wore, and as a mark of her perfectly restored confidence, the spirit let her into the important secret, that it was a *scoured silk,* and lately made up. She informed her also of another secret, namely, that one Mr Bretton had allowed her ten pounds a-year; and, lastly, she requested that Mrs Bargrave would write to her brother, and tell him how to distribute her mourning rings, and mentioned there was a purse of gold in her cabinet. She expressed some wish to see Mrs Bargrave's daughter; but when that good lady went to the next door to seek her, she found on her return the guest leaving the house. She had got without the door, in the street, in the face of the beast market, on a Saturday, which is market day, and stood ready to part. She said she must be going, as she had to call upon her cousin Watson, (this appears to be a *gratis dictum* on the part of the ghost,) and, maintaining the character of mortality to the last, she quietly turned the corner, and walked out of sight.

Then came the news of Mrs Veal's having died the day before at noon. Says Mrs Bargrave, "I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours." And in comes Captain Watson, and says Mrs Veal was certainly dead. And then come all the pieces of evidence, and especially the striped silk gown. Then Mrs Watson cried out, "You have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs Veal and I that that gown was scoured;" and she cried that the gown was described exactly, for, said she, "I helped her to make it up." And next we have the silly attempts made to discredit the history. Even Mr Veal, her brother, was obliged to allow that the gold was found, but with a difference, and pretended it was not found in a cabinet, but elsewhere; and, in short, we have all the gossip of *says I*, and *thinks I*, and *says she*, and *thinks she*, which disputed matters usually excite in a country town.

When we have thus turned the tale, the seam without, it may be thought too ridiculous to have attracted notice. But whoever will read it as told by De Foe himself, will agree that, could the thing have happened in reality, so it would have been told. The sobering the whole supernatural visit into the language of middle or low life, gives it an air of probability even in its absurdity. The ghost of an exciseman's housekeeper, and a seamstress, were not to converse like Brutus with his Evil Genius. And the circumstances of scoured silks, broken tea-china, and such like, while they are the natural topics of such persons' conversation, would, one might have thought, be the last which an inventor would have introduced into a pretended narrative betwixt the dead and living. In short, the whole is so distinctly circumstantial, that, were it not for the impossibility, or extreme improbability at least, of such an occurrence, the evidence could not but support the story.

The effect was most wonderful. *Drelincourt upon Death*, attested by one who could speak from experience, took an unequalled run. The copies had hung on the bookseller's hands as heavy as a pile of lead bullets. They now traversed the town in every direction, like the same balls discharged from a field-piece. In short, the object of Mrs Veal's apparition was perfectly attained.

The air of writing with all the plausibility of truth must, in almost every case, have its own peculiar value; as we admire the paintings of some Flemish artists, where, though the subjects drawn are mean and disagreeable, and such as in nature we would not wish to study or look close upon, yet the skill with which they are represented by the painter gives an interest to the imitation upon canvass which the original entirely wants. But, on the other hand, when the power of exact and circumstantial delineation is applied to objects which we are anxiously desirous to see in their proper shape and colours, we have a double source of pleasure, both in the art of the painter, and in the interest which we take in the subject represented. Thus the style of probability with which De Foe invested his narratives, was perhaps ill bestowed, or rather wasted, upon some of the works which he thought proper to produce, and cannot recommend to us the subject of *Colonel Jack* and *Moll Flanders*; but, on the other hand, the same talent throws an air of truth about the delightful history of *Robinson Crusoe*, which we never could have believed it possible to have united with so extraordinary a situation as is assigned to the hero. All the usual scaffolding and machinery employed in composing fictitious history are carefully discarded. The early incidents of the tale, which in ordinary works of invention are usually thrown out as pegs to hang the conclusion upon, are in this work only touched upon, and suffered to drop out of sight. Robinson, for example, never hears anything more of his elder brother, who enters Lockhart's Dragoons in the beginning of the work, and who, in any common romance, would certainly have appeared before the conclusion. We lose sight at once and for ever of the interesting Xury; and the whole earlier adventures of our voyager vanish, not to be recalled to our recollection by the subsequent course of the story. His father—the good old merchant of Hull—all the other persons who have been originally active in the drama—vanish from the scene, and appear not again. This is not the case in the ordinary romance, where the author, however luxuriant his invention, does not willingly quit possession of the creatures of his imagination, till they have rendered him some services upon the scene; whereas in common life, it rarely happens that our early acquaintances exercise much influence upon the fortunes of our future life.

Our friend Robinson, thereafter, in the course of his roving and restless life, is at length thrown upon his Desert Island, a situation in which, existing as a solitary being, he became an example of what the unassisted energies of an individual of the human race can perform; and the author has, with wonderful exactness, described him as acting and thinking precisely as such a man must have thought and acted in such an extraordinary situation.

Pathos is not De Foe's general characteristic; he had too little delicacy of mind; when it comes, it comes uncalled, and is created by the circumstances, not sought for by the author. The excess, for instance, of the natural longing for human society which Crusoe manifests while on board of the stranded Spanish vessel, by falling into a sort of agony, as he repeated the words, "Oh, that but one man had been saved!—Oh, that there had been but one!" is in the highest degree pathetic. The agonizing reflections of the solitary, when he is in danger of being driven to sea, in his rash attempt to circumnavigate his island, are also affecting.

In like manner we may remark, that De Foe's genius did not approach the grand or terrific. The battles, which he is fond of describing, are told with the indifference of an old bucaneer, and probably in the very way in which he may have heard them recited by the actors. His goblins, too, are generally a common-place sort of spirits, that bring with them very little of supernatural terror; and yet the fine incident of the print of the naked foot on the sand, with *Robinson Crusoe*'s terrors in consequence, never fail to leave a powerful impression upon the reader.

The supposed situation of his hero was peculiarly favourable to the circumstantial style of De Foe. *Robinson Crusoe* was placed in a condition where it was natural that the slightest event should make an impression on him; and De Foe was not an author who would leave the slightest event untold. When he mentions that two shoes were driven ashore, and adds that they were not neighbours, we feel it an incident of importance to the poor solitary.

The assistance which De Foe derived from Selkirk's history, seems of a very meagre kind. It is not certain that he was obliged to the real hermit of Juan Fernandez even for the original hint; for the putting mutineers or turbulent characters on shore upon solitary places, was a practice so general among the bucaneers, that there was a particular name for the punishment; it was called *marooning* a man. De Foe borrowed, perhaps, from the account in Woodes Rogers, the circumstance of the two huts, the abundance of goats, the clothing made out of their skins; and the turnips of Alexander Selkirk may have perhaps suggested the corn of Robinson Crusoe. Even these incidents, however, are so wrought up and heightened, and so much is added to make them interesting, that the bare circumstances occurring elsewhere, cannot be said to infringe upon the author's claim to originality. On the whole, indeed, Robinson Crusoe is put to so many more trials of ingenuity, his comforts are so much increased, his solitude is so much diversified, and his account of his thoughts and occupations so distinctly traced, that the course of the work embraces a far wider circle of investigation into human nature, than could be derived from that of Selkirk, who, for want of the tools and conveniences supplied to Crusoe by the wreck, relapses into a sort of savage state, which could have afforded little scope for delineation. It may, however, be observed, that De Foe may have known so much of Selkirk's history, as to be aware how much his stormy passions were checked and tamed by his long course of solitude, and that, from being a kind of Will Atkins, a brawling dissolute seaman, he became (which was certainly the case) a grave, sober, reflective man. The manner in which Robinson Crusoe's moral sense and religious feeling are awakened and brought into action, are important passages in the work.*

Amid these desultory remarks, it may be noticed, that, through all his romances, De Foe has made a great deal of the narrative depend upon lucky hits and accidents, which, as he is usually at some pains to explain, ought rather to be termed providential occurrences. This is coupled with a belief in spiritual communication in the way of strong internal suggestions, to which De Foe, as we have seen, was himself sufficiently willing to yield belief. Odd and surprising accidents do, indeed, frequently occur in human life; and when we hear them narrated, we are interested in them, not only from the natural tendency of the human mind towards the extraordinary and wonderful, but also because we have some disposition to receive as truths circumstances, which, from their improbability, do not seem likely to be invented. It is the kind of good fortune, too, which every one wishes to himself, which comes without exertion, and just at the moment it is wanted; so that it gives a sort of pleasure to be reminded of the possibility of its arrival even in fiction.

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* We should say more on this subject, were it not that Mr Howel, of Edinburgh, a person every way qualified for the task, has collected several particulars concerning the history of Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, which he designs shortly to lay before the public.

The continuation of *Robinson Crusoe's* history, after he obtains the society of his man Friday, is less philosophical than that which turns our thoughts upon the efforts which a solitary individual may make for extending his own comforts in the melancholy situation in which he is placed, and upon the natural reflections suggested by the progress of his own mind. The character of Friday is nevertheless extremely pleasing; and the whole subsequent history of the shipwrecked Spaniards and the pirate vessel is highly interesting. Here certainly the Memoirs of *Robinson Crusoe* ought to have stopped. The Second Part, though containing many passages which display the author's genius, does not rise high in character above the *Memoirs of Captain Singleton*, or the other imaginary voyages of the author.

There scarce exists a work so popular as *Robinson Crusoe.* It is read eagerly by young people; and there is hardly an elf so devoid of imagination as not to have supposed for himself a solitary island in which he could act *Robinson Crusoe*, were it but in the corner of the nursery. To many it has given the decided turn of their lives, by sending them to sea. For the young mind is much less struck with the hardships of the anchorite's situation than with the animating exertions which he makes to overcome them; and *Robinson Crusoe* produces the same impression upon an adventurous spirit which the *Book of Martyrs* would do on a young devotee, or the *Newgate Calendar* upon an acolyte of Bridewell; both of which students are less terrified by the horrible manner in which the tale terminates, than animated by sympathy with the saints or depredators who are the heroes of their volume. Neither does a re-perusal of *Robinson Crusoe*, at a more advanced age, diminish our early impressions. The situation is such as every man may make his own, and, being possible in itself, is, by the exquisite art of the narrator, rendered as probable as it is interesting. It has the merit, too, of that species of accurate painting which can be looked at again and again with new pleasure.

Neither has the admiration of the work been confined to England, though Robinson Crusoe himself, with his rough good sense, his prejudices, and his obstinate determination not to sink under evils which can be surpassed by exertion, forms no bad specimen of the True-Born Englishman. The rage for imitating a work so popular seems to have risen to a degree of frenzy; and, by a mistake not peculiar to this particular class of the *servum pecus*, the imitators did not attempt to apply De Foe's manner of managing the narrative to some situation of a different kind, but seized upon and caricatured the principal incidents of the shipwrecked mariner and the solitary island. It is computed that within forty years from the appearance of the original work, no less than forty-one different *Robinsons* appeared, besides fifteen other imitations, in which other titles were used. Finally, though perhaps it is no great recommendation, the anti-social philosopher Rousseau will allow no other book than *Robinson Crusoe* in the hands of Emilius. Upon the whole, the work is as unlikely to lose its celebrity as it is to be equalled in its peculiar character by any other of similar excellence.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

SOME ACCOUNT OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

Woodes Rogers, who relieved Selkirk from his solitude, was commodore of a commercial expedition round the world, which sailed February 1709, and returned to Britain 1711. A project for the re-settlement of the Bahama Islands having been submitted to Mr Addison (then secretary of state) in 1717, the measure was determined on, and Rogers was appointed to head the expedition. He died governor of those islands in 1732. The following is the account he gives of his meeting, off the island of Juan Fernandez, with Alexander Selkirk:—

"On February 1st, 1709, we came before the island of Juan Fernandez, having had a good observation the day before, and found our latitude to be 34 degrees 10 minutes south. In the afternoon, we hoisted out our pinnace; and Captain Dover, with the boat's crew, went in her to go ashore, though we could not be less than four leagues off. As soon as the pinnace was gone, I went on board the Duchess, who admired our boat attempting going ashore at that distance from land. It was against my inclination: but to oblige Captain Dover, I let her go. As soon as it was dark, we saw a light ashore. Our boat was then about a league off the island, and bore away for the ships as soon as she saw the lights. We put our lights aboard for the boat, though some were of opinion, the lights we saw were our boat's lights; but, as night came on, it appeared too large for that. We fired our quarter-deck gun and several muskets, showing lights in our mizen and foreshrouds, that our boat might find us whilst we were in the lee of the island: About two in the morning our boat came on board, having been two hours on board the Duchess, that took them up astern of us; we were glad they got well off, because it began to blow. We were all convinced the light long grass, and lined them with the skins of goats, which he killed with his gun as he wanted, so long as his powder lasted, which was but a pound; and that being almost spent, he got fire by rubbing two sticks of pimento wood together upon his knee. In the lesser hut, at some distance from the other, he dressed his victuals; and in the larger he slept, and employed himself in reading, singing psalms, and praying; so that he said, he was a better Christian, while in this solitude, than ever he was before, or than, he was afraid, he should ever be again.

"At first he never ate anything till hunger constrained him, partly for grief, and partly for want of bread and salt: Nor did he go to bed, till he could watch no longer; the pimento wood, which burnt very clear, served him both for fire and candle, and refreshed him with its fragrant smell. He might have had fish enough, but would not eat them for want of salt, because they occasioned a looseness, except cray-fish, which are as large as our lobsters, and very good: These he sometimes boiled, and at other times broiled; as he did his goats' flesh, of which he made very good broth, for they are not so rank as ours. He kept an account of 500 that he killed while there, and caught as many more, which he marked on the ear, and let go. When his powder failed, he took them by speed of foot; for his way of living, continual exercise of walking and running, cleared him of all gross humours; so that he ran with wonderful swiftness through the woods, and up the rocks and hills, as we perceived when we employed him to catch goats for us: We had a bull dog, which we sent with several of our nimblest runners, to help him in catching goats; but he distanced and tired both the dog and the men, caught the goats, and brought them to us on his back.

"He told us, that his agility in pursuing a goat had [illegible] to have cost him his life; he pursued it with so [illegible] that he catched hold of it on the brink of a precipice, [illegible] he was not aware, the bushes hiding it from him; [illegible] with the goat down the precipice, a great height, [illegible] ned and bruised with the fall, that he [illegible] life; and, when he came to his senses, [illegible] der him: He lay there about twenty-[illegible] able to crawl to his hut, which was about a mile distant, or to stir abroad again in ten days.

"He came at last to relish his meat well enough without salt or bread; and, in the season, had plenty of good turnips, which had been sowed there by Captain Dampier's men, and have now overspread some acres of ground. He had enough of good cabbage from the cabbage-trees, and seasoned his meat with the fruit of the pimento-trees, which is the same as Jamaica pepper, and smells deliciously. He found also a black pepper, called Malageta, which was very good to expel wind, and against griping in the guts.

"He soon wore out all his shoes and clothes by running in the woods; and, at last, being forced to shift without them, his feet became so hard, that he ran everywhere without difficulty; and it was some time before he could wear shoes after we found him; for, not being used to any so long, his feet swelled, when he came first to wear them again.

"After he had conquered his melancholy, he diverted himself sometimes with cutting his name on the trees, and the time of his being left, and continuance there. He was at first much pestered with cats and rats, that bred in great numbers, from some of each species which had got ashore from ships that put in there to wood and water. The rats gnawed his feet and clothes whilst asleep, which obliged him to cherish the cats with his goats' flesh, by which many of them became so tame, that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from the rats. He likewise tamed some kids; and, to divert himself, would, now and then, sing and dance with them, and his cats: So that by the favour of Providence, and vigour of his youth, being now but thirty years old, he came, at last, to conquer all the inconveniences of his solitude, and to be very easy.

"When his clothes were worn out, he made himself a coat and a cap of goat-skins, which he stitched together with little thongs of the same, that he cut with his knife. He had no other needle but a nail; and when his knife was worn to the back, he made others, as well as he could, of some iron hoops that were left ashore, which he beat thin, and ground upon stones. Having some linen-cloth by him, he sewed him some shirts with a nail, and stitched them with the worsted of his old stockings, which he pulled out on purpose. He had his last shirt on when we found him in the island.

"At his first coming on board us, he had so much forgot his language, for want of use, that we could scarce understand him; for he seemed to speak his words by halves. We offered him a dram; but he would not touch it, having drank nothing but water since his being there; and it was some time before he could relish our victuals. He could give us an account of no other product of the island than what we have mentioned, except some black plums, which are very good, but hard to come at; the trees which bear them growing on high mountains and rocks. Pimento trees are plenty here; and we saw some of sixty feet high, and about two yards thick; and cotton trees higher, and near four fathoms round in the stock. The climate is so good, that the trees and grass are verdant all the year round. The winter lasts no longer than June and July, and is not then severe, there being only a small frost, and a little hail; but sometimes great rains. The heat of the summer is equally moderate; and there is not much thunder, or tempestuous weather of any sort. He saw no venomous or savage creature on the island; nor any sort of beasts but goats, the first of which had been put ashore here, on purpose for a breed, by Juan Fernandez, a Spaniard, who settled there with some families, till the continent of Chili began to submit to the Spaniards; which, being more profitable, tempted them to quit this island, capable, however, of maintaining a good number of people, and being made so strong, that they could not be easily dislodged from thence."

We are indebted for the following additional particulars, respecting the life and fate of this singular character, to the research of the late A. Gibson Hunter, Esq. of Balskelly, in Scotland; who, we believe, was in possession of his will, and some other curious relics. Through this gentleman we learn, that Selkirk was born at Largo in Fife, in the year 1676, where he possessed some trifling landed property. When young, he manifested a violent and turbulent disposition, which was not probably improved during his bucaneering trips, but received a sudden and permanent check by his solitary confinement on this desolate island. He went mate with Captain Stradling, in the Cinque Ports, on a trading voyage round the world, in 1704. In the course of which, a difference arising betwixt him and his captain, the causes of which must now remain for ever unexplained, Selkirk, with all the hardihood of the seaman's character, desired to be landed on the island of Fernandez. Here he remained in perfect solitude, existing, as he has described himself, until discovered by Captain Rogers. Selkirk died on board a king's ship, the Weymouth, of which he was mate, in 1723; leaving his effects, by will, to sundry "loving female friends," with whom he had contracted intimacies in the course of his peregrinations. His chest, his gun, and his drinking cup, the last made of a cocoa nut shell, are, or were till lately, the property of his descendants at Largo.

No. II.

A true Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs Veal, the next day after her death, to one Mrs Bargrave, at Canterbury, the eighth of September, 1705, *which Apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the fears of Death.*

The Preface.—This relation is matter of fact, and attended with such circumstances as may induce any reasonable man to believe it. It was sent by a gentleman, a Justice of Peace at Maidstone, in Kent, and a very intelligent person, to his friend in London, as it is here worded; which discourse is attested by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman, a kinswoman of the said gentleman's, who lives in Canterbury, within a few doors of the house in which the within-named Mrs Bargrave lives; who believes his kinswoman to be of so discerning a spirit, as not to be put upon by any fallacy; and who positively assured him that the whole matter, as it is related and laid down, is really true, and what she herself had in the same words, (as near as may be,) from Mrs Bargrave's own mouth, who she knows had no reason to invent and publish such a story, or any design to forge and tell a lie; being a woman of much honesty and virtue, and her whole life a course as it were of piety. The use which we ought to make of it is, to consider, that there is a life to come after this, and a just God who will retribute to every one according to the deeds done in the body; and therefore to reflect upon our past course of life we have led in the world; that our time is short and uncertain; and that, if we would escape the punishment of the ungodly, and receive the reward of the righteous, which is the laying hold of eternal life, we ought for the time to come, to return to God by a speedy repentance, ceasing to do evil, and learning to do well, to seek after God early, if haply he may be found of us, and lead such lives for the future, as may be well-pleasing in his sight.

A RELATION OF THE APPARITION OF MRS VEAL.

This thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my reading and conversation has not given me anything like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs Veal appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation, for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance. Though since this relation, she is calumniated by some people that are friends to the brother of Mrs Veal, who appeared; who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs Bargrave, notwithstanding the ill usage of a very wicked husband, there is not yet the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been a witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now, you must know Mrs Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her by her going off from her discourse very abruptly to some impertinence. She was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man, to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null and quash the story. Mrs Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs Veal's circumstances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships. And Mrs Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted neither for food nor clothing, while Mrs Veal wanted for both; insomuch that she would often say, "Mrs Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only, friend I have in the world; and no circumstance of life shall ever dissolve my friendship." They would often condole each other's adverse fortunes, and read together Drelincourt upon Death, and other good books; and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after, Mr Veal's friends got him a place in the Custom House, at Dover, which occasioned Mrs Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs Bargrave, though there was never any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at last Mrs Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half, though above a twelvemonth of the time Mrs Bargrave hath been absent from Dover, and this last half year, has been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

In this house, on the eighth of September, one thousand seven hundred and five, she was sitting alone in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence, though her condition seemed hard: "And," said she, "I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still; and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end when it is most fit for me." And then took up her sewing work, which she had no sooner done, but she hears a knocking at the door; she went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding habit: At that moment of time, the clock struck twelve at noon.

"Madam," says Mrs Bargrave, "I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger;" but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her, which Mrs Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched, and then Mrs Veal drew her hand across her own eyes, and said, "I am not very well," and so waved it. She told Mrs Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first. "But," says Mrs Bargrave, "how can you take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have a fond brother."—"Oh," says Mrs Veal, "I gave my brother the slip, and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey." So Mrs Bargrave went in with her into another room within the first, and Mrs Veal sat her down in an elbow chair, in which Mrs Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs Veal knock. "Then," says Mrs Veal, "my dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are the best of women."—"Oh," says Mrs Bargrave, "do not mention such a thing; I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it."—"What did you think of me?" said Mrs Veal. Says Mrs Bargrave, "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me." Then Mrs Veal reminded Mrs Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did her in former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelincourt's Book of Death, which was the best, she said, on the subject ever wrote. She also mentioned Doctor Sherlock, and two Dutch books, which were translated, wrote upon death, and several others. But Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death, and of the future state, of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt? She said, "Yes." Says Mrs Veal, "Fetch it." And so Mrs Bargrave goes up stairs, and brings it down. Says Mrs Veal, " Dear Mrs Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of Heaven now, are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says; therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favour; and when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings. For I can never believe (and claps her hand upon her knee with great earnestness, which, indeed, ran through most of her discourse) that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state. But be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time." She spake in that pathetical and heavenly manner, that Mrs Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs Veal mentioned Dr Kenrick's *Ascetick*, at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said, " Their conversation was not like this of our age. For now," says she, " there is nothing but vain frothy discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith, so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were. But," said she, " we ought to do as they did; there was an hearty friendship among them; but where is it now to be found?" Says Mrs Bargrave, " It is hard indeed to find a true friend in these days." Says Mrs Veal, " Mr Norris has a fine copy of verses, called Friendship in Perfection, which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the book?" says Mrs Veal. " No," says Mrs Bargrave; " but I have the verses of my own writing out."—" Have you?" says Mrs Veal; " then fetch them;" which she did from above stairs, and offered them to Mrs Veal to read, who refused, and waved the thing, saying, " holding down her head would make it ach;" and then desiring Mrs Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring Friendship, Mrs Veal said, "Dear Mrs Bargrave, I shall love you for ever." In these verses there is twice used the word "Elysian."—"Ah!" says Mrs Veal, "these poets have such names for Heaven!" She would often draw her hand across her own eyes, and say, "Mrs Bargrave, do not you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?" "No," says Mrs Bargrave, "I think you look as well as ever I knew you."

After this discourse, which the apparition put in much finer words than Mrs Bargrave said she could pretend to, and as much more than she can remember, (for it cannot be thought that an hour and three quarters' conversation could all be retained, though the main of it she thinks she does,) she said to Mrs Bargrave she would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him she would have him give rings to such and such; and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson.

Talking at this rate, Mrs Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself on a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits should occasion it; for the elbow chair, she thought, would keep her from falling on either side. And to divert Mrs Veal, as she thought, took hold of her gown sleeve several times, and commended it. Mrs Veal told her it was a scoured silk, and newly made up. But for all this, Mrs Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs Bargrave she must not deny her. And she would have her tell her brother all their conversation when she had opportunity. "Dear Mrs Veal," says Mrs Bargrave, "this seems so impertinent, that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman! Why," says Mrs Bargrave, "it is much better, methinks, to do it yourself."—"No," says Mrs Veal, "though it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reasons for it hereafter." Mrs Bargrave, then, to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink, but Mrs Veal said, "Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it;" which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting, and so she promised her.

Then Mrs Veal asked for Mrs Bargrave's daughter; she said she was not at home; "but if you have a mind to see her," says Mrs Bargrave, "I'll send for her."—"Do," says Mrs Veal; on which she left her, and went to a neighbour's to see her; and by the time Mrs Bargrave was returning, Mrs Veal was got without the door, in the street, in the face of the beast-market, on a Saturday, (which is market day,) and stood ready to part as soon as Mrs Bargrave came to her. She asked her why she was in such haste. She said she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey till Monday; and told Mrs Bargrave she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watson's, before she went whither she was going. Then she said, she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs Bargrave, in her view till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' senses before her death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs Veal's appearance, being Sunday, Mrs Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sends a person to Captain Watson's, to know if Mrs Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer, Mrs Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name, or made some blunder. And though she was ill, she put on her hood, and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs Bargrave, "I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours." They said it was impossible, for they must have seen her if she had. In comes Captain Watson, while they were in dispute, and said that Mrs Veal was certainly dead, and the escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs Bargrave, when she sent to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family; and what gown she had on, and how striped; and that

Mrs Veal told her it was scoured. Then Mrs Watson cried out, "You have seen her indeed, for none knew, but Mrs Veal and myself, that the gown was scoured." And Mrs Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; "for," said she, "I helped her to make it up." This Mrs Watson blased all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs Bargrave's seeing Mrs Veal's apparition. And Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs Bargrave's house, to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it spread so fast, that gentlemen, and persons of quality, the judicious and sceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a task, that she was forced to go out of the way; for they were in general extremely satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs Bargrave was no hypochondriack, for she always appears with such a cheerful air, and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favour and esteem of all the gentry: and it is thought a great favour if they can but get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before, that Mrs Veal told Mrs Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs Bargrave, "How came you to order matters so strangely?"—"It could not be helped," said Mrs Veal. And her brother and sister did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs Veal was expiring. Mrs Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea. Says Mrs Veal, "I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant you this mad fellow (meaning Mrs Bargrave's husband) has broke all your trinkets."—"But," says Mrs Bargrave, "I'll get something to drink in for all that;" but Mrs Veal waved it, and said, "It is no matter; let it alone:" and so it passed.

All the time I sate with Mrs Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs Bargrave, that old Mr Bretton allowed Mrs Veal ten pounds a-year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs Bargrave till Mrs Veal told her.

Mrs Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in the neighbour's yard adjoining to Mrs Bargrave's house heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs Veal was with her. Mrs Bargrave went out to her next neighbour's the very moment she parted with Mrs Veal, and told her what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's Book of Death is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed, that, notwithstanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing nor suffered her daughter to take anything, of anybody, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

But Mr Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see Mrs Bargrave; but yet it is certain matter of fact that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs Bargrave; and some of his friends report her to be a liar, and that she knew of Mr Bretton's ten pounds a-year. But the person who pretends to say so, has the reputation to be a notorious liar among persons whom I know to be of undoubted credit. Now, Mr Veal is more of a gentleman than to say she lies; but says a bad husband has crazed her; but she needs only present herself, and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr Veal says he asked his sister on her death-bed whether she had a mind to dispose of anything? And she said no. Now, the things which Mrs Veal's apparition would have disposed of, were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in the disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs Bargrave so to demonstrate the truth of her appearance, as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard; and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then again, Mr Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box. This looks improbable, for that Mrs Watson owned that Mrs Veal was so very careful of the key of her cabinet that she would trust nobody with it; and if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs Veal's often drawing her hands over her eyes, and asking Mrs Bargrave, whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me, as if she did it on purpose to remind

Mrs Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother, to dispose of rings and gold, which looked so much like a dying person's request; and it took accordingly with Mrs Bargrave as the effect of her fits coming upon her, and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her and care of her, that she should not be affrighted, which, indeed, appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the day time, waving the salutation, and when she was alone; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr Veal should think this relation a reflection, (as it is plain he does by his endeavouring to stifle it,) I cannot imagine; because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were, to comfort Mrs Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for her breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that, after all, to suppose that Mrs Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon till Saturday noon, (supposing that she knew of Mrs Veal's death the very first moment,) without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too; she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked too, than any indifferent person, I dare say, will allow. I asked Mrs Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown? She answered modestly, "If my senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it." I asked her if she heard a sound when she clapped her hands upon her knee? She said she did not remember she did, but said she appeared to be as much a substance as I did who talked with her. "And I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not really see her; for I was under no manner of fear, and received her as a friend, and parted with her as such. I would not," says she, "give one farthing to make any one believe it; I have no interest in it; nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for aught I know; and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public." But now she says she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says she had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation; and that she had told it to a room-full of people at the time. Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact, because we cannot solve things of which we can have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me; Mrs Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case.

CHARACTER

OF THE LATE

DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBERRY.

PUBLISHED IN THE EDINBURGH JOURNAL, SOON AFTER THE MELANCHOLY EVENT TO WHICH IT REFERS.

It is so lately as the year 1812, that Scotland was deprived of one of the best patriots and most worthy men to whom she ever gave birth, by the death of Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, who was succeeded in his rank and titles by his eldest son, whom also his country has now lost. To fill the place of his excellent father was a task of no small difficulty, for there never lived a man in a situation of distinction so generally beloved, so universally praised, and so little detracted from, or censured. The unbounded generosity of Duke Henry, his public munificence, his suavity of disposition, the sound and excellent sense, enlightened patriotism, and high spirit of honour which united in that excellent person, rendered him the darling of all ranks, and his name was never mentioned without praises by the rich, and benedictions by the poor. The general sorrow of all classes at the news of his death, the unfeigned tears which were shed at his funeral, cannot yet be forgotten.

Bred up under such a father, and a mother worthy of him, and living with those excellent parents in the strictest ties of mutual affection, the late Duke came to the honours and estates with the anxious wish to tread in his father's paths, and to follow the same course of public patriotism and private benevolence, in which he had so eminent an example before him. His country and friends might, to all human appearance, have promised themselves long to enjoy the benefits arising from such dispositions in a person so eminent. He was in the prime of life, of a constitution strong to outward appearance, and seasoned by constant exercise, both on foot and horseback—he was the father of a promising family—the husband of one whom it was impossible to know without loving, or even to look upon without admiring. All seemed to promise a course of life long and happy, as that which his father had just closed. But it has pleased God to show us upon what a slight foundation all earthly prospects rest. Some symptoms of delicate health had already displayed themselves in 1814; but, in the succeeding year, the Duke, in the loss of his excellent partner, sustained a wound from the effects of which he never recovered. "Come to me as soon as you can," was his affecting expression to a friend, "and do not fear the excess of my grief—you will find me as much composed as I shall be for the remainder of my life." And he was so—from a desire that the grief of the dearest objects of his affection might not be augmented by witnessing his. It was also the dying request and admonition of the object whom he lamented, that he would not suffer his regret for her to convert his house into a house of mourning; and while she blamed herself at the same time for indulging long and deep affliction for the death of their eldest son, she implored him not to fall into the same error. He promised, and kept his word. But the early and continued exertions which he made, from a high sense of duty, to suppress his sorrow, had an unfavourable influence upon his own health, which became gradually more and more impaired, until the late catastrophe. The few years during which he possessed his high situation, and the comparative retirement which his state of health required, have combined to render the character of the late Duke less correctly and generally known than that of his father, who filled for so many years a conspicuous part in the public eye. We therefore insert, as a tribute to his memory, the following particulars, which are derived from an authentic source.

The late Duke so far differed from his father, Duke Henry, that his temper was more quick, and, for the moment, more easily susceptible of resentment, when undeserved injury was offered to him, or an ungrateful return made to his favours. He had perceived, with indignation, that his father's kindness did not uniformly meet with a suitable return; and he placed, or rather desired to place, (for he sometimes forgot the restriction), the noble and generous disposition which he derived from him, under the regulation of reciprocal justice. He was, upon principle, an enemy to that species of beneficence which has its source as much in negligence as in philanthropy, and gives, merely because it is painful to withhold. His first anxiety in every case was to discover what the party with whom he transacted had a right to expect; his next was not only to render him his full due, but to make those additions to it which his own bountiful nature suggested. In a settlement of accounts which had become somewhat perplexed by the illness and death of an ancient friend of the family, the Duke first employed himself in minutely ascertaining the amount of the balance due to him, which was considerable, and then, by a stroke of his pen, carried a similar sum to the credit of the family of his deceased friend. The accuracy he thought was due to himself, the liberality to the memory of a most excellent man, long attached to his family. As no man's heart was ever so readily opened by an appearance of attachment and kindness, the Duke never, on the other hand, permitted his sense of indifferent usage to hurry him into vindictive measures. At the close of a contested election, in which the usual subjects of irritation had occurred, his first expression was, that "everything was now to be forgotten, excepting the services of his friends." Owing to the same sense of justice, we know it has happened more than once, that when applied to for his influence with government to grant pensions in cases of private distress, the Duke declined to recommend the imposition of such burden on the public, and himself made good the necessary provision. His acts of well-considered and deliberate generosity were not confined to the poor, properly so termed, but sought out and relieved the less endurable wants of those who had seen better days, and had been thrown into indigence by accidental misfortune; nor were they who received the relief always able to trace the source from whence it flowed.

As a public man, the Duke of Buccleuch was, like his father, sincerely attached to the principles of Mr Pitt, which he supported on every occasion with spirit and energy, but without virulence or prejudice against those who held different sentiments. He was of opinion that honour, loyalty, and good faith, although old-fashioned words, expressed more happily the duties of a man of rank than the newer denominations which have sometimes been substituted for them. He was a patriot in the noblest sense of the word, holding that the country had a right to the last acre of his estates, and the last drop of his blood; a debt which he prepared seriously to render to her, when there was an expectation that the country would be invaded. While Lord Dalkeith, he sat in the House of Commons: we are not aware that he spoke above once or twice in either House of Parliament; but as president of public meetings he often expressed himself with an ease, spirit, and felicity, which left little doubt that his success would have been considerable in the senate. His Grace was for many years Colonel of the Dumfries-shire regiment of militia, the duties of which situation he performed with the greatest regularity, showing a turn for military affairs, as well as an attachment to them, which would have raised him high in the profession had his situation permitted him to adopt it. That it would have been his choice was undoubted, for the military art, both in theory and in practical detail, formed his favourite study.

The management of the Duke's very extensive estates was conducted on the plan recommended by his father's experience, and which is peculiarly calculated to avoid the evil of rack-renting, which has been fraught with such misfortune to Scotland, and to secure the permanent interest both of tenant and landlord. No tenants on the Buccleuch estate, who continued worthy of patronage, were ever deprived of their farms, and scarce any have voluntarily relinquished the possession of them. To improve his large property by building, by plantations of great extent, by every encouragement to agriculture, was at once his Grace's most serious employment, and his principal amusement. The estate of Queensberry, to which he succeeded, although worth from £30,000 to £40,000 yearly, afforded to the Duke, owing to well-known circumstances, scarce the sixth part of the lesser sum. Yet he not only repaired the magnificent Castle of Drumlanrig, but accomplished, during the few years he possessed it, the restoration, with very large additions, of those extensive plantations, which had been laid waste during the life of the last proprietor. We have reason to think, that the Duke expended, on this single estate, in repairing the injuries which it had sustained, not less than eight times the income he derived from it. He was an enthusiastic planter, and personally understood the quality and proper treatment of forest timber. For two or three years past, his Grace extended his attention to the breed of cattle, and other agricultural experiments—a pleasure which succeeded in some degree to that of field sports, to which, while in full health, he was much addicted. Such were the principal objects of the Duke's expense, with the addition of that of a household suitable to his dignity; and what effect such an expenditure must have produced upon the country may be conjectured by the following circumstance:—In the year 1817, when the poor stood so much in need of employment, a friend asked the Duke why his Grace did not propose to go to London in the spring? By way of answer, the Duke showed him a list of day labourers, then employed in improvements on his different estates, the number of whom, exclusive of his regular establishment, amounted to *nine hundred and forty-seven persons*. If we allow to each labourer two persons whose support depended on his wages, the Duke was in a manner foregoing, during this severe year, the privilege of his rank, in order to provide with more convenience for a little army of nearly three thousand persons, many of whom must otherwise have found it difficult to obtain subsistence. The result of such conduct is twice blessed, both in the means which it employs, and in the end which it attains in the general improvement of the country. This anecdote forms a good answer to those theorists who pretend that the residence of great proprietors on their estates is a matter of indifference to the inhabitants of that district. Had the Duke been residing and spending his revenue elsewhere, one half of these poor people would have wanted employment and food; and would probably have been little comforted by any metaphysical arguments upon population, which could have been presented to their investigation.

In his domestic relations, as a husband, a son, a brother, and a father, no rank of life could exhibit a pattern of tenderness and affection superior to that of the Duke of Buccleuch. He seemed only to live for his family and his friends, and those who witnessed his domestic happiness can alone estimate the extent of the present deprivation. He was a kind and generous master to his numerous household, and was rewarded by their sincere attachment.

In the sincerity and steadiness of his friendship, he was unrivalled. His intimacies, whether formed in early days, or during his military life, or on other occasions, he held so sacred, that, far from listening to any insinuations against an absent friend, he would not with patience hear him censured even for real faults. The Duke of Buccleuch also secured the most lasting attachment on the part of his intimates, by the value which he placed upon the sincerity of their regard. Upon one occasion, when the Duke had been much and justly irritated, an intimate friend took the freedom to use some expostulations with his Grace, pressed to the verge of urgency, on the extent to which he seemed to carry his resentment. The Duke's answer, which conceded the point in debate, began with these remarkable words :—"I have reason to thank God for many things, but *especially for having given me friends who will tell me truth*." On the other hand, the Duke was not less capable of giving advice than willing to listen to it. He could enter with patience into the most minute details of matters far beneath his own sphere in life, and with strong, clear, unsophisticated good sense, never failed to point out the safest, most honourable, and best path to be pursued. Indeed, his accuracy of judgment was such, that even if a law-point were submitted to him, divested of its technicalities, the Duke generally took a view of it, founded upon the great principles of justice, which a professional person might have been benefited by listening to. The punctilious honour with which he fulfilled every promise, made the Duke of Buccleuch cautious in giving hopes to friends, or others, applying for his interest. Nor was he, though with such high right to attention, fond of making requests to administration. But a promise, or the shadow of a promise, was sacred to him; and though many instances might be quoted of his assistance having been given farther than his pledge warranted an expectation, there never existed one in which it was not amply redeemed.

Well-educated, and with a powerful memory, the Duke of Buccleugh was both a lover and a judge of literature, and devoted to reading the time he could spare from his avocations. This was not so much as he desired; for the active superintendence of his own extensive affairs took up much of his time. As one article, he answered very many letters with his own hand, and never suffered above a post to pass over without a reply, even to those of little consequence; so that this single duty occupied very frequently two hours a-day. But his conversation often turned on literary subjects, and the zeal with which he preserved the ancient ruins and monuments which exist on his estates, showed his attachment to the history and antiquities of his country. In judging of literary composition, he employed that sort of criticism which arises rather from good taste and strong and acute perception of what was true or false, than from a vivacity of imagination. In this particular, his Grace would have formed no inadequate representative of the soundest and best educated part of the reading public, and an author might have formed from his opinion a very accurate conjecture how his work would be received by those whom every writer is most desirous to please. The Duke's own style in epistolary correspondence was easy, playful, and felicitous, or strong, succinct, and expressive, according to the nature of the subject.

In gayer hours, nothing could be so universally pleasing as the cheerfulness and high spirits of the Duke of Buccleuch. He bore his high rank (so embarrassing to some others) as easily and gracefully as he might have worn his sword. He himself seemed unconscious of its existence; the guests respected without fearing it. He possessed a lightness and playfulness of disposition, much humour, and a turn for raillery, which he had the singular tact to pursue just so far as it was perfectly inoffensive, but never to inflict a moment's confusion or pain. There are periods in each man's life which can never return again; and the friends of this illustrious person will long look back, with vain regret, on the delightful hours spent in his society.

In his intercourse with his neighbours, the Duke was frank, hospitable, and social, and ready upon all occasions to aid their views by forming plantations, by exchanging ground, or any similar point of accommodation and courtesy. To the public his purse was ever open, as appears from his Grace's liberal subscriptions to all works of splendour or utility.

We have one trait to add to this portrait—it is the last and the most important. As the Duke of Buccleuch held his high situation for the happiness of those around him, he did not forget by Whom it was committed to him. A portion of his private studies was always devoted to reading Scripture. Public worship was at all proper seasons performed in his family, and his own sense of devotion was humble, ardent, and sincere. A devout believer in the truths of religion, he never, even in the gayest moment, permitted them to be treated with levity

John, the fifteenth Lord Somerville, succeeded to his uncle in 1796. There were circumstances respecting his family property, which may be interesting to the general reader as well as the antiquary. The original source of the family was from a bold Baron of Somerville in Normandy, who followed the banner of William the Conqueror to the battle of Hastings. He was rewarded with ample lands, the remnant of which, comprehending Somerville-Aston, in Warwickshire, still considerable, though much dilapidated and encumbered with debt, descended to Somerville the poet, the friend of Shenstone and the author of *The Chase*, &c. A younger brother of the warrior of Hastings, and who had also fought in that memorable battle, attended the Court of Malcolm Canmore, bearing a falcon on his arm, and had the fortune to become that Prince's Grand Falconer, and to obtain a grant of the lands of Linton in Roxburghshire, for some gallant exploit, which tradition states to have been the slaying of a huge serpent, appealing for the truth of the tale to a very ancient monument, over a door of the parish church, on which there is certainly a beast engaged with an armed knight, though the shape of the animal resembles a wolf, or bear, more than a snake.

The Somervilles rose to eminence in Scotland, then sunk, and then again emerged into consequence; so that Lord Somerville's immediate ancestor, who retained a part of the ancient family patrimony, was a man of considerable wealth. At this time Somerville the poet was in distress for ready money, which the Scottish Lord Somerville advanced in sufficient quantity to remove his embarrassments; in consequence of which, and having no heirs of his own, Mr Somerville settled on the Scottish and ennobled branch of his family, the ancient family estate of Somerville-Aston, in Warwickshire. And thus by a singular contingency, the estates of two families, whose ancestors were brothers during the reign of William the Conqueror, were united in the eighteenth century. Nay, what is yet more extraordinary, the chateau and dependencies of Somerville in Normandy were on sale about 1790, or thereabouts, and were nearly purchased by the subject of this Memoir. But the state of property in France was then becoming much disturbed, in consequence of the approaching revolution; and a wild report had arisen among the peasantry, that the English desired to make the Duke of York Duke of Normandy, and that the English barons, who had left that country in the suite of William the Conqueror, were to reclaim their estates there. The idea of purchasing the chateau of Somerville was therefore relinquished, otherwise Lord Somerville might have stood in the unique circumstance of representing his Norman, his English, and Scottish ancestor, by possessing some part of the inheritance of each of the three lines.

Soon after his accession to the title, Lord Somerville was elected one of the sixteen representative Peers of Scotland, and sat in two successive Parliaments in that capacity. He was appointed President of the Board of Agriculture, an office which he filled for several years, with much honour to himself and eminent advantages to the objects of that institution. Before Lord Somerville succeeded to his title, he had already made himself remarkable by his zeal in agricultural pursuits, and indeed in every object which could promote the national welfare and general comfort of the people. He was early distinguished by the favour of his Sovereign George III., or rather, if we may use the terms as distinct, by the friendship of that revered Prince.

His Majesty, shortly after Lord Somerville's succession to his title and estates, took an opportunity to let him know that he was not ignorant how his time had been employed. "The pursuits of agriculture," said the King, "particularly become an English gentleman, and I wish more of the British nobility displayed the same zeal for public improvement." Lord Somerville's appointment as one of the Lords of the Bed-Chamber, followed in a few years. This office gave him immediate access to the person of his Monarch, and a congeniality of pursuits united them still more intimately; but although a courtier, Lord Somerville could not be termed, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, a politician. He returned with the most dutiful affection the regard of his Sovereign; he felt his duty as a member of the Legislature, and honoured and admired the British Constitution; but he kept aloof from political party, detested political intrigue, and never permitted difference of political opinion to interrupt the harmony of private society. When he served his friends,—and he was most anxious to forward the views of those whom he thought deserving,—he did it by his interest with those in power, not as a politician but as a private friend; and as no man was more generally beloved, his influence of this kind was such as usually rendered his solicitations effectual, and many who now bewail his death, must add the tears of gratitude to those of friendly sorrow.

Lord Somerville's favourite studies were of an agricultural nature, and respected the growth of stock, the improvement of land, and the other objects of national economy. His skill, even in the minutiæ of these pursuits, was so remarkable, that a Lord of the Bed-chamber, and one of the best bred men in Europe, was often chosen an arbiter by the professional graziers and butchers of Smithfield, to decide disputed questions concerning the weight and value of cattle. In fact, he had turned the full energy of an active and enterprising mind into this particular channel, and had obtained a proportional acquaintance with all the details of information concerned with it.

These favourite pursuits engaged Lord Somerville in the prosecution of various schemes, some of which proved eminently successful, while others terminated in failure. As the first, or one of the first, introducers of Merino sheep into Britain, his Lordship was eminently successful. On the other hand, an attempt which he made, at very considerable expense, to encourage fisheries upon the west coast of England, was totally the reverse. The same may be said of various publications, in which he threw out hints for national improvement in general, and for abridging and facilitating the labours of agriculture. It is proper to mention, that though his domestic establishment was always on a footing becoming his rank, and though he did not scruple to hazard considerable sums in such experiments as we have noticed, Lord Somerville was an excellent, though liberal economist, in this acting upon a principle which he thought due to a just regard for his independence and rank in society.

But whatever difference of opinion may exist, concerning the wisdom or expediency of Lord Somerville's plans, the determined purity of his motives was never doubted. As an author, indeed, he had no ambition to be distinguished, farther than by throwing together various and miscellaneous hints, suggested by his active mind and keen observation. And of his schemes it might be in general observed, that none terminated in any selfish prospect of advantage to himself, but that, on the contrary, they were always grounded upon views of general and national utility. The pains which Lord Somerville devoted to following out such objects, indicated a perseverance equal to his quickness of observation; and more than once he succeeded in realizing views, which, at first sight, seemed altogether fanciful. Even where he failed, his miscarriage was a caution to others, as a stranded vessel becomes a beacon to those who hold the same course. In these, the great pursuits of Lord Somerville's life, he may be well said to have deserved the gratitude of his country.

In taste, the subject of this Memoir was an admirer of vertu, and possessed a few good pictures, though he did not, we believe, purchase many. A painting of one of his ancestors, the Earl of Winton and his family, by Sir Antonio More, is one of the most curious old Scottish portraits existing. An ornamented edition of Somerville's *Chase*, was published, we believe, at Lord Somerville's expense, who also adorned with engravings a curious family history, compiled by one of his ancestors, which the author of this Memoir prepared for the press, at the request of his noble friend.

When the apprehension of foreign invasion and intestine discord called all to arms, Lord Somerville took his place in the general armament, as Major of the Somersetshire Yeomanry. There is an engraving of him in the uniform of the corps, which gives an accurate idea of his very handsome person and striking countenance.

In religion, Lord Somerville was a humble and devout Christian, regular in his attendance upon the duties of public worship, and sincere in the practice of his faith. His private virtues we cannot here delineate, without violating the delicacy which attended his conduct during life, and ought to follow him to his tomb. It is enough to say, that he was an affectionate brother, an easy master, an active and affectionate friend. Few men, indeed, have possessed a kinder and more benign spirit; and its influence extended not only through the social circle of friends and relatives who surrounded him, but diffused itself among his domestics, and even descended to the mute animals who were the companions and instruments of his amusements. A nature so susceptible of kindly emotions was, of course, liable to occasional irritability. But the flash of passion was as transitory as it was sudden; and if, in the course of its influence, he conceived himself to have injured the feelings of his meanest dependant, he was uneasy until he had in some way or other made atonement for the supposed offence.

In society, Lord Somerville's presence diffused a degree of general cheerfulness, and even happiness, which, perhaps, many men more learned, more witty, or more profound, would have in vain endeavoured to inspire. His mind had a general tincture of British literature; and he was, in particular, so well acquainted with the works of Shakspeare, that few men could either quote from him more aptly, or enjoy more keenly an allusion to his writings. But Lord Somerville had chiefly studied the great book of human life; and his conversation was full of anecdotes, both serious and humorous, which evinced the depth of his observation, and his knowledge of character.

These talents for conversation were regulated as well as adorned by his general disposition to please and to amuse. His good nature led him to search for, and his good sense to discover, the particular taste of his friends or his guests; and, keenly interested as he usually was in the prosecution of some favourite scheme of his own, he was never so engrossed by it as to prevent his interesting himself in the pursuits of others. Lord Somerville's kindness seemed to give him the same prejudice in favour of the improvements or plans of his friends, which self-love, in most instances, is apt to limit to one's own. He delighted to praise, not from a desire of increasing his popularity, or bespeaking favour with the parties interested in his eulogium, but from an honest and kindly feeling, which veiled the defects of his friends, and augmented their merits even in his own eyes. He uniformly brought cheerfulness with him into society, and left content and augmented happiness behind him.

Lord Somerville spent a considerable portion of his time in Scotland every year. The society in that country was some years ago, and still is, somewhat limited, by the exclusive prejudices of an ancient gentry in favour of their own rank. No man, in a rational degree, knew the value of ancient family and high birth better than Lord Somerville, and he was not indifferent to his own claim upon that account; but he endeavoured, on many occasions, and with eminent success, to unite the different ranks of society, without hurting the feelings of the lower, or compromising the dignity of the higher orders; and it was the usual consequence, that the latter departed instructed, the former honoured, and both gratified, from their mutual intercourse.

Lord Somerville's attachment to field sports was another cause of his frequent visits to his native country. His seat at the Pavilion near Melrose, to which are attached extensive salmon-fishings, particularly favourable for the use of the rod, afforded him great facilities in that respect. It may not be uninteresting to brothers of the angle to know, that Lord Somerville commenced this amusement, the noblest work, certainly, in which the fishing-rod can be exercised, rather late in life; he was reckoned a most able proficient, and, with the help of fine tackle, a light hand, and a sure eye, was often successful when the best fishers of the country would have despaired. A range of extensive moorland pasture in Lammermoor gave Lord Somerville the opportunity of moor-fowl shooting, an exercise which, from the wild regions into which it carries the sportsman, has much more interest than the tamer amusements of partridge and pheasant shooting. Among Lord Somerville's personal accomplishments, was the much coveted quality of being an excellent shot. We return to those by which he was distinguished in elegant society.

Lord Somerville's exterior and deportment were admirably qualified to render him the central point of such a society. To a handsome person and face, he added the most polished manners, uniting frankness, kindness, and courtesy, in such just proportion, that it was impossible to say which quality predominated. He had the rare merit (only to be found in a Briton of high rank) of combining the knowledge of the agriculturist with the manners of the courtier; and, as has been said of Virgil in his Georgics, could treat even of the lowest agricultural topics without losing his dignity of character and situation. In these pursuits, as well as in the rural sports, which he followed keenly and successfully, he had frequent and familiar intercourse with the lower classes and peasantry, and most of them in the neighbourhood were known to him by person and name; yet his affability was so well qualified by dignity, that there occurred no instance of any one being seduced by it to exceed the bounds of due respect. His extensive and well-judged charities rendered him still dearer to the peasantry, and it was always with an especial view to their augmented comforts, that he shaped those various plans on which his mind was ever so actively employed.

Such was Lord Somerville. Distinguished in public life by patriotism, and an enlightened zeal for the improvement of the country to which he belonged, and dear to his numerous friends, from the warmth of his heart, and the amiable personal qualities which we have endeavoured to describe. These properties had doubtless their corresponding foibles, arising out of a sanguine temper and quick feelings. But these were of a nature so innocent, that, like a slight irregularity in a beautiful countenance, they rather gave individuality to the character than impaired its lustre. Although Lord Somerville's health had been early impaired by the consequences of a severe fall from a curricle, succeeded by some other accidents, it was, to external appearance, in a great measure restored, though his own internal sensations seemed to assure him of the contrary. Indeed, the weakness of constitution, which repeated accidents had brought on, made his habits somewhat those of a valetudinary. Yet as these were thrown aside upon excitation, (so that we have seen the individual, who did not willingly leave a public place in town without wrapping himself in a fur pelisse, throw himself into the Tweed at midnight, when the river was full of icicles, for the amusement of spearing salmon by torch-light,) his friends naturally th[illegible]t the precautions so readily dispensed lar occasions, were not strictly necessary, and hoped that, in the course of nature, they might have long enjoyed the happiness of his society. *Diis aliter visum!* And we may add, that it is no good omen of the times, otherwise gloomy, when those so well qualified by situation and talents to sustain the best interests of the country, are removed from us when their services might be most availing.

When the fatal period arrived, Lord Somerville was travelling towards Italy with his sister, Miss Somerville. He had taken leave of his native country, and of his neighbours, with a feeling of boding anxiety, which expressed itself in his solemn and affectionate farewell. Yet on his journey he was not in worse health than usual, until he reached Switzerland, where he was taken ill at Vevai, of a disease,—a species of dysentery, we believe,—from which he might possibly have recovered, had he had immediate medical assistance. But, with his usual kindness, he had left his personal medical attendant behind him at Pontarlier, to take care of Sir William Harte, a countryman of distinction, whom he found extremely ill at that place. Thus deprived of the means of immediately checking the disorder, its symptoms soon proved mortal. He lingered a few days, possessed of his senses, reconciled to his fate, and endeavouring to soothe the sorrows of his sister, and of those around him. The presence of an English clergyman afforded him in his last moments the consolation of receiving the visible symbols of that religion which he had always sincerely professed. On the 5th February, 1819, Lord Somerville expired, when, to borrow an idea from a poet whom he read and relished, a warmer heart was never made cold by death.

KING GEORGE III.

FROM THE EDINBURGH WEEKLY JOURNAL, FEB. 8, 1820.

Our last Journal acquainted our readers that our venerable Sovereign had closed his long and varied part in the mortal drama. Death has dropped the curtain on a reign of sixty years, the longest in the British annals, and the most marked with public events; and at the same time, a life spent in the most conscientious, virtuous, and self-denying efforts to perform the arduous duties of a monarch, has been closed in sickness, in sorrow, and in comparative obscurity. Were a voice from Heaven to proclaim aloud to us, that there is another and a better world, in which virtue may expect its assured reward, the testimony of a miracle could not impress the awful truth more deeply upon the mind than the life and death of George the Third. Our readers will forgive us, if, in recording this striking event, we forget for a space our character as Journalists in the more important duty of the moral teacher. A very brief review of the character of our late beloved Sovereign, though long in reference to our limits, is all we are enabled to give. We trust to perform it with the veneration due to the memory of the dead, and, at the same time, with the truth and sincerity which the living have a right to expect from us.

GEORGE the THIRD was the first of his family who could be termed a British Monarch; for his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, were foreigners both in language and manners; and, without its being possible to impute blame to them for a predilection so natural, the two former loved their German hereditary dominions better than they did the more powerful and wealthy kingdoms, which fortune, and the misconduct of the Stuarts, had called them to govern. Accordingly, the accession of our late sovereign in 1760 was hailed by most of his subjects as the commencement of a new dynasty of Kings, Britain's genuine offspring. The *morgue germanique*, the military pedantry and awkward formality, which characterized the court of GEORGE the Second, gave way, under the young Sovereign, to manners and an etiquette of a more easy nature, which better fitted the genius of a free and high-spirited people. Even the caustic Walpole has recorded favourably the impression made upon him by the change. "I was surprised," says he, "to find the levee room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This Sovereign don't stand with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news: he walks about, and speaks to everybody. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well." Of his Majesty's personal appearance and demeanour, we need only add to the testimony of this acute observer, that GEORGE the THIRD continued till the close of the active part of his reign, to be distinguished by his graceful and dignified elocution in public. The rapture of the celebrated Quin, who had been his tutor, broke out upon the first royal speech from the throne, in the familiar exclamation, "I taught the boy to speak!" In private conversation, George the Third's manner was too much hurried to be graceful; but his desire to please and oblige was seconded by a memory tenacious in a most flattering degree, of all the minute particulars which could interest those who had been once introduced to him. Of the King's person, it is only necessary to say, it indicated more of muscular strength than of grace; and with his features, his whole subjects are well acquainted; for not only the most ordinary prints, but even the effigies on his coin, however deplorable in other respects, have not failed to preserve a striking likeness of the royal original. We return to the impression made by the King's accession.

A short acquaintance with the new sovereign showed that morals, as well as courtesy, had ascended the throne with him. His early marriage with the late Queen, by a happy union of temper and of virtues on both sides, made the royal household a model of domestic affection. The pleasures of the Monarch were as simple as they were innocent. Without doors, they were limited to the chase, and to the improvement of his farm; the first of which afforded a healthy exercise, and the second a profitable example to his subjects. At home, he filled up the few intervals which the laborious duties of his station left him, with music, (the only one of the fine arts to which he was powerfully attached,) with mechanical pursuits and scientific experiments, and with the collecting, improving, and arranging that most valuable library, which the munificence of his Royal Successor graciously bestowed on the public. George III. might be termed a bibliographer rather than a student, yet he read a good deal also, and rather for improvement than amusement. The King's habits were temperate even to abstemiousness, and his chief delight was in the conversation of his own family, and a very few of the nobles about his person, who were most devotedly attached to him. Among those who held that distinction, John Duke of Roxburghe was particularly distinguished. He was, as is well known, a bibliomaniac, like his Majesty. Each was the happy possessor of a copy of Caxton's Book of Troye; but the King examined his own with such accuracy, as enabled him to prove to demonstration, that though both copies were of the same edition, that in the Royal Library must have been more early thrown off than the Duke's, because a leaf in the former was what is technically called locked,* an error which had been discerned and corrected in the Duke's copy. So that his Majesty triumphed that his own copy of the first book (we believe) of the English press was also the earliest printed.

Mechanics were also a favourite study of the King, who used to amuse himself with the construction of optical and other philosophical instruments. It will give an idea of his good nature to mention, that his Majesty had bespoken a complicated instrument from the celebrated Ramsden, and had directed the artist, who was not so much renowned for punctuality as for talents, to have it ready against a particular day. When at length it was sent home, the only notice which the King took of the want of punctuality, was by telling the optician, goodhumouredly, that "he had observed the day of the week and month accurately, he had only forgotten the year."

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* Such is the phrase when, by an error at press, the reverse has been printed on the side of the leaf which should have presented the obverse, so that page 32 precedes 31.

Yet, with all the pretensions to popularity afforded by a life devoted to duty, and relieved only by such innocent amusements, George the Third, at the commencement of his reign, and for a long period after, was by no means popular. His character was respected, and his merits appreciated, by those who approached his person; but he was not a favourite of the people at large, to whom his merits were only known by report.

One of his first acts of royalty was to call to his administration a nobleman who had been his own tutor; a person of worth and honour, a patron of literature and the arts, but not possessing political talents comparable to those of the celebrated Earl of Chatham, whom he succeeded in power. That daring minister had engaged the country, for no very adequate cause, in a bloody war with France, whom Britain had humbled in every part of the globe. The new minister made a peace so much inferior to the high-blown expectations of the country, that it seemed he had wilfully thrown away the advantages which had been gained so dearly; and the King's support of this unfortunate nobleman gave the utmost dissatisfaction to the country, and led the way to a spirit of mobbish license, which in British history had never been so directly levelled against the person of the monarch.

This cause of discontent, skilfully kept up by demagogues, did not by any means subside at the dismissal of the obnoxious servant of the crown. The breach between the King and his favourite is now well known to have been absolute, from the dissolution of the ministry; they never afterwards saw each other, except in public, and then in the most formal manner, insomuch, that we are aware of Lord Bute having expressed with some vehemence his sense of the King's harshness, when his Majesty, on an occasion when his lordship appeared at court, did not even ask after the health of his lady, which was then in a precarious condition. Whether the King thought that Lord Bute had too early given way to the popular clamour, and in some degree deserted him, by giving in his resignation before it was required by the royal mandate, we do not pretend to decide. One thing is certain, that if his Majesty's breach with his late favourite had been made so total with the purpose of disarming the obloquy attending the connexion, (which we do not believe to have been the case,) the intended consequence was not attained. For several years afterwards, the watchword for discontent was, that ministers actually in office were merely puppets, and all was managed by Lord Bute behind the curtain. Such assertions served long to excite factious clamours against the King; while the ex-minister, with more reason, complained of the inexorable displeasure, which did not permit his Majesty to use even ordinary civility towards his early and faithful servant.

The disputes with the colonies, and the war which ensued, kept up and encouraged the spirit of public disaffection. This unhappy war might have a great colour of justice in theory; but in practice it was so ill conducted, and on the whole was so very impolitic, that all will now allow we had better have manumitted the Americans on their first exhibiting symptoms of discontent. But it is no less clear, that the King, in honour and conscience, deemed himself obliged to carry on the unhappy struggle to the very last; and being in a remarkable degree the *justus et tenax propositi* of the moral poet, he would not consent to the dismemberment of his dominions until necessity absolutely compelled him to that sacrifice. His speech to Adams, envoy from the American States, after the peace, was singularly expressive of his character. The ambassador naturally felt that the first interview betwixt him and his late sovereign must be unpleasant; when the King at once relieved him of his painful feelings, by saying to him, with the utmost frankness, "Mr Adams, I was the last man to consent to the peace with America; but that peace being made, I will be the first in my dominions to oppose any attempts which may be made to disturb its conditions." Still the people of Britain only saw that an unsuccessful war had been carried on with pertinacity, until it was concluded by a peace, which was only short of being disgraceful; and remembering the victories of Chatham's administration under George the Second, were in proportion discontented with the ministers and measures, and even with the person, of their present Sovereign.

It might have been thought that the personal character of the monarch would have alleviated the strong censure arising from public misfortunes. But candour must admit, that, with the advantages which we have mentioned, George the Third laboured under some disadvantages, which for a long time obscured his highly estimable qualities. Notwithstanding what we have said of his personal qualities, his education had been narrow and confined in an unusual degree, and no adequate pains had been taken either to form his external manners, or to cultivate his mind in classical or polite literature.

The King felt these wants, and in the earlier part of his reign was shy and reserved, admitting very few to his familiar society, and avoiding rather than courting the opportunities of appearing in public. The general voice of an Opposition, distinguished for talents and for wit, accused the King of affecting the retired state of an eastern sultan, rather than the social dignity of a British monarch. The qualities which ought to have counterbalanced those impressions, the firmness and soundness of his judgement, the steadiness of his courage, the high principle upon which he regulated his conduct, the sacrifices of ease, of amusement, of indulgence, even of health, which, with unostentatious perseverance, George III. offered up year after year to the regular discharge of his regal duties, were long in forcing their way to the public. But at length they made their due impression.

The first act of the King's life which obtained him the general expression of the people's gratitude, was his conduct during the riots in 1780. The then Lord Mayor of London, (a man of deep political research, like high civic authorities in the present day,) was so steady a friend to the right of petitioning parliament, that, instead of dispersing a body of 60,000 men, who had assembled to exercise this constitutional privilege, he suffered them to occupy the city, which they set on fire in twenty different places. The confusion was yet upon the increase, and the petitioners had already destroyed a million's worth of houses, goods, and furniture, before the constitutional sages could satisfy their scrupulous consciences, when or how government ought to exercise that important function for which of all others it is chiefly intended,—the protection, namely, of the peaceable subject in his life and property. The King cut the knot, by offering to march into the city at the head of his Guards, and, at every personal risk, to put down this disgraceful commotion. The common sense and manly spirit which dictated his decision, gave energy to the timid counsellors around him—London was saved—no one complained of the infringement of the right of petitioning—and we cannot observe that our liberties suffered much by the forcible dispersion of those who had assembled to exercise it in so tremendous a manner.

But the great burst of public feeling in favour of George the Third, took place at a period somewhat later, when the coalition was formed betwixt the parties of North and Fox; when these two leaders, who had long stood in such inveterate hostility to each other, joined their forces for the purpose of taking the cabinet by storm, and placing the King at their discretion. In this emergency, the King made an appeal, which might be termed a personal one, to the public opinion of the nation, in opposition to a parliamentary majority, obtained by a union of parties so incongruous. A sense of the real worth and unostentatious merits of the Monarch had by degrees sunk into the minds of the middle classes of the people, (in whose voice, and neither in that of the highest nor of the lowest orders, public opinion really lodges,) and now that their feelings also were interested in the behalf of the Sovereign, the King's cause was adopted by general acclamation; nor did he ever afterwards lose the firm hold which he then attained on the hearts of his subjects.

Scotland may boast that she took the lead of the sister country, in perceiving, and rewarding by her affection, the virtues of the Sovereign. This did not, however, arise either entirely from the moral character or the sagacity usually imputed to our countrymen; it sprung from honest gratitude, for the King had been a friend to Scotland. Much of the abuse levelled against George III. by Wilkes, Churchill, and others, accused him of partiality to the northern part of his dominions; and the imputation designed to irritate the English, served to attach their neighbours to the person of their prince. Besides, the gentleness and kindness of his disposition were well qualified to reclaim to their allegiance the adherents of the unhappy house of Stuart, who now found themselves objects rather of compassionate respect than of political hatred and persecution. The restoration of the forfeited estates completed the reconciliation of a bold and enthusiastic class of subjects with the reigning monarch; which was not the less perfect, that many, with an amiable inconsistency, retained in theory their old political tenets, and could not in conscience have taken the oath of allegiance to George the Third, while they would have spent in his defence the last drop of their blood.

These causes of the King's popularity were peculiar to those who dwelt "benorth the Roman Wall;" but that popularity soon became universal through Britain. It was in vain that the most indecent satire was directed against the harmless peculiarities of a manner and mode of expression, too precipitate to be graceful; and equally in vain that his private life and amusements were ransacked to serve the purposes of slander. It seemed as if men loved the King the better for knowing, that all which "much malice mingled with a little wit" could say against him, was exaggerated ridicule directed against trifling personal peculiarities, or the quiet pleasures of his inoffensive domestic life. His Majesty even gained by this rigorous examination: he was loved in proportion as he was known.

The King's virtuous and exemplary conduct a parent and husband, his dislike of the pomp of attendance and apparatus of royalty, the quiet and innocent tenor of his amusements, the exemplary diligence and precision with which he dispatched the load of public business attached to his functions, were qualities of English growth, and made him dear to the hearts of Englishmen. It became known, though the King studied to conceal it, that if a strict economy regulated the expenditure of his palace, at least a fifth part of the income assigned to his Majesty by the state, was devoted to public and private charity, with a munificence truly royal. It became known also, that if, in his solitary rambles around Windsor, his conversation with those whom he casually encountered was marked by his usual rapidity of inquiry, it was also distinguished by traits of benevolence and good nature, which might well atone for want of grace, or occasional departure from etiquette. In the most trifling instances, as well as in the most important, his Majesty's conduct towards those with whom he was placed in casual contact, was marked by that amiable *bonhommie* and wish to oblige, which indicated the most genuine good nature. He respected age, and he loved childhood. Many anecdotes have been given of his private walks in Windsor Forest. That which follows is trivial, but we know it to be correct; and it shows the kindly benevolence which wished to make every one happy. Two Eton boys were spending their holidays with a friend at Sunning-hill, and had wandered into the Forest, where they met a fresh-looking old gentleman in the Windsor uniform, who stopped them, and jestingly asked if they were playing truant. They gave an account of themselves, and said they had come to see the King's stag-hounds throw off. "The King does not hunt to-day," said the kind stranger, "but when he does, I will let you know; and you must not come to the ground by yourselves, lest you should meet with some accident." They parted; and two or three days after, while the family were at breakfast, one of the Royal Yeomanry-prickers rode up to the gate, to acquaint them that the King was waiting till he brought the two young gentlemen to a place of safety, where they might see the hounds thrown off: it is probable this little trait of overflowing goodnature made two Royalists for life.

All these anecdotes got abroad, and all told to the King's advantage. Great bounties may be bestowed in policy, and striking occasions may be chosen to do generous actions out of vanity and ostentation; but the bounty and the kindness which marked the King's disposition in the calm tenor of his privacy, could not be assumed as a disguise, and were appreciated as the generous effusions of his excellent heart. Known popularly and familiarly by the name of *Farmer George*, the British people at once loved him as a father, respected him as their sovereign, and regarded even his peculiarities as something belonging to the character and humour of the nation, of whom he might be termed at once the king and the representative.

The deplorable circumstances of the malady with which he was seized, showed the regard of the subjects to their sovereign, and served to increase it by interesting their compassion in his behalf; and we are persuaded that, from the period of his recovery to that of his death, there never lived a monarch so firmly enthroned in the hearts of his subjects. His conduct during the stormy period which followed that event, served to rivet their affections to him firmly and indissolubly. His name was the rallying word of patriotism and gallantry; and when Britons were called upon to fight for their all, it was the more willingly obeyed because they were also to fight for their good old king. No human voice was more fit to call a nation to arms, for no man possessed more courage in his own person than George the Third. During the period when disaffected and misguided men were forming daily plots against his person and life, he could not be persuaded to adopt any of the precautions which were recommended by his anxious counsellors. " My life," he said, " assume what precautions I may, must always be in the power of every man desperate enough to throw away his own; and to appear apprehensive on the topic, would be to invite the attempt." When the danger was imminent, his courage was as steady as his understanding was correct in judging of it at a distance. Upon one occasion, when his Majesty was assaulted by a furious rabble in the Park, and the carriage-doors nearly forced open, he was not observed to change countenance, or to alter a single muscle; and when the maniac Hatfield fired a pistol at him in the theatre, he was, when the smoke cleared off, discovered standing in the front of the box upright and unmoved, the only composed man in the crowded and convulsed assembly, and anxious only to prevent the Queen from being alarmed. This personal courage was the inalienable inheritance of the house of Brunswick, which is distinguished for a constitutional fearlessness of danger: the kind and generous affection with which it was united was his Majesty's own.

We have spoken of our lamented sovereign as a man; it remains to speak of him as a king. We do not at present pretend either to question or to defend the principles on which his foreign and domestic policy were conducted, further than in illustration of his personal character. In both the great and predominant events of his reign, he was guided by a sense of justice and of duty. In the American, and afterwards in the Revolutionary war, he was actuated by no pique against his neighbour, nor by any ambitious wish to extend his own dominions. The former was unfortunate from the commencement to the conclusion, and the latter was so during the whole period in which George the Third exercised the government. But it was never hinted that the King, in encouraging and supporting the ministers who carried on the one or the other, had any other object but that of maintaining the lawful rights of his crown, and of upholding the constitution of the country which he governed. Even the tongue of slander went no farther than to charge him with an obstinate adherence to what it termed an extravagant opinion. And there was that firmness and hardihood in the King's mind which, even when things seemed most desperate, refused the unmanly expedient which sovereigns have sometimes resorted to, in casting off an unfortunate minister to shelter themselves from popular indignation, as a sultan causes the head of the grand-vizier to be thrown over the gates of the seraglio, to appease a mutiny among the Janizaries. In the situation of Charles the First, George the Third would never have abandoned the Earl of Strafford.

The obnoxious Earl of Bute retreated from his post of premier, giving way to a storm, which he perhaps foresaw would be dangerous to his master as well as to himself. But he was not dismissed by the King, who seems rather to have resented than approved of his resignation.

Taking his full share of the responsibility of the actions of his ministers when censured, George III. was equally ready to ascribe to them the full measure of merit which they could justly claim, even when he did them this justice at his own expense. The following anecdote is a remarkable proof of what we have said. The Egyptian expedition was planned almost exclusively by the late Lord Melville, and did not receive a cordial assent even from Mr Pitt himself. It was resolved upon in the council by the narrowest majority, and the Sovereign gave his written assent in words like the following: "I consent, with the utmost reluctance, to a measure, which seems to me calculated to peril the flower of my army upon a distant and hazardous expedition." Under such discouraging auspices that expedition was undertaken, which was the first in the lengthened war that served distinctly to show, that, whether the encounter be by land or sea, the Briton is more than a match for his enemies. On occasion of the King's breakfasting with Lord Melville at

Wimbledon, during his retirement from office, in Lord Sidmouth's administration, he took a public and generous mode of acknowledging that minister's merit. He filled a glass of wine, and, having desired the Queen and company to follow his example, he drank " to the health of the minister, who, in opposition to the opinion of his colleagues, and under the avowed reluctance of his sovereign, dared to plan, and carry into execution, the Egyptian expedition."

The King's conduct towards the Coalition ministry, and afterwards to Fox and Grenville's administration, both of which were well understood to be forced upon him by parliament, in opposition to his own choice and wishes, was equally candid, open, and manly. He used no arts to circumvent or deceive the councillors whom he unwillingly received into the cabinet; nor did he, on the other hand, impede their measures by petty opposition. While they were ministers, he gave them the full power of their situation; not affecting, at the same time, to conceal, that they were not those whose assistance he would voluntarily have chosen.

It is very well known, that many of the distinguished statesmen, who were called upon these occasions to approach the King's person, were surprised to find that they had formed a false estimate of his character. They had repeated it so often, that they were themselves convinced that the King's firmness was but the pertinacity of an obstinate unpersuadable man, of small abilities and a contracted judgment. They found, on a nearer approach to the Sovereign, that it was the resolution of a man of strong intellectual capacity, a shrewd and excellent judge of mankind, well acquainted with the constitution of Great Britain, and yet better with the peculiar character of her inhabitants. "They may say what they will of the King," said a Scottish Whig, of great and deserved esteem in that party, "but he has more sense than the whole bunch of them."

Indeed, however inferior George the Third might be to many of the ministers whom the voice of Parliament had recommended, in theoretical or general information, he possessed in a degree far superior to most, perhaps to all of them, an accurate practical acquaintance with the temper and opinions of the people of Great Britain. "Charles Fox," said a lady of great sagacity, when speaking of that accomplished statesman, "is a very clever and highly-gifted man, but he has never discovered the great secret that John Bull is a Tory by nature." The King, however, had made this discovery. He knew that the sense of the kingdom could not be expressed by the mob, to whom the Whigs made too frequent appeals, and who swallow by wholesale whatever flatters their passions for the time; nor by the highest order of society, whom political connexions lead to form preconceived and unalterable opinions, or whom the eager pursuit of some favourite political scheme sometimes renders callous to the choice of the means by which it may be served; but by those numerous classes, whose education has prepared their minds for deciding on points which their leisure and habits give them opportunity and inclination to consider, and who, themselves unengaged in the game, can the more soundly judge of the manner in which it is played. The King was aware of the weight which his personal character gave him amongst that middling but independent portion of the community; and trusting to his influence amongst them, he watched for, and embraced, the opportunities when he could make a successful appeal to their judgment and feelings. He availed himself, perhaps equally, of his natural tact, and of the experience which the miscarriages of the early part of his reign had taught him, to wait for the moment when the popular gale shifted against an unacceptable ministry, to make this appeal; and he chose his time so judiciously, that he was always successful, because, like an able general, he never commenced the contest until he had gained the advantage-ground on which the struggle was to be made. The two remarkable changes of administration which followed on Fox's India Bill, and on the Catholic question, manifested the King's skill in this species of tactics.

We have purposely delayed to mention one marked feature in George the Third's character. We have endeavoured to show him in his private and in his public capacity; but it remains to mention his sentiments and conduct in that relation, in which the King of the Islands, and of the Ocean which surrounds them, was of no higher importance than one of his meanest subjects. His conduct as a Christian indicated the firmest belief in the doctrines of our holy religion, as well as the deepest reverence for its practical precepts. He was conscientiously scrupulous, even where the grounds of his scruples might seem questionable; and his dismissing the Fox and Grenville administration, on the subject of Catholic Emancipation, could not be wondered at, since he had parted with Pitt on the same grounds. In both cases, the nation gave him credit for the utmost sincerity; and many sympathized with his feelings, who doubted the solidity of the grounds on which they were awakened. His Majesty set, in his own conduct, as well as in the regulation of his family and household, the example of a sincere and pious Christian. His faith illustrated his conduct, and his conduct did credit to the doctrines which he received and defended.

Here, then, we pause, arrived by a circular path at the point from which we commenced. This Monarch, so worthy of affection, so devoted to his people, so faithful in the discharge of every duty, so blameless in his private conduct, whose greatest errors were the fruits of the best intentions, opened his career amid a storm of turbulence and calumny, and closed it, virtually at least, amidst national calamity, amounting nearly to despair. He nailed the colours of Britain to the mast; but he was not rewarded by seeing them float triumphant over all her enemies! He reaped not in this world the reward of his firmness, his virtue, his enduring patriotism; but was stricken with mental alienation, while he wept, broken-hearted, over the bed of a beloved and amiable daughter, and died the secluded inhabitant of a private apartment, in darkness mental as well as bodily.

Deep, therefore, is our conviction, while comparing the life of George III. with its termination, that Heaven had destined for our beloved Sovereign a far richer reward, in the applause of his own conscience, whilst struggling with so many difficulties; and when these, with all the troubles of life, had disappeared, in the exchange of a temporal crown, entwined with thorns, for that glory which passeth not away.

LORD BYRON.

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AMIDST the general calmness of the political atmosphere, we have been stunned, from another quarter, by one of those death-notes, which are pealed at intervals, as from an archangel's trumpet, to awaken the soul of a whole people at once. Lord Byron, who has so long and so amply filled the highest place in the public eye, has shared the lot of humanity. He died at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April, 1824. That mighty Genius, which walked amongst men as something superior to ordinary mortality, and whose powers were beheld with wonder, and something approaching to terror, as if we knew not whether they were of good or of evil, is laid as soundly to rest as the poor peasant, whose ideas never went beyond his daily task. The voice of just blame, and that of malignant censure, are to resemble the noble victim of the bull-fight, which is more maddened by the squibs, darts, and petty annoyances of the unworthy crowds beyond the lists, than by the lance of his nobler, and, so to speak, his more legitimate antagonist. In a word, much of that in which he erred, was in bravade and scorn of his censors, and was done with the motive of Dryden's despot, " to show his arbitrary power." It is needless to say, that his was a false and prejudiced view of such a contest; and that if the noble bard gained a species of triumph, by compelling the world to read poetry, though mixed with baser matter, because it was *his*, he gave, in return, an unworthy triumph to the unworthy, besides deep sorrow to those whose applause, in his cooler moments, he most valued.

It was the same with his politics, which on several occasions assumed a tone menacing and contemptuous to the constitution of his country; while, in fact, Lord Byron was in his own heart sufficiently sensible, not only of his privileges as a Briton, but of the distinction attending his high birth and rank, and was peculiarly sensitive of those shades which constitute what is termed the manners of a gentleman. Indeed, notwithstanding his having employed epigrams, and all the petty war of wit, when such would have been much better abstained from, he would have been found, had a collision taken place between the aristocratic and democratic parties in the state, exerting all his energies in defence of that to which he naturally belonged. His own feeling on these subjects he has explained in the very last canto of Don Juan; and they are in entire harmony with the opinions which we have seen expressed in his correspondence, at a moment when matters appeared to approach a serious struggle in his native country:— "If we are to fall," he expressed himself to this purpose, "let the independent aristocracy and gentry of England suffer by the sword of an arbitrary prince, who has been born and bred a gentleman, and will behead us after the manner of our ancestors; but do not let us suffer ourselves to be massacred by the ignoble swarms of ruffians, who are endeavouring to throttle their way to power." Accordingly, he expresses in the strongest terms his purpose of resisting to the last extremity the tendency to anarchy, which commercial distress had generated, and disaffection was endeavouring to turn to its own purposes. His poetry expresses similar sentiments.

"It is not that I adulate the people:
 Without *me* there are Demagogues enough,
And infidels, to pull down every steeple,
 And set up in their stead some proper stuff.

Whether they may sow Scepticism to reap Hell,
As is the Christian dogma rather rough,
I do not know;—I wish men to be free
As much from mobs and kings—from you as me.
The consequence is, being of no party,
I shall offend all parties."—

We are not, however, Byron's apologists, for *now*, alas! he needs none. His excellencies will *now* be universally acknowledged, and his faults (let us hope and believe) not remembered in his epitaph. It will be recollected what a part he has sustained in British literature since the first appearance of Childe Harold, a space of nearly sixteen years. There has been no reposing under the shade of his laurels, no living upon the resource of past reputation; none of that *coddling* and petty precaution, which little authors call "taking care of their fame." Byron let his fame take care of itself. His foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists; and although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimate of his genius, yet he advanced to the honourable contest again and again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakspeare himself, (this will be admitted by all who are acquainted with his Don Juan,) he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarce a passion, or a situation, which has escaped his pen; and he might be drawn, like Garrick, between the Weeping and the Laughing Muse, although his most powerful efforts have certainly been dedicated to Melpomene. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour. Neither Childe Harold, nor any of the most beautiful of Byron's earlier tales, contain more exquisite morsels of poetry than are to be found scattered through the cantos of Don Juan, amidst verses which the author appears to have thrown off with an effort as spontaneous as that of a tree resigning its leaves to the wind.—But that noble tree will never more bear fruit or blossom! It has been cut down in its strength, and the past is all that remains to us of Byron. We can scarce reconcile ourselves to the idea—scarce think that the voice is silent for ever, which, bursting so often on our ear, was often heard with rapturous admiration, sometimes with regret, but always with the deepest interest.

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest!

With a strong feeling of awful sorrow, we take leave of the subject. Death creeps upon our most serious, as well as upon our most idle, employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune, and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor.

Since this sketch first appeared, the author has had an opportunity of learning, from the very first authority, that the importance of Lord Byron's life to the Greek cause was even greater than he had ventured to suppose it. His whole influence was turned to the best and wisest purposes; and most singular it was to behold an individual, certainly not remarkable for prudence in his own private affairs, direct with the utmost sagacity the course to be pursued by a great nation, involved in a situation of extraordinary difficulty. It seems as if his keen and hasty temper was tamed by the importance of the task which he had undertaken, as the war-horse, which prances and curvets under a light burden, moves steadily as well as actively under the armed warrior, when he guides it to battle. His advice and control were constantly exerted to reconcile the independent and jarring chiefs with each other, to induce them to lay aside jealousies, feuds, and the miserable policy of seeking each some individual advantage; and to determine them to employ their united means against the common enemy. It was his constant care to postpone the consideration of disputes upon speculative political maxims, and direct every effort to the recovery of national independence, without which no form of government could be realized.

To the honour of the Greek nation, they repaid with warm gratitude the wise and disinterested zeal with which they beheld him undertake their cause. Had he remained to uphold their banner, it had not, perhaps, been in the present danger of sinking under their own disunion, rather than the force of their barbarous enemies. Greece and the world, however, were to be deprived of this remarkable man. And surely to have fallen in a crusade for freedom and humanity, as in olden times it would have been an atonement for the blackest crimes, may in the present be allowed to expiate greater follies than even exaggerating calumny has propagated against Byron.

When the preceding remarks on Lord Byron's death appeared in the newspapers, they attracted some observation, and called forth from certain critics an expression of censure upon the author, who had delayed, till the scene was closed upon a great contemporary, to render a tribute to his genius. This was not the case, however; for during the most calamitous part of Lord Byron's life, the author had, without attempting to justify what could not admit of vindication, done his best to do justice to his distinguished talents, without reserving either his praise or censure until their object was no more. The following article, which appeared in the Quarterly Review, eleven years since,* is here inserted, because it serves to show that during Lord Byron's lifetime, and at a period when circumstances had rendered him personally unpopular, the author's feelings and sentiments towards his illustrious friend, were the same which he has attempted to express in the preceding sketch.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, 1816, VOL. XVI.

We have felt ourselves very much affected by the perusal of these poems, nor can we suppose that we are singular in our feelings. Other poets have given us their literary productions as the subject of criticism, impersonally, as it were, and generally speaking, abstracted from their ordinary habits and feelings; and all, or almost all, might apply to their poetical effusions, though in somewhat a different sense, the *l'envoy* of Ovid—

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* Review of the Third Canto of Childe Harolde, with other poems, by Lord Byron.

> Sine me, Liber, ibis in urbem.

The works of such authors are indeed before the public, but the character, the habits of the poet, the events of his life and the motives of his writing, are known but to the small circle of literary gossips, for whose curiosity no food is too insipid. From such, indeed, those supposed to be in intimacy with the individual have sometimes undergone an examination which reminds us of the extravagances of Arabella in the *Female Quixote*, who expected from every lady she met in society a full and interesting history of her life and adventures, and whose inquiries could only be answered in the words of the "Weary Knife-grinder,"—

> "Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, ma'am!"

The time, therefore, appeared to be passed, when the mere sin of having been dipped in rhyme, was supposed to exclude the poet from the usual business and habits of life, and to single him out from the herd as a marked deer, expected to make sport by his solitary exertions for escape. Whether this lack of personal distinction has arisen from the diminished irritability of the rhyming generation, from the peculiar habits of those who have been distinguished in our time, or from their mental efforts having been early directed to modify and to restrain the excess of their enthusiasm, we do not pretend to conjecture; but it is certain, that for many years past, though the number of our successful poets may be as great as at any period of our literary history, we have heard little comparatively of their eccentricities, their adventures, or their distresses. The wretched Dermody is not worth mentioning as an exception, and the misfortunes of Burns arose from circumstances not much connected with his powerful poetical genius.

It has been, however, reserved for our own time to produce one distinguished example of the Muse having descended upon a bard of a wounded spirit, and lent her lyre to tell, and we trust to soothe, afflictions of no ordinary description; afflictions originating probably in that singular combination of feeling which has been called the poetical temperament, and which has so often saddened the days of those on whom it has been conferred. If ever a man could lay claim to that character in all its strength and all its weakness, with its unbounded range of enjoyment, and its exquisite sensibility of pleasure and of pain, it must certainly be granted to Lord Byron. Nor does it require much time, or a deep acquaintance with human nature, to discover why these extraordinary powers should in many cases have contributed more to the wretchedness than to the happiness of their possessor.

The "imagination all compact," which the greatest poet who ever lived has assigned as the distinguishing badge of his brethren, is in every case a dangerous gift. It exaggerates, indeed, our expectations, and can often bid its possessor hope, where hope is lost to reason: but the delusive pleasure arising from these visions of imagination, resembles that of a child whose notice is attracted by a fragment of glass, to which a sunbeam has given momentary splendour. He hastens to the spot with breathless impatience, and finds the object of his curiosity and expectation is equally vulgar and worthless. So is it with the man of quick and exalted powers of imagination. His fancy overestimates the object of his wishes, and pleasure, fame, distinction, are alternately pursued, attained, and despised when in his power. Like the enchanted fruit in the palace of a sorcerer, the objects of his admiration lose their attraction and value as soon as they are grasped by the adventurer's hand, and all that remains is regret for the time lost in the chase, and wonder at the hallucination under the influence of which it was undertaken. The disproportion between nope and possession which is felt by all men, is thus doubled to those whom nature has endowed with the power of gilding a distant prospect by the rays of imagination.

These reflections, though trite and obvious, are in a manner forced from us in considering the poetry of Lord Byron, by the sentiments of weariness of existence and enmity with the world which it so frequently expresses, and by the singular analogy which such sentiments hold with incidents of his life so recently before the public. The works before us contain so many direct allusions to the author's personal feelings and private history, that it becomes impossible that we should divide Lord Byron from his poetry, or offer our criticism upon the continuation of *Childe Harold* without reverting to the circumstances in which the commencement of that singular and original work first appeared.

Distinguished by title, and descent from an illustrious line of ancestry, Lord Byron showed, even in his earliest years, that nature had added to those advantages the richest gifts of genius and fancy. His own tale is partly told in two lines of Lara:—

> "Left by his Sire, too young such loss to know,
> Lord of himself, that heritage of woe."

His first literary adventure and its fate are well remembered. The poems which he published in his minority had, indeed, those faults of conception and diction which are inseparable from juvenile attempts; and, in particular, might rather be considered as imitations of what had captivated the ear and fancy of the youthful author, than as exhibiting originality of conception and expression. It was like the first essay of the singing bird catching at and mimicking the notes of its parent, ere habit and time have given the fullness of tone, confidence, and self-possession, which render assistance unnecessary. Yet though there were many, and those not the worst judges, who discerned in those juvenile productions, a depth of thought and felicity of expression which promised much at a more mature age, their errors did not escape the critical lash; and certain distinguished brethren of ours yielded to the opportunity of pouncing upon a titled author, and to that sin which most readily besets our fraternity, (and to which we dare not pronounce ourselves inaccessible), the temptation, namely, of showing our own wit, and entertaining our readers with a lively article, without much respect to the feelings of the author, or even to the indications of merit which the work may exhibit. The review was read and raised mirth; the poems were neglected, the author was irritated, and took his revenge in keen iambics, not only on the offending critic, but on many others, in whose conduct or writings the juvenile bard had found, or imagined he had found, some cause of offence. The satire, which has been since suppressed, as containing opinions hastily expressed evinced a spirit at least sufficiently poignant for all the purposes of reprisal; and although the verses might, in many respects, be deemed the offspring of hasty and indiscriminating resentment, they bore a strong testimony to the ripening talents of the author. Having thus vented his indignation against the critics and their readers, and put many, if not all the laughers upon his side, Lord Byron went abroad, and the controversy was forgotten for some years.

It was in 1812, when Lord Byron returned to England, that *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* made its first appearance, producing an effect upon the public, at least equal to that of any work which has appeared within this or the last century. Reading is now indeed so general among all ranks and classes, that the impulse received by the public mind on such occasions is instantaneous through all but the very lowest classes of society, instead of being slowly communicated from one set of readers to another, as was the case in the days of our fathers. *The Pilgrimage*, acting on such an extensive medium, was calculated to rouse and arrest the attention in a peculiar degree.

The fictitious personage (whose sentiments, however, no one could help identifying with those of the author,) presented himself with an avowed disdain of all the attributes which most men would be gladly supposed to possess. Childe Harold is represented as one satiated by indulgence in pleasure, and seeking in change of place and clime a relief from the tedium of a life which glided on without an object. The assuming of such a character as the medium of communicating his poetry and his sentiments, indicated a feeling towards the public, which, if it fell short of contemning their favour, disdained, at least, all attempt to propitiate them. Yet the very audacity of this repulsive personification, joined to the energy with which it was supported, and to the indications of a bold, powerful, and original mind, which glanced through every line of the poem, electrified the mass of readers, and placed at once upon Lord Byron's head the garland, for which other men of genius have toiled long, and which they have gained late. He was placed pre-eminent among the literary men of his country by general acclamation. Those critics who had so rigorously censured his juvenile essays, and perhaps "dreaded such another field," were the first to pay warm and sincere homage to his matured efforts; while others, who saw in the sentiments of Childe Harold much to regret and to censure, did not withhold their tribute of applause to the depth of thought, the power and force of expression, the beauty of description, and the energy of sentiment, which animated the *Pilgrimage.* If the volume was laid aside for a moment, under the melancholy and unpleasing impression that it seemed calculated to chase hope from the side of man, and to dim his prospects both of this life and of futurity, it was immediately and almost involuntarily assumed again, as our feeling of the author's genius predominated over our reluctance to contemplate the gloomy views of human nature, which it was his pleasure to place before us. Something was set down to the angry recollection of his first failure, which might fairly authorize so high a mind to hold the world's opinion in contempt; something was allowed for the recent family losses to which the poem alluded, and under the feeling of which it had been partly written: and it seemed to most readers, as if gentler and more kindly features were, at times, seen to glance from under the cloud of misanthropy, which the author had flung around his hero. Thus, as all admired the Pilgrimage of Childe Harold, all were prepared to greet the author with that fame which is the poet's best reward, and which is chiefly and most justly due to one who, in these exhausted days, strikes out a new and original line of composition.

It was amidst such feelings of admiration that Lord Byron entered, we may almost say for the first time, the public stage, on which he has made so distinguished a figure. Every thing in his manner, person, and conversation, tended to maintain the charm which his genius had flung around him; and those admitted to his conversation, far from finding that the inspired poet sunk into ordinary mortality, felt themselves attached to him, not only by many noble qualities, but by the interest of a mysterious, undefined, and almost painful curiosity.

It is well known how wide the doors of society are opened in London to literary merit even of a degree far inferior to Lord Byron's, and that it is only necessary to be honourably distinguished by the public voice to move as a denizen in the first circles. The passport was not necessary to Lord Byron, who possessed the hereditary claims of birth and rank to enter the best society. But the interest which his genius attached to his presence, and to his conversation, was of a nature far beyond what these hereditary claims could of themselves have conferred, and his reception was enthusiastic beyond anything we have ever witnessed, or even heard reported. We have already noticed that Lord Byron was not one of those literary men of whom it may be truly said, *Minuit præsentia famam.* A countenance, exquisitely modelled to the expression of feeling and passion, and exhibiting the remarkable contrast of very dark hair and eye-brows, with light and expressive eyes, presented to the physiognomist the most interesting subject for the exercise of his art. The predominating expression was that of deep and habitual thought, which gave way to the most rapid play of features when he engaged in interesting discussion; so that a brother poet compared them to the sculpture of a beautiful alabaster vase, only seen to perfection when lighted up from within. The flashes of mirth, gaiety, indignation, or satirical dislike, which frequently animated Lord Byron's countenance, might, during an evening's conversation, be mistaken by a stranger for its habitual expression, so easily and so happily was it formed for them all; but those who had an opportunity of studying his features for a length of time, and upon various occasions, both of rest and emotion, will agree with us that their proper language was that of melancholy. Sometimes shades of this kind interrupted even his gayest and most happy moments, and the following verses are said to have dropped from his pen to excuse a transient expression of gloom which overclouded the general hilarity.

"When from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,

And o'er the changing aspect flits,
  And clouds the brow, or fills the eye—
Heed not the gloom that soon shall sink:
  My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
Back to my breast the captives shrink,
  And bleed within their silent cell."

It was impossible to behold this interesting countenance, expressive of a dejection belonging neither to the rank, the age, nor the literary success of this young nobleman, without feeling an indefinable curiosity to ascertain whether it had a deeper cause than habit or constitutional temperament. It was obviously of a degree incalculably more serious than that alluded to by Prince Arthur—

———— I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night
Only for wantonness————

But, howsoever derived, this, joined to Lord Byron's air of mingling in amusements and sports as if he contemned them, and felt, that his sphere was far above the frivolous crowd which surrounded him, gave a strong effect of colouring to a character whose tints were otherwise romantic. Noble and far descended—his mind fraught with ancient learning and modern accomplishment—the pilgrim of distant and savage countries—eminent as a poet among the first whom Britain has produced—and having besides cast around him a mysterious charm arising from the sombre tone of his poetry, and the occasional melancholy of his deportment, Lord Byron occupied the eyes, and interested the feelings, of all. The enthusiastic looked on him to admire, the serious with a wish to admonish, and the soft with a desire to console. Even literary envy—a base sensation, from which, perhaps, this age is more free than any other—forgave the man whose splendour dimmed the fame of his competitors. The generosity of Lord Byron's disposition, his readiness to assist merit in distress, and to bring it forward where unknown, deserved and obtained the general regard of those who partook of such merit, while his poetical effusions, poured forth with equal force and fertility, showed at once a daring confidence in his own powers, and a determination to maintain, by continued effort, the high place he had attained in British literature. This rapidity of composition and publication we have heard blamed as endangering the fame of the author, while it gave such proofs of talent. We are inclined to dispute the proposition, at least in the present instance.

We are sometimes tempted to blame the timidity of those poets, who, possessing powers to arrest the admiration of the public, are yet too much afraid of censure to come frequently forward, and thus defraud themselves of their fame, and the public of the delight which they might afford us. Where success has been unexpectedly, and perhaps undeservedly, obtained by the capricious vote of fashion, it may be well for the adventurer to draw his stake and leave the game, as every succeeding hazard will diminish the chance of his rising a winner. But they cater ill for the public, and give indifferent advice to the poet, supposing him possessed of the highest qualities of his art, who do not advise him to labour while the laurel around his brows yet retains its freshness. Sketches from Lord Byron are more valuable than finished pictures from others; nor are we at all sure that any labour which he might bestow in revisal would not rather efface than refine those outlines of striking and powerful originality, which they exhibit when flung rough from the hand of the master. No one would have wished to condemn Michel Angelo to work upon a single block of marble, until he had satisfied, in every point, the petty criticism of that Pope, who, neglecting the sublime and magnificent character and attitude of the sculptor's Moses, descended to blame a wrinkle in the fold of the garment. Should it be urged, that in thus stimulating genius to unsparing exertion, we encourage carelessness and hurry in the youthful candidates for literary distinction, we answer, it is not the learner to whom our remarks apply; they refer to him only, who, gifted by nature with the higher power of poetry, (an art as difficult as it is enchanting,) has made himself master, by application and study, of the mechanical process, and in whom, we believe, frequent exertions upon new works awaken and stimulate that genius, which might be cramped and rendered tame by long and minute anxiety to finish to the highest possible degree any one of the number. If we look at our poetical library, we shall find, generally speaking, that the most distinguished poets have been the most voluminous, and that those who, like Gray, limited their productions to a few poems, anxiously and sedulously corrected and revised, have given them a stiff and artificial character, which, far from disarming criticism, has rather embittered its violence, while the Aristarch, like Achilles assailing Hector, meditates dealing the mortal wound through some unguarded crevice of the supposed impenetrable armour, with which the cautious bard has vainly invested himself. Our opinion must be necessarily qualified by the caution, that as no human invention can be infinitely fertile, as even the richest genius may be, in agricultural phrase, *cropped out*, and rendered sterile, and as each author must necessarily have a particular style in which he is supposed to excel, and must, therefore, be more or less a mannerist; no one can with prudence persevere in forcing himself before the public, when, from failure in invention, or from having rendered the peculiarities of his style over trite and familiar, the veteran 'lags superfluous on the stage,' a slighted mute in those dramas where he was once the principal personage. To this humiliation vanity frequently exposes genius; and it is no doubt true that a copious power of diction, joined to habitual carelessness in composition, has frequently conduced to it. We would therefore be understood to recommend to authors, while a consciousness of the possession of vigorous powers, carefully cultivated, unites with the favour of the public, to descend into the arena, and continue their efforts vigorously while their hopes are high, their spirits active, and the public propitious, in order that, on the slightest failure of nerves or breath, they may be able to withdraw themselves honourably from the contest, gracefully giving way to other candidates for fame, and cultivating studies more suitable to a flagging imagination than the fervid art of poetry. This, however, is the affair of the authors themselves: should they neglect this prudential course, the public will no doubt have more indifferent books on their table than would otherwise have loaded it; and as the world always seizes the first opportunity of recalling the applause it has bestowed, the former wreaths of the writers will for a time be blighted by their immediate failure. But these evils, so far as the public is concerned, are greatly overbalanced by such as arise from the timid caution, which bids genius suppress its efforts, until they shall be refined into unattainable perfection; and we cannot but repeat our conviction that poetry, being, in its higher classes, an art which has for its elements sublimity and unaffected beauty, is more liable than any other to suffer from the labour of polishing, or from the elaborate and composite style of ornament, and alternate affectation of simplicity and artifice, which characterize the works even of the first poets, when they have been over anxious to secure public applause, by long and reiterated correction. It must be remembered that we speak of the higher tones of composition; there are others of a subordinate character, where extreme art and labour are not bestowed in vain. But we cannot consider over anxious correction as likely to be employed with advantage upon poems like those of Lord Byron, which have for their object to rouse the imagination, and awaken the passions.

what Greece is, and what she has been; while it was doubled by comparisons, perpetually excited between the philosophers and heroes, who formerly inhabited that romantic country, and their descendants, who either stoop to the Scythian conquerors, or maintain, among the recesses of their classical mountains, an independence as wild and savage as it is precarious. The oriental manners also, and diction, so peculiar in their picturesque effect, that they can cast a charm even over the absurdities of an eastern tale, had here the more honourable occupation of decorating that which in itself was beautiful, and enhancing by novelty what would have been captivating without its aid. The powerful impression produced by this peculiar species of poetry confirmed us in a principle, which, though it will hardly be challenged when stated as an axiom, is very rarely complied with in practice. It is, that every author should, like Lord Byron, form to himself, and communicate to the reader, a precise, defined, and distinct view of the landscape, sentiment, or action, which he intends to describe to the reader. This simple proposition has been so often neglected, that we feel warranted in giving it a little more consideration and illustration than plain men may at first sight think necessary.

An author occasionally forgets that it is his business rather to excite than to satiate the imagination of his readers; rather to place before him such a distinct and intelligible sketch as his own mind can fill up, than, by attempting to exhaust all that can be said on the subject, to confuse the apprehension and weary the attention. There should be, even in poetical description, that *keeping* and *perspective*, which is demanded in the sister art of painting, and which alone can render the scenes presented by either, distinct, clear, and intelligible. Here the painter has, in some degree, the advantage of the poet, for *perspective* is the very foundation of his art. The most stupid bungler that ever took brush in hand, is aware that his objects must diminish as they withdraw from the eye, that he is not entitled to render the rocks of his distance too distinct, and that the knowledge that such things do actually exist, will not justify him in painting with minuteness the lichens and shrubs, which grow on their surface and in their crevices, when to be represented at a distance from which these minute objects cannot be discovered by the eye. Yet suppose such a novice a follower of the Muses, and he will not hesitate a moment to transgress this wholesome rule. In fact, he will, with the confused minuteness of a Chinese painter, labour to introduce into his verbal description, every thing which he knows to exist, and, by confounding that which is important to his purpose with that which is subordinate, he will produce a mass of images, more or less splendid, according to the vivacity of his imagination, but perplexing, incongruous, and unsatisfactory, in all respects, to the reader, who in vain endeavours to reduce them in his own mind into one distinct landscape, the various parts of which shall bear a just proportion to each other. Such a poet has assembled, perhaps, excellent materials for composition, but he does not present them in intelligible arrangement to the reader; and he fails to produce upon the mind of others the desired effect, probably because the picture has never been presented to his own with sufficient accuracy.

This is more particularly the case with such authors as, lacking the erudition of Southey, the fancy of Moore, or the personal experience of Lord Byron, attempt to lay their scene in countries or ages, with the costume and manners of which they are but imperfectly acquainted. Such adventurers are compelled to draw heavily on their slender stock of knowledge on every occasion, and to parade, as fully as they can, before the eye of the reader, whatsoever their reading has gleaned concerning their subject. Without Chatterton's genius, they fall into Chatterton's error, who, not considering that in the most ancient authors scarcely one word in ten has become obsolete, wrote a set of poems in which every second word was taken from a glossary, and necessarily remitted to one, under the idea that he was imitating the language of the ancients. Thus, when a poet deals in materials of which he is not fully master, he is obliged, at the risk of outraging both taste and nature, to produce as frequently, and detain before the reader as long as possible, those distinctive marks by which he means to impress him with the reality of his story. And the outrage is committed in vain; for it is not enough for the representation of an eastern landscape, that the foreground should be encumbered with turbans and sabres, and the fantastical architecture of the kiosk or the mosque, if the distance be not marked by those slight but discriminating touches which mark the reality of the scene, the lightly indicated palm-tree, which overhangs the distant fountain, or the shadowy and obscure delineation of the long column of the caravan, retreating through the distance; or the watchman who rests on his lance, while his tribe slumber around him, as in the following exquisite picture taken from one of the poems before us:

> "The Boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
> Of fiery climes he made himself a home,

And his Soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noon-tide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around:
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.
The Dream, p. 40.

This is true *keeping*—an Eastern picture, perfect in its foreground, and distance, and sky, and no part of which is so dwelt upon or laboured as to obscure the principal figure. It is often in the slight and almost imperceptible touches that the hand of the master is shown, and that a single spark, struck from his fancy, lightens with a long train of illumination that of the reader.

It is another remarkable property of the poetry of Lord Byron, that although his manner is frequently varied—although he appears to have assumed for an occasion the characteristic stanza and style of several contemporaries, yet not only is his poetry marked in every instance by the strongest cast of originality, but in some leading particulars, and especially in the character of his heroes, each story so closely resembles the others, that, managed by a writer of less power, the effect would have been an unpleasing monotony. All, or almost all his heroes, have somewhat the attributes of Childe Harold:—all, or almost all, have minds which seem at variance with their fortunes, and attempt to conceal high and poignant feelings of pain and pleasure, a keen sense of what is noble and honourable, and an equally acute susceptibility of injustice or injury, under the garb of stoicism or contempt of mankind. The strength of early passion, and the glow of youthful feeling, are uniformly painted as chilled or subdued by a train of early imprudences or of darker guilt, and the sense of enjoyment tarnished, by too intimate and experienced an acquaintance with the vanity of human wishes. These general attributes mark the stern features of all Lord Byron's heroes, from those which are shaded by the scalloped hat of the illustrious Pilgrim, to those which lurk under the turban of Alp, the Renegade. The public, ever anxious in curiosity or malignity to attach to fictitious characters real prototypes, were obstinate in declaring that in these leading traits of character Lord Byron copied from the individual features reflected in his own mirror. On this subject the noble author entered, on one occasion, a formal protest, though, it will be observed, without entirely disavowing the ground on which the conjecture was formed.

" With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch, as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so— if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of ' drawing from self,' the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable; and if not, those who know me are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in undeceiving. I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards, (far more deserving, I allow,) in very reputable plight, and quite exempt from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than 'The Giaour,' and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever 'alias' they please."

It is difficult to say whether we are to receive this passage as an admission or a denial of the opinion to which it refers: but Lord Byron certainly did the public injustice, if he supposed it imputed to him the criminal actions with which many of his heroes were stained. Men no more expected to meet in Lord Byron the Corsair, who "knew himself a villain," than they looked for the atrocity of Kehama on the shores of the Derwent Water: yet even in the features of Conrad, those who have looked on Lord Byron will recognise some likeness.

"—— to the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height;
Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men;
They gaze and marvel how—and still confess
That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.
Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
The sable curls in wild profusion veil;
And oft perforce his rising lip reveals
The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.
Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,
Still seems there something he would not have seen;

His features' deepening lines and varying hue
At times attracted, yet perplex'd the view."
The Corsair, p. 11.

And the ascetic regimen which the noble author himself observed, was no less marked in the description of Conrad's fare.

" Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,
That goblet passes him untasted still—
And for his fare—the rudest of his crew
Would, that, in turn, have pass'd untasted too;
Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,
And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,
His short repast in humbleness supply
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny."—*Id.* p. 4.

The following description of Lara suddenly and unexpectedly returned from distant travels, and reassuming his station in the society of his own country, has in like manner strong points of resemblance to the part which the author himself seemed occasionally to bear amid the scenes where the great mingle with the fair.

" —— 'tis quickly seen
Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had been;
That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at last,
And spake of passions, but of passions past;
The pride, but not the fire, of early days,
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of praise;
A high demeanour, and a glance that took
Their thoughts from others by a single look;

And that sarcastic levity of tongue,
The stinging of a heart the world hath stung,
That darts in seeming playfulness around,
And makes those feel that will not own the wound;
All these seem'd his, and something more beneath
Than glance could well reveal, or accent breathe:
Ambition, glory, love, the common aim
That some can conquer, and that all would claim,
Within his breast appear'd no more to strive,
Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive;
And some deep feeling it were vain to trace
At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face."

Lara, pp. 6, 7.

We are not writing Lord Byron's private history, though, from the connexion already stated between his poetry and his character, we feel ourselves forced upon considering his literary life, his deportment, and even his personal appearance. But we know enough, even of his private story, to give our warrant, that, though his youth may have shared somewhat too largely in the indiscretions of those left too early masters of their own actions and fortunes, falsehood and malice alone can impute to him any real cause for hopeless remorse, or gloomy misanthropy. To what, then, are we to ascribe the singular peculiarity which induced an author of such talent, and so well skilled in tracing the darker impressions which guilt and remorse leave on the human character, so frequently to affix features peculiar to himself to the robbers and corsairs which he sketched with a pencil as forcible as that of Salvator?—More than one answer may be returned to this question; nor do we pretend to say which is best warranted by the facts. The practice may arise from a temperament, which radical and constitutional melancholy has, as in the case of Hamlet, predisposed to identify its owner with scenes of that deep and arousing interest which arises from the stings of conscience contending with the stubborn energy of pride, and delighting to be placed in supposed situations of guilt and danger, as some men love instinctively to tread the giddy edge of a precipice, or, holding by some frail twig, to stoop forward over the abyss into which the dark torrent discharges itself. Or it may be that these disguises were assumed capriciously, as a man may choose the cloak, poniard, and dark-lantern of a bravo, for his disguise at a masquerade. Or, feeling his own powers in painting the sombre and the horrible, Lord Byron assumed in his fervour the very semblance of the beings he describes, like an actor who presents on the stage at once his own person and the tragic character with which for the time he is invested. Nor is it altogether incompatible with his character to believe, that, in contempt of the criticisms which on this account had attended Childe Harold, he was determined to show to the public how little he was affected by them, and how effectually it was in his power to compel attention and respect, even when imparting a portion of his own likeness and his own peculiarities to pirates and outlaws.

But although we do not pretend to ascertain the motive on which Lord Byron acted in bringing the peculiarities of his own sentiments and feelings so frequently before his readers, it is with no little admiration that we regard these extraordinary powers, which, amidst this seeming uniformity, could continue to rivet the public attention, and secure general and continued applause. The versatility of authors who have been able to draw and support characters as different from each other as from their own, has given to their productions the inexpressible charm of variety, and has often secured them against that neglect which in general attends what is technically called mannerism. But it was reserved to Lord Byron to present the same character on the public stage again and again, varied only by the exertions of that powerful genius, which, searching the springs of passion and of feeling in their innermost recesses, knew how to combine their operations, so that the interest was eternally varying, and never abated, although the most important personage of the drama retained the same lineaments. It will one day be considered as not the least remarkable literary phenomenon of this age, that, during a period of four years, notwithstanding the quantity of distinguished poetical talent of which we may be permitted to boast, a single author, and he managing his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality, and choosing for his theme subjects so very similar, and persons bearing so close a resemblance to each other,—did, in despite of these circumstances, of the unamiable attributes with which he usually invested his heroes, and of the proverbial fickleness of the public, maintain the ascendency in their favour, which he had acquired by his first matured production. So, however, it indisputably has been; and those comparatively small circle of admirers excepted, which assemble naturally around individual poets of eminence, Lord Byron has been for that time, and may for some time continue to be, the Champion of the English Parnassus. If his empire over the public mind be in any measure diminished, it arises from no literary failure of his own, and from no triumph of his competitors, but from other circumstances.

We may add extracts of a different description from the same article, tending to show, that if the author offered willingly and freely his tribute, humble as it might be, to the genius of Byron, while that distinguished individual walked amongst us, he was not prevented, either by the kindness which he felt for his friend, or the reverence which he owed to the man of genius, from noticing with freedom of animadversion the points on which they differed.

Childe Harold arrives on Waterloo—a scene where all men, where a poet especially, and a poet such as Lord Byron, must needs pause, and amid the quiet simplicity of whose scenery is excited a moral interest, deeper and more potent even than that which is produced by gazing upon the sublimest efforts of Nature in her most romantic recesses.

That Lord Byron's sentiments do not correspond with ours is obvious, and we are sorry for both our sakes. For our own,—because we have lost that note of triumph with which his harp would otherwise have rung over a field of glory such as Britain never reaped before; and on Lord Byron's account,—because it is melancholy to see a man of genius duped by the mere cant of words and phrases, even when facts are most broadly confronted with them. If the poet has mixed with original, wild, and magnificent creations of his imagination, prejudices which he could only have caught by the contagion which he most professes to despise, it is he himself must be the loser. If his lofty muse has soared in all her brilliancy over the field of Waterloo without dropping even one leaf of laurel on the head of Wellington, his merit can dispense even with the praise of Lord Byron. And as, when the images of Brutus were excluded from the triumphal procession, his memory became only the more powerfully imprinted on the souls of the Romans,—the name of the British hero will be but more eagerly recalled to remembrance by the very lines in which his praise is forgotten.

We would willingly avoid mention of the political opinions hinted at by Childe Harold, and more distinctly expressed in other poems of Lord Byron;—the more willingly, as we strongly suspect that these effusions are rather the sport of whim and singularity, or at best the suggestion of sudden starts of feeling and passion, than the expressions of any serious or fixed opinion. A French author, (*Le Censeur du Dictionnaire des Girouettes,*) who has undertaken the hardy task of vindicating the consistency of the actors in the late revolutions and counter-revolutions of his country, gives it as his decided opinion, that poets in particular are not amenable to censure whatever political opinions they may express, or however

frequently these opinions may exhibit marks of inconsistency.—"Le cerveau d'un poète est une cire molle et flexibile où s'imprime naturellement tout ce qui le flatte, le séduit, et l'alimente. La Muse du chant n'a pas de parti : c'est une étourdie sans conséquence, qui folâtre également et sur de riches gazons et sur d'arides bruyères. Un poète en délire chante indifféremment Titus et Thamasp, Louis XII. et Cromwell, Christine de Suède et Fanchon la Vielleuse."

We suspect that Lord Byron will not feel much flattered by the opportunity we have given him of sheltering himself under the insignificance which this Frenchman attaches to the political opinions of poets. But if he renounces the defence arising from the difficulty of resisting a tempting subject, and the pleasure of maintaining a paradox, it will be difficult for him to escape from the charge of inconsistency. For to compare Waterloo to the battle of Cannæ, and speak of the blood which flowed on the side of the vanquished as lost in the cause of freedom, is contrary not only to plain sense and general opinion, but to Lord Byron's own experience, and to the testimony of that experience which he has laid before the public. Childe Harold, in his former Pilgrimage, beheld in Spain the course of the "tyrant and of the tyrant's slaves." He saw "Gaul's vulture with her wings unfurled," and indignantly expostulated with Fate on the impending destruction of the patriotic Spaniards.

> "And must they fall,—the young, the proud, the brave,
> To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign,
> No step between submission and a grave,
> The rise of rapine, and the fall of Spain!"

Childe Harold saw the scenes which he celebrates —and does he now compare to the field of Cannæ the plain of Waterloo, and mourn over the fall of the tyrant and the military satraps and slaves whose arms built his power, as over the fall of the cause of liberty? We know the ready answer which will be offered by the few who soothe their own prejudices, or seek to carry their own purposes, by maintaining this extravagant proposition. They take a distinction: Buonaparte, according to their creed, fell a tyrant in 1814, and revived a deliverer in 1815. A few months' residence in the Isle of Elba had given him time for better thoughts, and had mortified within his mind that gorging ambition, for which Russia was not too great, nor Hamburgh too small a morsel; which never evaporated under the burning sun of Egypt, nor was chilled by the Polar snows; which survived the loss of millions of soldiers, and an incalculable tract of territory, and burned as fiercely during the conferences of Chatillon, when the despot's fate was trembling in the scales, as at those of Tilsit, when that of his adversary had kicked the beam. All the experience which Europe had bought, by oceans of blood and years of degradation, ought, according to these gentlemen, to have been forgotten upon the vague and empty professions of one, whose word, whensoever and wheresoever pledged, never bound him an instant, when interest or ambition required a breach of it. Buonaparte, on his return from Elba, had assured the world he was changed in temper, mind, and disposition; and his old agent and minister (Fouché of Nantes) was as ready to give his security as Bardolph was to engage for Falstaff. When Gil Blas found his old comrades in knavery, Don Raphael and Ambrose de Lamela, administrating the revenues of a Carthusian convent, he shrewdly conjectured that the treasure of the holy fathers was in no small danger, and grounded his suspicion on the old adage, "Il ne faut pas mettre à la cave un ivrogne qui a renoncé au vin." But Europe—when France had given the strongest proof of her desire to recover what she termed her glory, by expelling a king whose reign was incompatible with foreign wars, and recalling Napoleon, to whom conquest was as the very breath of his nostrils—Europe, most deserving, had she yielded to such arguments, to have been crowned with "the diadem, hight foolscap," is censured for having exerted her strength to fix her security, and confuting with her own warlike weapons those whose only law was arms, and only argument battle.

We do not believe there lives any one who can seriously doubt the truth of what we have said. If, however, there were any simple enough to expect to hail Freedom, restored by the victorious arms of Buonaparte, their mistake (had Lord Wellington not saved them from its consequences) would have resembled that of poor Slender, who, rushing to the embraces of Anne Page, found himself unexpectedly in the gripe of a lubberly post-master's boy. But probably no one was foolish enough to nourish such hopes, though there are some—their number is few—whose general opinions concerning the policy of Europe are so closely and habitually linked with their party prejudices at home, that they see in the victory of Waterloo only the triumph of Lord Castlereagh; and could the event have been reversed, would have thought rather of the possible change of seats in St Stephen's, than of the probable subjugation of Europe. Such were those who, hiding perhaps secret hopes with affected despondence, lamented the madness which endeavoured to make a stand against the Irresistible, whose military calculations were formed on plans far beyond the comprehension of all other minds; and such are they who, confuted by stubborn facts, now affect to mourn over the consequences of a victory which they had pronounced impossible. But, as we have already hinted, we cannot trace in Lord Byron's writings any systematic attachment to a particular creed of politics, and he appears to us to seize the subjects of public interest upon the side in which they happen to present themselves for the moment, with this qualification, that he usually paints them on the shaded aspect, perhaps that their tints may harmonize with the sombre colours of his landscape. Dangerous as prophecies are, we could almost hazard a prediction, that, if Lord Byron enjoys that length of life which we desire for his sake and our own, his future writings may probably show that he thinks better of the morals, religion, and constitution of his country, than his poems have hitherto indicated. Should we fail in a hope which we cherish fondly, the disgrace of false prophecy must rest with us, but the loss will be with Lord Byron himself.

Childe Harold, though he shuns to celebrate the victory of Waterloo, gives us a most beautiful description of the evening which preceded the battle of Quatre Bras, the alarm which called out the troops, and the hurry and confusion which preceded their march.

A beautiful elegiac stanza on the Honourable Major Howard, a relation of Lord Byron; and several verses, in which the author contemplates the character and fall of Napoleon,—close the meditations suggested by the field of Waterloo. The present situation of Buonaparte ought to exempt him (unless when, as in the following pages, he is brought officially before us,) from such petty warfare as we can wage. But if Lord Byron supposes that Napoleon's fall was occasioned, or even precipitated, by a "just habitual scorn of men and their thoughts," too publicly and rashly expressed, or, as he has termed it in a note, "the continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling with or for them,"—we conceive him to be under a material error. Far from being deficient in that necessary branch of the politician's art, which soothes the passions and conciliates the prejudices of those whom they wish to employ as instruments, Buonaparte possessed it in exquisite perfection. He seldom missed finding the very man that was fittest for his immediate purpose; and he had, in a peculiar degree, the art of moulding him to it. It was not, then, because he despised the means necessary to gain his end that he finally fell short of attaining it, but because, confiding in his stars, his fortune, and his strength, the ends which he proposed were unattainable even by the gigantic means which he possessed. But if we are to understand that the projects of Napoleon intimated, too plainly for the subsistence of his power, how little he regarded human life or human happiness in the accomplishment of his personal views, and that this conviction heated his enemies and cooled his friends, his indeed may be called a *scorn*, but surely not a *just scorn* of his fellow-mortals.

The next theme on which the poet rushes, is the character of the enthusiastic, and as Lord Byron well terms him, "self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau," a subject naturally suggested by the scenes in which that unhappy visionary dwelt, at war with all others, and by no means at peace with himself; an affected contemner of polished society, for whose applause he secretly panted, and a waster of eloquence in praise of the savage state in which his paradoxical reasoning, and studied, if not affected, declamation, would never have procured him an instant's notice. In the following stanza, his character and foibles are happily treated.

LXXX.

" His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind
Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose
For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,
'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
But he was frenzied—wherefore, who may know?
Since cause might be which skill could never find;
But he was frenzied by disease or woe,
To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show."

In another part of the poem, this subject is renewed, where the traveller visits the scenery of La Nouvelle Eloïse.

" Clarens, sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep love,
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in love; the snows above
The very Glaciers have his colours caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought,
By rays which sleep there lovingly."

There is much more of beautiful and animated description, from which it appears that the impassioned parts of Rousseau's romance have made a deep impression upon the feelings of the noble poet. The enthusiasm expressed by Lord Byron is no small tribute to the power possessed by Jean Jaques over the passions; and, to say truth, we needed some such evidence, for, though almost ashamed to avow the truth, which is probably very much to our own discredit, still, like the barber of Midas, we must speak or die, we have never been able to feel the interest, or discover the merit, of this far-famed performance. That there is much eloquence in the letters, we readily admit: there lay Rousseau's strength. But his lovers, the celebrated St Preux and Julie, have, from the earliest moment we have heard the tale (which we well remember) down to the present hour, totally failed to interest us. There might be some constitutional hardness of heart; but, like Lance's pebble-hearted cur, Crab, we remained dry-eyed, while all wept around us. And still, on resuming the volume, even now, we can see little in the loves of these two tiresome pedants to interest our feelings for either of them; we are by no means flattered by the character of Lord Edward Bomston, produced as the representative of the English nation; and, upon the whole, consider the dulness of the story as the best apology for its exquisite immorality. To state our opinion in language much better than our own, we are unfortunate enough to regard this far-famed history of philosophical gallantry as an "unfashioned, indelicate, sour, gloomy, ferocious medley of pedantry and lewdness; of metaphysical speculations, blended with the coarsest sensuality."*

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* Burke's Letter to a Member of the National Assembly.

Neither does Rousseau claim a higher rank with us on account of that Pythian and frenetic inspiration which vented

> "Those oracles which set the world in flame,
> Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more."

We agree with Lord Byron that this frenzied sophist, reasoning upon false principles, or rather presenting that show of reasoning which is the worst pitch of madness, was a primary apostle of the French Revolution; nor do we differ greatly from his Lordship's conclusion, that good and evil were together overthrown in that volcanic explosion. But when Lord Byron assures us, that after the successive changes of government by which the French legislators have attempted to reach a theoretic perfection of constitution, mankind must and will begin the same work anew, in order to do it better and more effectually,—we devoutly hope the experiment, however *hopeful*, may not be renewed in our time, and that the "fixed passion" which Childe Harold describes as "holding his breath," and waiting the "atoning hour," will choke in his purpose ere that hour arrives. Surely the voice of dear-bought experience should now at length silence, even in France, the clamour of empirical philosophy. Who would listen a moment to the blundering mechanic who should say, "I have burned your house down ten times in the attempt, but let me once more disturb your old fashioned chimneys and vents, in order to make another trial, and I will pledge myself to succeed in heating it upon the newest and most approved principle?"

The poem proceeds to describe, in a tone of great beauty and feeling, a night-scene witnessed on the Lake of Geneva; and each natural object, from the evening grasshopper to the stars, "the poetry of heaven," suggests the contemplation of the connexion between the Creator and his works. The scene is varied by the "fierce and fair delight" of a thunder-storm, described in verse almost as vivid as its lightnings. We had marked it for transcript, as one of the most beautiful passages of the poem; but quotation must have bounds, and we have been already liberal. But the "live thunder leaping among the rattling crags"—the voice of mountains, as if shouting to each other—the plashing of the big rain—the gleaming of the wild lake, lighted like a phosphoric sea,—present a picture of sublime terror, yet of enjoyment, often attempted, but never so well, certainly never better, brought out in poetry. The Pilgrim reviews the characters of Gibbon and Voltaire, suggested by their residences on the lake of Geneva, and concludes by reverting to the same melancholy tone of feeling with which the poem commenced. Childe Harold, though not formally dismissed, glides from our observation; and the poet, in his own person, renews the affecting address to his infant daughter:—

CXV.

"My daughter! with thy name this song begun—
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end.
I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend
To whom the shadows of far years extend:
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
And reach into thy heart,—when mine is cold,—
A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould."

He proceeds in the same tone for several stanzas, and then concludes with this paternal benediction:—

"Sweet be thy cradled slumbers o'er the sea,
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessings upon thee,
As with a sigh I deem thou might'st have been to me."

Having finished the analysis of this beautiful poem, we have the difficult and delicate task before us, of offering some remarks on the tone and feeling in which it is composed. But before discharging this part of our duty, we must give some account of the other fasciculus with which the fertile genius of Lord Byron has supplied us.

The collection to which the *Prisoner of Chillon* gives name, inferior in interest to the continuation of *Childe Harold*, is marked, nevertheless, by the peculiar force of Lord Byron's genius. It consists of a series of detached pieces, some of them fragments, and rather poetical prolusions, than finished and perfect poems.

Some of our readers may require to be informed, that Chillon, which gives name to the first poem, is a castle on the lake of Geneva, belonging of old to the Dukes of Savoy, employed by them during the dark ages, as a state prison, and furnished of course with a tremendous range of subterranean dungeons, with a chamber dedicated to the purpose of torture, and all the apparatus of feudal tyranny. Here the earlier champions of the Reformation were frequently doomed to expiate their heretical opinions. Among the hardiest of these was Bonnivard, whom Lord Byron has selected as the hero of his poem. He was imprisoned in Chillon for nearly six years, from 1530, namely, to 1536, and underwent all the rigour of the closest captivity. But it has not been the purpose of Lord Byron to paint the peculiar character of

Bonnivard, nor do we find anything to remind us of the steady firmness and patient endurance of one suffering for conscience-sake. The object of the poem, like that of Sterne's celebrated sketch of the prisoner, is to consider captivity in the abstract, and to mark its effects in gradually chilling the mental powers as it benumbs and freezes the animal frame, until the unfortunate victim becomes, as it were, a part of his dungeon, and identified with his chains. This transmutation we believe to be founded on fact: at least, in the Low Countries, where capital punishments are never inflicted, and where solitary confinement for life is substituted in the case of enormous crimes, something like it may be witnessed. On particular days in the course of the year, these victims of a jurisprudence which calls itself humane, are presented to the public eye upon a stage erected in the open market-place, apparently to prevent their guilt and their punishment from being forgotten. It is scarcely possible to witness a sight more degrading to humanity than this exhibition:—with matted hair, wild looks and haggard features, with eyes dazzled by the unwonted light of the sun, and ears deafened and astounded by the sudden exchange of the silence of a dungeon for the busy hum of men, the wretches sit more like rude images fashioned to a fantastic imitation of humanity, than like living and reflecting beings. In the course of time, we are assured, they generally become either madmen or idiots, as mind or matter happens to predominate, when the mysterious balance between them is destroyed. But they who are subjected to such a dreadful punishment are generally, like most perpetrators of gross crimes, men of feeble internal resources. Men of talents like Trenck have been known, in the deepest seclusion, and most severe confinement, to battle the foul fiend Melancholy, and to come off conquerors, during a captivity of years. Those who suffer imprisonment for the sake of their country or their religion have yet a stronger support, and may exclaim, though in a different sense from that of Othello—

> "It is the cause—it is the cause, my soul."

And hence the early history of the church is filled with martyrs, who, confident in the justice of their cause, and the certainty of their future reward, endured with patience the rigour of protracted and solitary captivity, as well as the bitterness of torture, and of death itself. This, however, is not the view which Lord Byron has taken of the character and captivity of Bonnivard, for which he has offered an apology in the following passage in the notes. "When the foregoing poem was composed, I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnivard; or I would have endeavoured to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues." The theme of the poem is therefore the gradual effect of protracted captivity upon a man of powerful mind, tried at the same time by the successive deaths of his two brethren.

It will readily be allowed that this singular poem is more powerful than pleasing. The dungeon of Bonnivard is, like that of Ugolino, a subject too dismal even for the power of the painter or poet to counteract its horrors. It is the more disagreeable, as affording human hope no anchor to rest upon, and describing the sufferer, though a man of talents and virtues, as altogether inert and powerless under his accumulated sufferings. Yet as a picture, however gloomy the colouring, it may rival any which Lord Byron has drawn; nor is it possible to read it without a sinking of the heart, corresponding with that which he describes the victim to have suffered.

We have said that Lord Byron occasionally, though without concealing his own original features, assumes the manner and style of his contemporaries. Of this we have more than one instance in the present collection. It is impossible to read the *Prisoner of Chillon* without finding several passages, which strongly remind us of Wordsworth. There is another, called *Churchill's Grave*, for which Southey seems to afford the model, not in his epic strains, but in his English eclogues, in which moral truths are expressed, to use the poet's own language, in "an almost colloquial plainness of language," and an air of quaint and original expression assumed, to render the sentiment at once impressive and *piquant*. The grave of Churchill, however, might have called from Lord Byron a deeper commemoration; for though they generally differed in character and genius, there was a resemblance between their history and character. The satire of Churchill flowed with a more profuse, though not a more embittered, stream; while, on the other hand, he cannot be compared to Lord Byron in point of tenderness or imagination. But both these poets held themselves above the opinion of the world, and both were followed by the fame and popularity which they seemed to despise. The writings of both exhibit an inborn, though sometimes ill regulated, generosity of mind, and a spirit of proud independence, frequently pushed to extremes. Both carried their hatred of hypocrisy beyond the verge of prudence, and indulged their vein of satire to the borders of licentiousness. In the flower of his age, Churchill died in a foreign land. Here, we trust, the parallel will cease, and that the subject of our criticism will long survive to honour his own.*

Two other pieces in this miscellany recall to our mind the wild, unbridled, and fiery imagination of Coleridge. To this poet's high poetical genius we have always paid deference,—even where, perhaps, he has, too frequently for his own popularity, wandered into the wild and mystic, and left the reader at a loss accurately to determine his meaning. Perhaps in that called the *Spell* the resemblance may be fanciful, but we cannot allow it to be so in the singular poem called *Darkness*, well entitled,

> " A dream which is not all a dream."

In this case, our author has abandoned the art so peculiarly his own, of showing the reader where his purpose tends, and has contented himself with presenting a mass of powerful ideas unarranged, and the meaning of which we certainly confess ourselves not always able to attain. A succession of terrible images is placed before us, flitting and mixing, and disengaging themselves as in the dream of a feverish man—Chimeras dire, to whose existence the mind refuses credit, which confound and weary the ordinary reader, and baffle the comprehension even of those more accustomed to the flights of a poetic muse, are dashed off as in an Arabesque painting. The subject is the progress of Utter Darkness, until it becomes, in Shakspeare's phrase, the "burier of the dead," and the assemblage of terrific ideas which the poet has placed before us only fail in exciting our terror from the extravagance of the plan. These mystical prolusions do indeed produce upon us the effect described in Henry More's lines, quoted in Southey's Omniana—

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* Such was the vain hope we then expressed. Alas! the resemblance was doomed to be completed in the catastrophe which we deprecated.

> "A lecture strange he seem'd to read to me;
> And though I did not rightly understand
> His meaning, yet I deem'd it to be
> Some goodly thing."

But the feeling of reverence which we entertain for that which is difficult of comprehension, gives way to weariness whenever we begin to suspect that it cannot be distinctly comprehended by any one.

To speak plainly, the framing of such phantasms is a dangerous employment for the exalted and teeming imagination of such a poet as Lord Byron, whose Pegasus has ever required rather a bridle than a spur. The waste of boundless space into which they lead the poet, the neglect of precision which such themes may render habitual, make them, in respect to poetry, what mysticism is to religion. The meaning of the poet as he ascends upon cloudy wing, becomes the shadow only of a thought, and having eluded the comprehension of others, necessarily ends by escaping from that of the author himself. The strength of poetical conception, and beauty of diction, bestowed upon such prolusions, is as much thrown away as the colours of a painter, could he take a cloud of mist, or a wreath of smoke, for his canvass.

Omitting one or two compositions of less interest, we cannot but notice the *Dream*, which, if we do not misconstrue it, has a covert and mysterious relation to the tale of Childe Harold. It is written with the same power of poetry, nor have we here to complain of obscurity in the mode of narrating the vision, though we pretend not to the skill or information necessary to its interpretation. It is difficult, however, to mistake who or what is meant in the conclusion, and more especially as the tone too well agrees with similar passages in the continuation of Childe Harold.

"The Wanderer was alone as heretofore:
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With Hatred and Contention.
—————— he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains; with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of Night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—Be it so."—Pp. 44, 45.

The reader is requested to contrast these lines with the stern and solemn passage in which Childe Harold seems to bid a long and lasting farewell to social intercourse, and, with exceptions so cautiously restricted and guarded as to be almost none, brands the mass of humanity whom he leaves behind him as false and treacherous.

CXIII.

"I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,—
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and still could,
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.

CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me—
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may be
Words which are things—hopes which will not deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing; I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
That two, or one, are almost what they seem—
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream."—Pp. 61, 62.

Though the last of these stanzas has something in it mystic and enigmatical, yet with the passage already quoted from the *Dream*, and some other poems which are also before the public, they remove the scrupulous delicacy with which otherwise we would have avoided allusion to the mental sufferings of the noble poet. But to uncover a wound, is to demand a surgeon's hand to tent it. With kinder feelings to Lord Byron in person and reputation no one could approach him than ourselves: we owe it to the pleasure which he has bestowed upon us, and to the honour he has done to our literature. We have paid our warmest tribute to his talents: it is their due. We will touch on the uses for which he was invested with them: it is our duty; and happy, most happy, should we be, if, in discharging it, we could render this distinguished author a real service. We do not assume the office of harsh censors—we are entitled at no time to do so towards genius, least of all in what may be termed its hour of adversity; and we are prepared to make full allowance for the natural effect of misfortune upon a bold and haughty spirit.

> "——— When the splitting wind
> Makes flexible the knee of knotted oaks,
> And flies fled under shade, the Thing of Courage,
> As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathise,
> And, with an accent tuned in self-same key,
> Returns to chiding fortune."

But this mode of defiance may last too long, and hurry him who indulges it into further evils; and to this point our observations tend. The advice ought not to be contemned on account of the obscurity of those by whom it was given:—the roughest fisherman is an useful pilot when a gallant vessel is near the breakers; the meanest shepherd may be a sure guide over a pathless heath, and the admonition which is given in well-meant kindness should not be despised, even when tendered with a frankness which may resemble a want of courtesy.

If the conclusion of Lord Byron's literary career were to be such as these mournful verses have anticipated—if this darkness of the spirit, this scepticism concerning the existence of worth, of friendship, of sincerity, were really and permanently to sink like a gulf between this distinguished poet and society, another name will be added to the illustrious list to whom Preston's caution refers.

> " Still wouldst thou write ?—to tame thy youthful fire,
> Recall to life the masters of the lyre ;
> Lo, every brow the shade of sorrow wears,
> And every wreath is stain'd with dropping tears !"

But this is an unfair picture. It is not the temper and talents of the poet, but the use to which he puts them, on which his happiness or misery is grounded. A powerful and unbridled imagination is, we have already said, the author and architect of its own disappointments. Its fascinations, its exaggerated pictures of good and evil, and the mental distress to which they give rise, are the natural and necessary evils attending on that quick susceptibility of feeling and fancy incident to the poetical temperament. But the Giver of all talents, while he has qualified them each with its separate and peculiar alloy, has endowed the owner with the power of purifying and refining them. As if to moderate the arrogance of genius, it is justly and wisely made requisite, that the conscious possessor must regulate and tame the fire of his fancy, and descend from the heights to which she exalts him, in order to obtain ease of trespassed against; to look on the world less as our foe than as a doubtful and capricious friend, whose applause we ought as far as possible to deserve, but neither to court nor contemn—such seem the most obvious and certain means of keeping or regaining mental tranquillity.

—— "Semita certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ."

We are compelled to dwell upon this subject; for future ages, while our language is remembered, will demand of this, why Lord Byron was unhappy? We retort this query on the noble poet himself while it is called "to-day." He does injustice to the world, if he imagines he has left it exclusively filled with those who rejoice in his sufferings. If the voice of consolation be, in cases like his, less loudly heard than that of reproach or upbraiding, it is because those who long to conciliate, to advise, to mediate, to console, are timid in thrusting forward their sentiments, and fear to exasperate where they most seek to soothe; while the busy and officious intrude, without shame or sympathy, and embitter the privacy of affliction by their rude gaze and importunate clamour. But the pain which such insects can give only lasts while the wound is raw. Let the patient submit to the discipline of the soul enjoined by religion, and recommended by philosophy, and the scar will become speedily insensible to their stings. Lord Byron may not have loved the world, but the world *has* loved him; not perhaps with a wise or discriminating affection, but as well as it is capable of loving any one. And many who do not belong to the world, as the word is generally understood, have their thoughts fixed on Lord Byron, with the anxious wish and eager hope that he will bring his powerful understanding to combat with his irritated feelings, and that his next efforts will show that he has acquired the peace of mind necessary for the free and useful exercise of his splendid talents.

"I decus, i nostrum, melioribus utere fatis."

THE DUKE OF YORK.

FROM THE EDINBURGH WEEKLY JOURNAL, JAN. 10, 1827.

IN the person of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, we may justly say, in the language of Scripture, "there has fallen this day in our Israel a Prince and a Great Man." He has, from an early period of his manhood, performed a most important part in public life. In the early wars of the French Revolution, the Duke of York commanded the British forces on the Continent, and although we claim not for his memory the admiration due to the rare and high gifts, which, in our latter times, must combine to form a military genius of the first order, yet it has never been disputed that in the field his Royal Highness displayed intelligence, military skill, and his family attribute, the most cool and unalterable courage. He had also the universal testimony of the army for his efforts to lessen the distresses of the privates, during the horrors of an unsuccessful campaign, in which he acquired, and kept to his death, the epithet of the Soldier's Friend. It was singular that on the trial of the maniac Hatfield, where the Duke was examined as a witness, the accused person recognised his Royal Highness by that title.

But it is not on account of these early services that we now, as boldly as our poor voice may, venture to bring forward the late Duke of York's claims to the perpetual gratitude of his country. It is as the reformer and regenerator of the British army, which he brought from a state nearly allied to general contempt, to such a pitch of excellence, that we may, without much hesitation, claim for them an equality with, if not a superiority over, any troops in Europe. The Duke of York had the firmness to look into and examine the causes, which, ever since the American war, though arising out of circumstances existing long before, had gone as far to destroy the character of the British army, as the natural good materials of which it is composed would permit. The heart must have been bold that did not despair at the sight of such an Augean stable.

In the first place, our system of purchasing commissions,—itself an evil in a military point of view, and yet indispensable to the freedom of the country,—had been stretched so far as to open the way to every sort of abuse. No science was required on the part of the candidate for a commission, no term of service as a cadet, no previous experience whatsoever; the promotion went on equally unimpeded; the boy let loose from school the last week, might in the course of a month be a field officer, if his friends were disposed to be liberal of money and influence. Others there were, against whom there could be no complaint for want of length of service, although it might be difficult to see how their experience was improved by it. It was no uncommon thing for a commission to be obtained for a child in the cradle; and when he came from college, the fortunate youth was at least a lieutenant of some standing, by dint of fair promotion. To sum up this catalogue of abuses, commissions were in some instances betowed upon young ladies, when pensions could not be had. We knew ourselves one fair dame who drew the pay of captain in the —— dragoons, and was probably not much less fit for the service than some who, at that period, actually did duty; for, as we have said, no knowledge of any kind was demanded from the young officers. If they desired to improve themselves in the elemental parts of their profession, there were no means and neither influence nor money were permitted to force any individual forward, until he had served the necessary time in the inferior rank from which he desired to be promoted. No rank short of that of the Duke of York—no courage and determination inferior to that of his Royal Highness, could have accomplished a change so important to the service, but which yet was so unfavourable to the wealthy and to the powerful, whose children and protegés had formerly found a brief way to promotion. Thus a protection was afforded to those officers who could only hope to rise by merit and length of service, while at the same time the young military aspirant was compelled to discharge the duties of a subaltern before attaining the higher commissions.

In other respects, the influence of the Commander-in-Chief was found to have the same gradual and meliorating influence. The vicissitudes of real service, and the emergencies to which individuals are exposed, began to render ignorance unfashionable, as it was speedily found that mere valour, however fiery, was inadequate, on such occasions, for the extrication of those engaged in them; and that they who knew their duty and discharged it, were not only most secure of victory and safety in action, but chiefly distinguished at head-quarters, over the officers, or taking too close inspection of the mere gaieties and follies of youth, a complaint of any kind, implying a departure from the character of a gentleman and man of honour, was instantly inquired into by the Commander-in-Chief, and the delinquent censured or punished, as the case seemed to require. The army was thus like a family under protection of an indulgent father, who, willing to encourage merit, checks with a timely frown the temptations to license and extravagance.

The private soldiers equally engaged the attention of his Royal Highness. In the course of his superintendence of the army, a military dress, the most absurd in Europe, was altered for one easy and comfortable for the men, and suitable to the hardships they are exposed to in actual service. The severe and vexatious rules about tying and powdering of hair, and other trifling punctilios, (which had been found sometimes to goad excellent troops into mutiny,) were abolished, and strict cleanliness was substituted for a Hottentot head-dress of tallow and flour. The pay of the soldier was augmented, while care was at the same time taken that it should, as far as possible, be expended in bettering his food and extending his comforts. The slightest complaint on the part of a private sentinel was as regularly inquired into, as if it had been preferred by a general officer. Lastly, the use of the cane (a brutal practice, which our officers borrowed from the Germans,) was entirely prohibited, and even regular corporal punishments by the sentence of a court-martial have been gradually diminished.

If, therefore, we find in the modern British officer better general information, a more regular course of military study, a deeper acquaintance with the principles of his profession, and a greater love for its exertions—if we find the private sentinel discharge his duty with a mind unembittered by petty vexations and regimental exactions, conscious of immunity from capricious violence, and knowing where to appeal if he sustains injury—if we find in all ranks of the army a love of their profession, and a capacity of matching themselves with the finest troops which Europe ever produced,—it is to the talents and labours of his Royal Highness the Duke of York that we owe this change from the state of the forces forty years since.

The means of improving the tactics of the British army did not escape his Royal Highness's sedulous care and attention. Formerly every commanding officer manœuvred his regiment a
own fashion, as light infantry, or as a batt
quick time, slow time, double quick time

time at all. Thus, if a brigade of troops were brought together, it was very doubtful whether they could execute any one combined movement, and almost certain that they could not execute the various parts of it on the same principle. This was remedied by the system of regulations compiled by the late Sir David Dundas, and which obtained the sanction and the countenance of his Royal Highness. This one circumstance, of giving a uniform principle and mode of working to the different bodies, which are after all but parts of the same great machine, was in itself one of the most distinguished services which could be rendered to a national army; and it is only surprising that, before it was introduced, the British army was able to execute combined movements of any sort whatsoever.

We can but notice the Duke of York's establishment near Chelsea for the orphans of soldiers, the cleanliness and discipline of which is a model for such institutions; and the Royal Military School, or College, at Sandhurst, where every species of scientific instruction is afforded to those officers whom it is desirable to qualify for the service of the Staff. It comprehends two classes, one of cadets, and one of young officers of some standing, and the studies of both are directed according to the differences of their ages. The excellent officers who have been formed at this institution, are the best pledge of what is due to its founder. Again we repeat, that if the British soldier meets his foreign adversary, not only with equal courage, but with equal readiness and facility of manœuvre—if the British officer brings against his scientific antagonist, not only his own good heart and hand, but an improved and enlightened knowledge of his profession, it is to the exertions of the Duke of York that the army and the country owe this.

The former condition of the British army denied to his Royal Highness the possibility of conquering at its head; but he prepared then, for their arduous task, those soldiers by whom the victories of Britain were finally achieved.

The character of his Royal Highness was admirably adapted to the task of this extended reformation, in a branch of the public service in which the safety of England absolutely depended for the time. His judgment, in itself clear and steady, was inflexibly guided by honour and principle. No solicitations could make him promise what it would have been inconsistent with these principles to grant; nor could any circumstance induce him to break or elude the promise which he had once given. At the same time, his feelings, humane and kindly, were, on all possible occasions, accessible to the claims of compassion; and there occurred but rare instances of a wife widowed, or a family rendered orphans, by the death of a meritorious officer, without something being done on the part of the Duke of York to render their calamities more tolerable.

As a statesman, the Duke of York, from his earliest appearance in public life, was guided by the opinions of Mr Pitt. But two circumstances are worthy of remark. First, that his Royal Highness never permitted the consideration of politics to influence him in his department of Commander-in-Chief, but gave alike to Whig as to Tory, the preferment their service or their talents deserved. Secondly, in attaching himself to the party, whose object is supposed to be to strengthen the Crown, his Royal Highness would have been the last man to invade, in the slightest degree, the rights of the people. The following anecdote may be relied upon. At the table of the Commander-in-Chief, not many years since, a young officer entered into a dispute with Lieut.-Col. ——— upon the point to which military obedience ought to be carried. The young gentleman was at the time of life when soldiers are apt to carry a sense of military duty to enthusiasm. "If the Commander-in-Chief," said the young officer, like a second Seid, "should command me to do a thing which I knew to be civilly illegal, I should not scruple to obey him, and consider myself as relieved from all responsibility by the orders of my military superior."—"So would not I," returned the gallant and intelligent officer who maintained the opposite side of the question. "I should rather prefer the risk of being shot for disobedience by my commanding officer, than hanged for transgressing the laws, and violating the liberties of the country."—"You have answered like yourself," said his Royal Highness, whose attention had been attracted by the vivacity of the debate; "and the officer would deserve both to be shot and hanged that should act otherwise. I trust all British officers would be as unwilling to execute an illegal command, as I trust the Commander-in-Chief is incapable of issuing one."

The religion of the Duke of York was sincere, and he was particularly attached to the doctrines and constitution of the Church of England. In this his Royal Highness strongly resembled his father; and, like his father, he entertained a conscientious sense of the obligations of the Coronation Oath, which prevented him from acquiescing in the further relaxation of the laws against Catholics. We pronounce no opinion on the justice of his Royal Highness's sentiments on this important point; but we must presume them to have been sincerely entertained, since they were expressed at the hazard of drawing down upon his Royal Highness much odium from a party equally zealous and powerful.

In his person and countenance, the Duke of York was large, stout, and manly; he spoke with some of the indistinctness of utterance peculiar to his late father, rather than with the precision of enunciation which distinguishes the King, his Royal Brother. Indeed, his Royal Highness resembled his late Majesty perhaps the most of any of George the Third's descendants. His family affections were strong, and the public cannot have forgotten the pious tenderness with which he discharged the duty of watching the last days of his Royal Father, darkened as they were by corporeal blindness and mental incapacity. No pleasure, no business, was ever known to interrupt his regular visits to Windsor, where his unhappy parent could neither be grateful for, nor even sensible of, his unremitted attention. The same ties of affection united his Royal Highness to other members of his family, and particularly to its present Royal Head. Those who witnessed the coronation of his present Majesty, will long remember, as the most interesting part of that august ceremony, the cordiality with which his Royal Highness the Duke of York performed his act of homage, and the tears of affection which were mutually shed between the Royal Brethren. We are aware, that under this heavy dispensation, his Majesty will be chief mourner, not in name only, but in all the sincerity of severed affection. The King's nearest brother in blood was also his nearest in affection; and the subject who stood next to the throne, was the individual who would most willingly have laid down his life for its support.

In social intercourse the Duke of York was kind, courteous, and condescending; general attributes, we believe, of the Blood Royal of England, and well befitting the Princes of a free country. It may be remembered, that when, in "days of youthful pride," his Royal Highness had wounded the feelings of a young nobleman, he never thought of sheltering himself behind his rank, but manfully gave reparation by receiving the (wellnigh fatal) fire of the offended party, though he declined to return it.

We would here gladly conclude the subject; but to complete a portrait, the shades as well as the lights must be inserted, and in their foibles as well as their good qualities, Princes are the property of History. Occupied perpetually with official duty, which, to the last period of his life, he discharged with the utmost punctuality, the Duke of York was peculiarly negligent of his own affairs; and the embarrassments which arose in consequence were considerably increased by an imprudent passion for the turf and for deep play. Those unhappy propensities exhausted the funds with which the nation supplied him liberally, and sometimes produced extremities which must have been painful to a man of a temper so honourable. The exalted height of his rank, which renders it doubtless more difficult to look into and regulate domestic expenditure, together with the engrossing duties of his Royal Highness's office, may be admitted as alleviations, but not apologies for such imprudence.

A criminal passion of a different nature proved, at one part of the Duke's life, fraught with consequences likely to affect his character, destroy the confidence of the country in his efforts, and blight the fair harvest of national gratitude, for which he had toiled so hard. It was a striking illustration of the sentiment of Shakspeare :—

> The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make whips to scourge us.——

The Duke of York, married to Frederica, Princess Royal of Prussia, Sept. 29, 1791, lived with her on terms of decency, but not of affection; and his Royal Highness had formed, with a female called Clarke, a connexion, justifiable certainly neither by the laws of religion nor morality. Imprudently he suffered this woman to express her wishes to him for the promotion of a few officers, to whose preferment there could be no other objection than that they were recommended by such a person. It ought doubtless to have occurred to the Duke, that the solicitations of a woman like this were not likely to be disinterested. In fact, she seems to have favoured one or two persons, as being her paramours—several for mere prospect of gain, which she had subordinate agents to hunt out for, and one or two from a real sense of goodnature and benevolence. The examination of this woman and her various profligate intimates before the House of Commons, occupied that assembly for nearly three months, with an intenseness of anxiety seldom equalled. The Duke of York was acquitted from the motion brought against him by a majority of eighty; but so strong was the outcry against him without doors, so much was the nation convinced that all Mrs Clarke said was true, and so little could they be brought to doubt that the Duke of York was a conscious and participant actor in all that person's schemes, that his Royal Highness, seeing his utility obstructed by popular prejudice, tendered to his Majesty the resignation of his office, which was accepted accordingly, March 20, 1809. And thus, as, according to Solomon, a dead fly can pollute the most precious unguent, was the honourable fame, acquired by the services of a lifetime, obscured by the consequences of what the gay world would have termed a venial levity. The warning to those of birth and eminence, is of the most serious nature.

This step had not been long taken, when the mist in which the question was involved began to disperse. The public accuser, in the House of Commons, Colonel Wardle, was detected in some suspicious dealings with the principal witness, Mrs Clarke. It became manifest that she was brought to the bar as a bribed witness, and it began to be remarked that a great part of her testimony was only supported by that of her own visitors and confidants. Next occurred, in the calm moments of retrospect, the great improbability that his Royal Highness ever could know on what terms she had previously negotiated with those in whose favour she solicited. It may be well supposed she concealed her secret motive for interesting herself in such as were her abused protector's own favoured rivals; and what greater probability was there, that she should explain to him her mercenary speculations, or distinguish them from the intercessions which she made upon more honourable motives? When the matter of accusation was thus reduced to his Royal Highness's having been, in two or three instances, the dupe of an artful woman, the public began to see, that when once the guilt of entertaining a mistress was acknowledged, the disposition to gratify such a person, who must always exercise a natural influence over her paramour, followed as a matter of course. It was then that the public compared the extensive and lengthened train of public services, by which the Duke had distinguished himself in the management of the army, with the trifling foible of his having granted one or two favours, not in themselves improper, at the request of a woman who had such opportunities to press her suit; and, doing to his Royal Highness the justice he well deserved, welcomed him back, in May 1811, to the situation from which he had been driven, for a time, by calumny and popular prejudice.